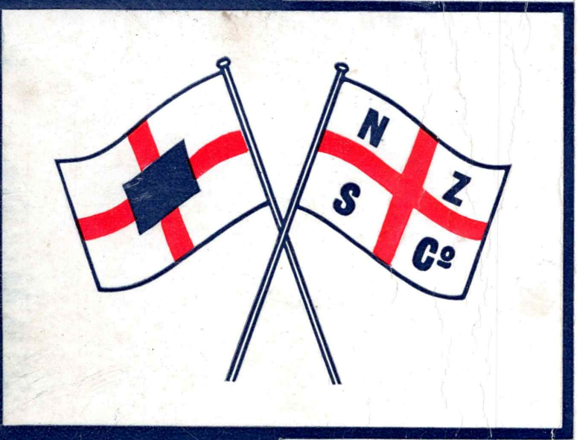
VOL 1 No 2 - NOVEMBER 1965



CROSSED FLAGS

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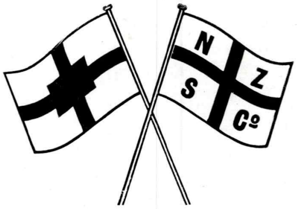

CROSSED FLAGS

The House Journal of
The New Zealand Shipping Company Limited
and Associated Companies

Editor A. D. K. Hemans
Assistant Editor M. L. Gordon

Vol 1 No. 2 November 1965

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Editorial

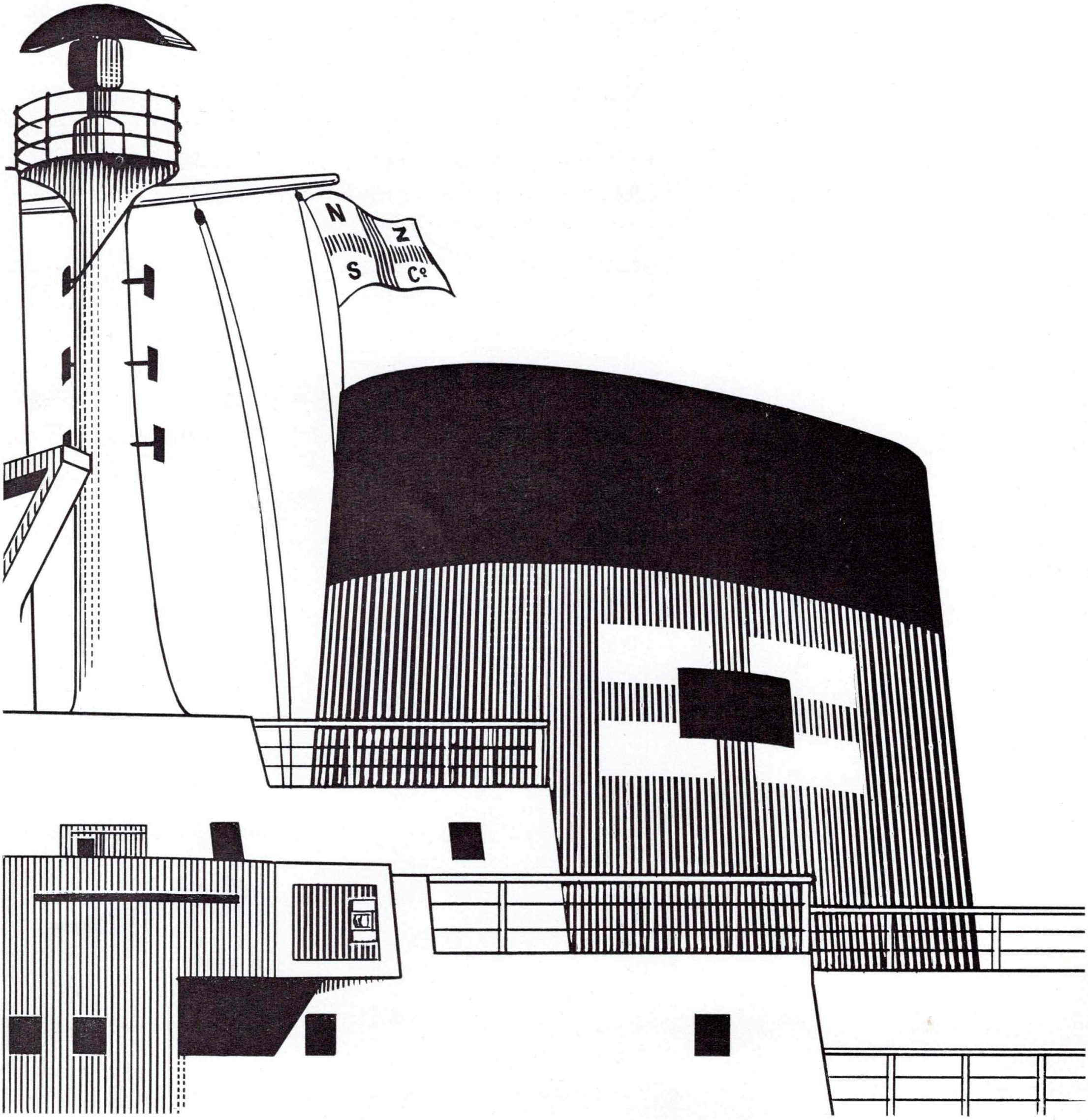
We are constantly being told that we live in an age of change and technological advancement and on reading this second issue of 'Crossed Flags' you will see that our Company is not falling behind. This is a time of exciting developments and we would like to feel that we are bringing home to everybody that they are members of a forward looking organisation who are prepared to try new experiments and innovations.

Readers will notice that we are also publishing in each issue articles dealing with the history of the Company from its earliest days: we feel this is of interest not only to our older readers but also to the younger ones, who should have a knowledge of our past, of which we have every right to be proud.

Just before going to press we heard that our Chairman has made a good recovery from the injuries he sustained in a car accident on Long Island in October. He was able to return to America this month to complete his engagements.

A reproduction of an artist's impression of TAUPO is enclosed in this issue.

ONE FUNNEL



H. T. BEAZLEY
Managing Director,
The New Zealand Shipping Company

For many years now the ships of The New Zealand Shipping Company and the Federal Steam Navigation Company have been managed and operated as one fleet. Those of us who work in the Company know that there is no distinction between The New Zealand Shipping Company and the Federal Company either afloat or ashore, and if we were asked what the difference between the two companies is, most of us would find it difficult to give a sensible answer. In fact, it might seem that there is little reason for keeping the two separate companies alive. It would obviously be simpler if we operated everywhere under a single name, rather than as The New Zealand Shipping Company in New Zealand, as Federal in Australia, as The New Zealand Shipping Company within the MANZ partnership and as Federal within the American & Australian Line from New York.

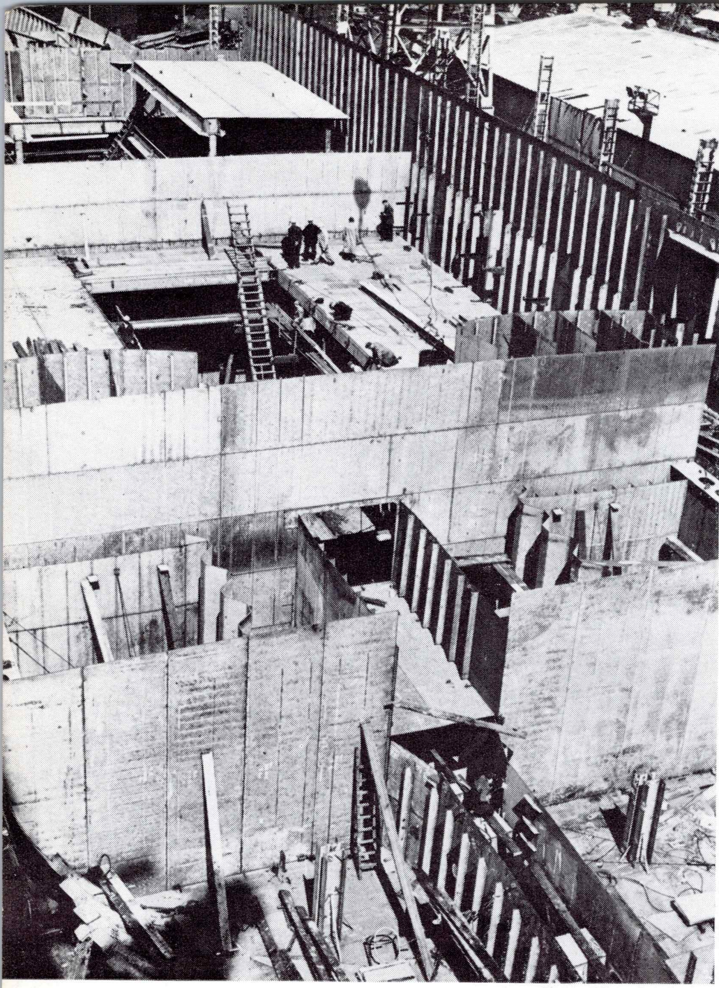
A full merger of the two companies has indeed been considered but, for the present, there are practical objections which are difficult to overcome. We would obviously be most reluctant to abandon the name of The New Zealand Shipping Company in the New Zealand trade; but it would do us no good to operate in Australia under that name. Equally, the name of the Federal Company means little in New Zealand. Again, there are advantages, from the point of view of taxation, in retaining the existence of both companies; so, for these reasons, it seems best to continue operating under the two names as we do today.

Nevertheless, even though we preserve the existence of both companies, there is still much to be said for trying to put forward the image of one company and one fleet. In New Zealand and Australia, where the ports are so much part of the cities and towns, the ships play an important part in the image which the Company projects and, at present, the impact which we make is much less than some of our competitors, because there seem to be fewer ships of ours in port—because, whether in Australia or New Zealand, it is only the experts who regard the Shipping Company and the Federal Company as one and the same thing. So it seemed to us that there was much to be gained by all ships looking alike, and at once doubling the impact the Company makes. This required that we should adopt a common funnel for all the ships.

Soundings have been taken in Australia, New Zealand and, of course, here in London, both afloat and ashore, and the strong consensus of opinion favours the Federal funnel. It is, of course, a more distinctive funnel which is an advantage. The buff, or yellow, funnel of the Shipping Company is attractive, and we shall certainly miss it when it goes because of its very long associations and history, but all the same, it is one of the most common funnels on the oceans of the world and in the ports we serve. The decision has, therefore, gone in favour of the Federal funnel so that, in due course, The New Zealand Shipping Company funnel colours will become the same as the Federal Company's and all the ships will look alike. The first New Zealand ship to have the funnel of the combined fleet will probably be *Taupo* the others being altered as and when convenient after 1st January, 1966. This will include the passenger ships, too, because if we leave passenger ships with the buff funnel, and there are only three of them operating in this colour, there will be many people in New Zealand who will continue to regard this funnel as being the badge of The New Zealand Shipping Company and the fact that it is seldom seen may well give the wrong impression.

With regard to House flags and names, there is no intention of making any change. Ships of The New Zealand Shipping Company will continue to fly The New Zealand Shipping Company House flag and bear Maori names and ships of the Federal Company will fly the Federal House flag and be named after English counties.

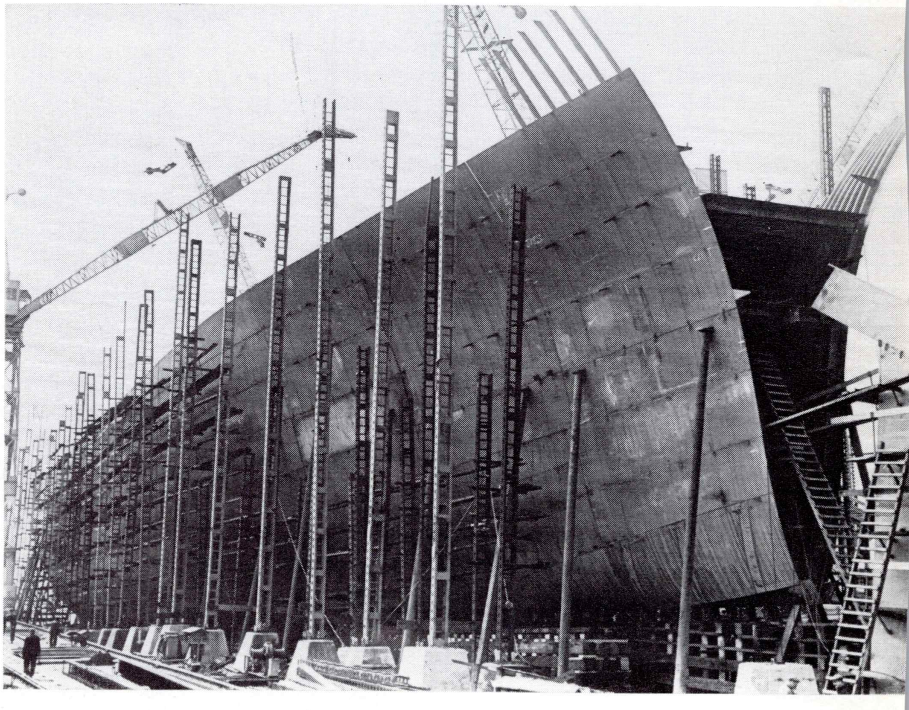
It is also intended, in due course, that all ships will carry the crossed flags on the bow so, in fact, the only change will be that The New Zealand Shipping Company will have changed its funnel.



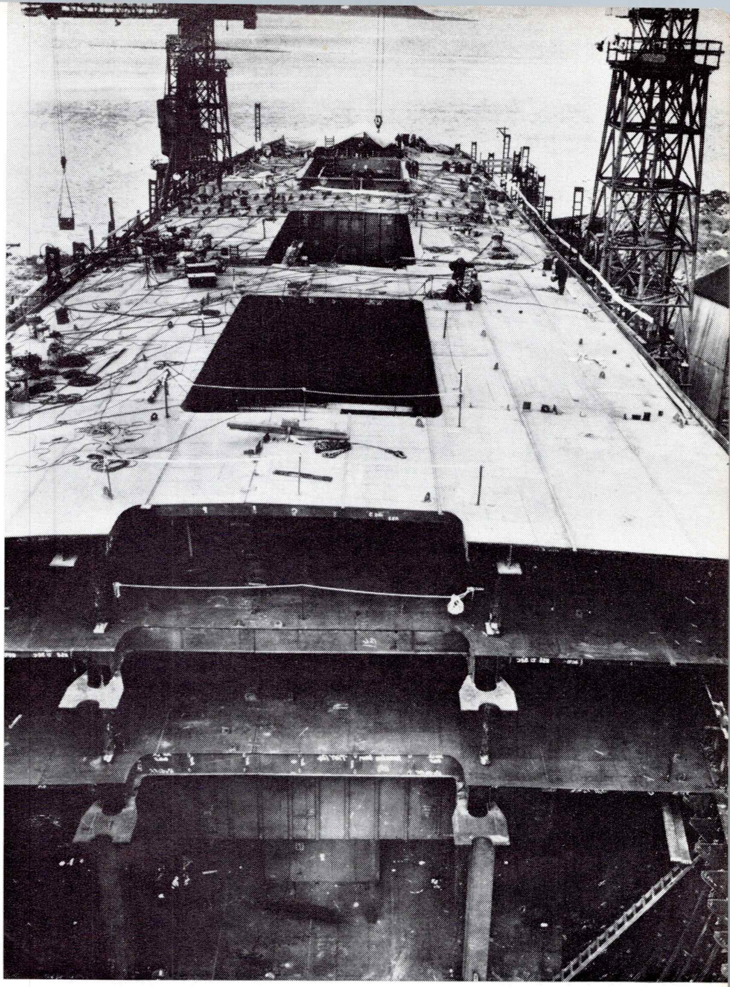
Progress on and

Taupo—*June 1965*
Foreground shows the construction of the liquid cargo tanks (separated on the centreline by the propeller shaft tunnel) adjacent to the after engine room. Progress on the engine room construction including erection of settling oil tanks is seen between the engine room bulkheads. At the head of the photograph erection of the second deck in way of no. 3 hatch is being progressed.

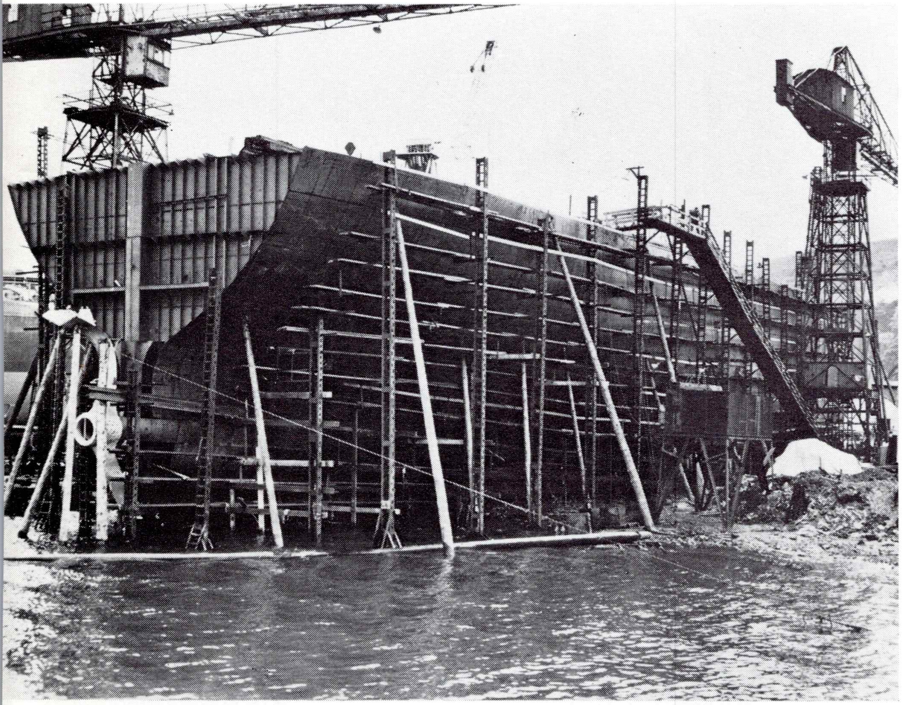
Taupo—*July 1965*
External photograph showing the advanced stage of hull plating erected up to the fore peak tank—the bow section will be shortly added to complete fore end of the ship. Forecastle space is outlined by the frames which extend above the upper deck.



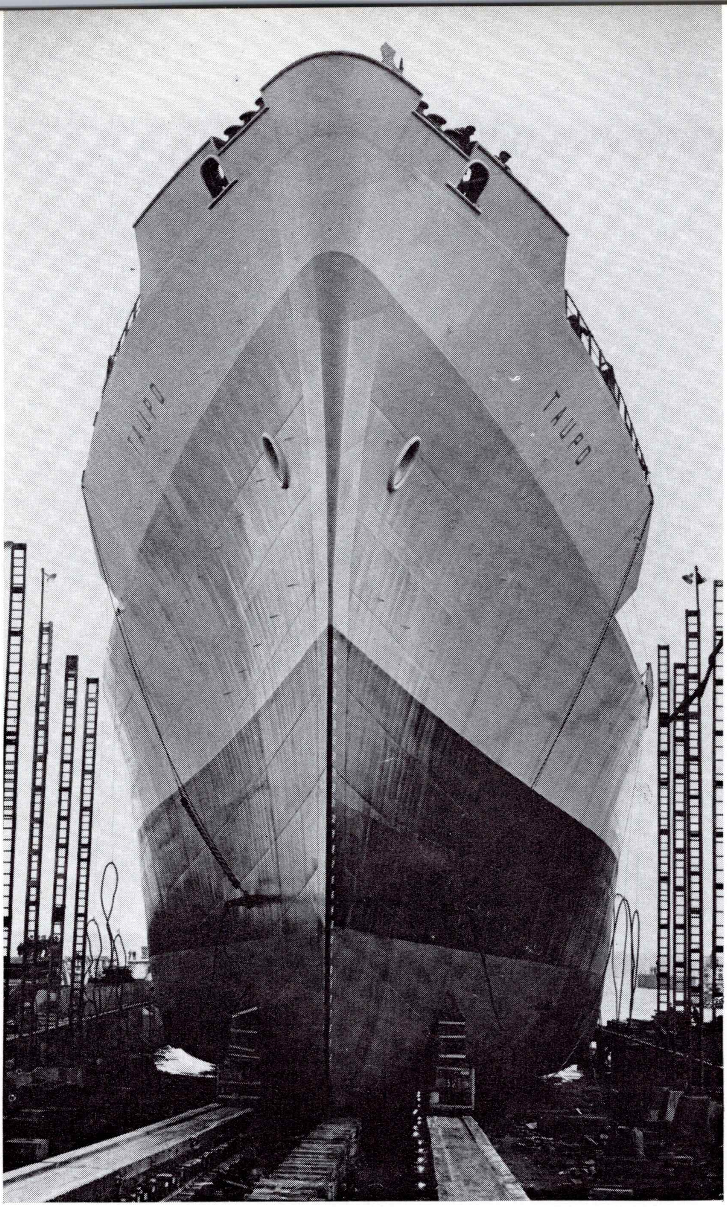
Taupo
Westmorland



Westmorland—*July 1965*
The foreground shows a cross section through the aft end of no. 2 hatch showing no. 2 hold, lower tween deck and upper tween deck. The upper deck is complete from the aft end of no. 5 hatch to the aft end of no. 2 hatch. The engine casing trunk is visible between nos. 3 and 4 hatches. A tarpaulin covers no. 5 hatch to give protection from the Scottish weather. Insulators working in no. 5 hold.



Westmorland—*July 1965*
View showing the aft end of the vessel, clearly depicting part of the open type stern frame which is a recent development to reduce resistance and increase speed. The bulkhead which is visible is the aft peak bulkhead forming the aft end of no. 5 hold and tween decks. The aft peak and stern sections will be erected in two lifts.

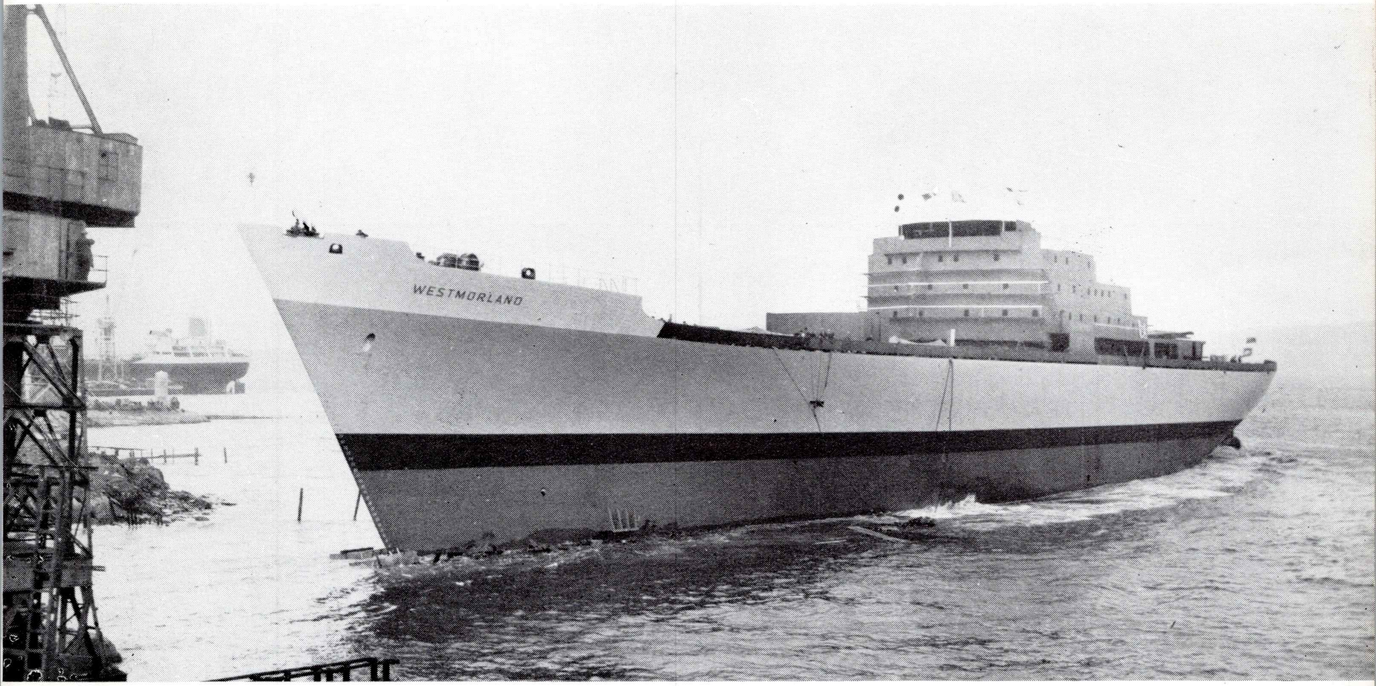


TAUPO
takes the water.

THE LAUNCH OF TAUPO

27th August, 1965

'A job well done'
Mrs. Marchington and her ship.



Westmorland *displays her graceful lines.*

AND WESTMORLAND

9th September, 1965

Mrs. Beazley with
James, Nicholas and Thomas.

Extracts from speech by Mr. T. S. Marchington at the launch of 'TAUPO', at Bartram's Yard, 27th August, 1965

'. . . In many ways *Taupo* and her sisters represent a considerable advance on the ships of the combined New Zealand Shipping Company and Federal Steam Navigation Company fleets which are at present in service, particularly in their speed, which on a long passage to and from New Zealand will enable them to cut substantial time off previous voyage lengths. In these days of change in the methods of cargo handling and transportation of goods, the design of a new ship poses many problems.

You will all no doubt know of the comprehensive survey into the New Zealand overseas trade which was made in 1962/63 by the two Committees of exports, resulting in the publication of a report on shipping, ports, transportation and other services—generally known as the Streamlining Report. In accordance with this Report a Committee, known as the Exports and Shipping Council, was set up, and in turn the Council appointed a number of Sub-Committees to investigate and make recommendations on various aspects of the Streamlining Report. I make this brief explanation because it is relevant to the design of ships, which I touched on earlier. Active consideration by certain of the Sub-Committees I mentioned is going on in New Zealand into such matters as the desirability, or feasibility, or the economics, of the carriage of cargo by containers—or on pallets—and as to which is the best method of loading cargo into ships, for example by mechanical loaders and a system of conveyors on the wharf. Tied up with this is the question of whether road transport should not be used to a far greater extent than at present.

I regret that I now have a criticism to make. This concerns the delay to the completion of this ship with consequent substantially later delivery than was expected. I do not suppose that anybody will be unduly surprised that I make this criticism, it has been made before on many occasions, and I think should be made in every case where a ship is late. It is not for me to point a finger at the Shipbuilders, or the Unions, or the outside contractors who supply so many items. All I want to say is that so long as British Shipyards are not able to keep what is in the first place supposed to be a firm agreed date of delivery, and so long as certain foreign Countries are able, not only to stick to their delivery date, but also to build a ship in a far shorter time, a potentially grave position exists for British shipbuilding. The old saying "Time is Money" is truly applicable to shipbuilding. I know this vexatious matter is in the forefront of many people's minds, not least the British Government, but you will pardon me if I say that I have not found any evidence that any real improvement in the position may take place in the near future.

From our own point of view this ship will now proceed to New Zealand in ballast as soon as she completes her trials, so that she may get in two voyages over the period next year when New Zealand exports are at their height. Had she been finished on time she could have taken a cargo to New Zealand on her maiden voyage, resulting in a substantially better return for her Owners.

In conclusion, I would direct a few words to our customers, the shippers of cargo from the United Kingdom to New Zealand and Australia, and the shippers of cargo from these great Dominions to the Old Country and many other destinations. This ship, and her sisters to come, are truly specialised for the carriage of refrigerated cargoes, and consequently are considerably more expensive than a conventional dry cargo carrier. They are a visible sign of the faith my Company has in the trade in which we have been engaged for 92 years. I look forward with confidence to the successful operation in service of *Taupo* and feel sure she will be just as good a ship as *Turakina*, which came from this yard in 1960.'

Extracts from speech by Mr. H. T. Beazley at the launch of 'WESTMORLAND' at Lithgows' Yard, 9th September, 1965

'. . . I would like to turn a spotlight onto the ship herself. I do this because it may be of some interest to hear how some of the decisions were arrived at when the ship was being planned; I also do it because, when I have been abroad and particularly in Australia, I have gained the strong impression that the British shipowner is considered rather out of date and too conventional, while some of his competitors on the Continent are looked upon as more efficient and forward looking.

There certainly are good shipowners on the Continent—whose ships are well built and well thought out—but there are also efficient shipowners in the United Kingdom whose ships are specially designed for their particular requirements, are quite first class and will bear comparison with any at sea anywhere in the world.

Turning now to *Westmorland*, I would like to explain how we arrived at her design. The last two ships we had ordered (*Piako* and *Somerset*) had proved, and are proving most economical and successful ships. They are fast at sea and well planned for quick turnrounds in port with large hatches with mechanical hatch covers throughout all the decks. These hatch covers are, of course, of particular benefit in a refrigerated ship because, at each hatch, one man in a few minutes can do the work which would otherwise take a gang of men anything from half-an-hour to two or three hours. The ships have also proved to be a useful size which suits most of our trades, and when we were considering future tonnage, we decided that the new ships would be approximately the same size. However, in other respects, we did not want to be bound by our previous thinking and we sought the co-operation of four British shipyards in helping us to design the best ship we could. Lithgows were one of these yards and, on the basis of the approximate speed and capacity which we stipulated, they, along with the three other Shipbuilders, submitted a suggested design. We had our own ideas, too, of course and we tested them against the suggestions put forward to us.

In common with other Shipowners, we are always searching for ways of improving our performance in what is a very competitive industry. But, unfortunately, those who operate cargo liners cannot, as a rule, make use of the economies which flow from increasing size in the same way that operators of tankers and bulk carriers can. At the same time, we were satisfied that in our trades, neither we, nor our customers, were yet ready for the revolution that Container ships may bring about. I have no doubt that this revolution will come, but it is still some way off and the most we can do at this stage is to be prepared for future possibilities in regard to unit loads and containers so far as this is possible within the framework of a ship primarily designed for conventional trading. So our policy for these ships has been to work on what had proved successful in *Piako* and *Somerset*, to take each detail of them and to try to find substantial improvements in all the important aspects—what you might call a policy of evolution not revolution. It may be of interest to point out in what way these particulars show improvements over the previous design of *Piako and Somerset*.

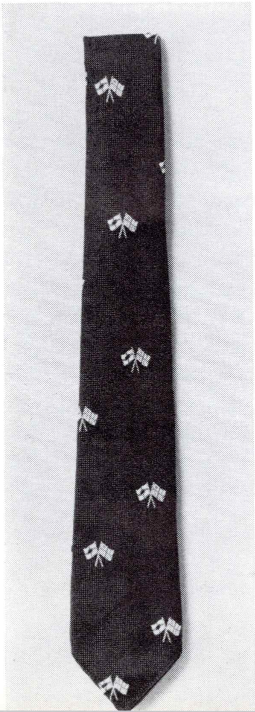
First of all, *Westmorland* has a somewhat greater capacity for refrigerated cargo and a considerably lower limit of carriage temperature in the refrigerated compartments; then four cargo tanks for bulk liquids instead of two, and with better equipment for coping with the increasing range of liquid cargoes which move today; improved spaces for working with forklift trucks or other mechanical aids—this was achieved by eliminating sheer in the cargo decks except at the ends of the ship, and reducing camber in these decks—in other words, making a flatter floor to work on; also it will be possible to work in lockers with forklifts as the locker doors will have no permanent sills; as in the previous ships, the hatch covers in the cargo decks will be flush with the decks themselves so that forklifts can operate anywhere in the deck without difficulty. Then again, the hatch openings have been increased in size; and Hallen crane/derricks have been chosen to enable cargo to be placed in any part of the hatch square, without re-rigging the cargo gear, and so either place the cargo accurately in stow, or reduce the amount of lateral movement required to get the cargo stowed in the wings. This, of course, should save labour cost as well as ship's time and will apply equally in discharge.

Again, the ship will be faster—20 knots in service, with a generous reserve of power, against 17 knots. The ship, incidentally, will carry less bunkers, rather than more, because after study we have cut down the range which she is required to cover. We believe it is more economical to take on bunkers occasionally at more expensive ports than to carry large amounts of fuel over the seas, even if it has been bought at the cheapest port on the route.

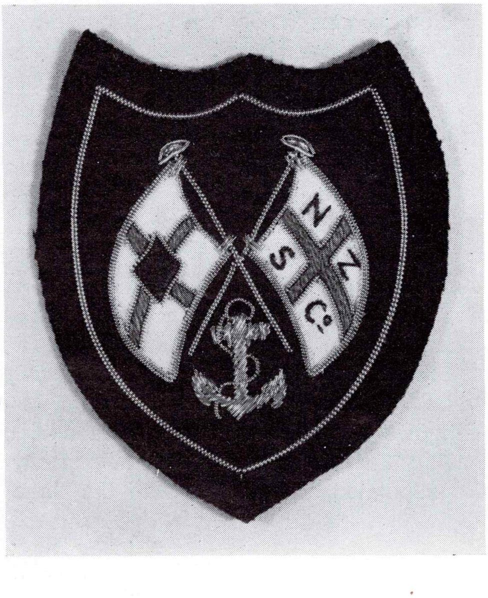
In the engine room we have asked for an increase in automatic equipment for monitoring temperatures and pressures, recording them periodically, and warning at all times of excessive readings at key points. The earlier ships were the first anywhere in the world with complete scanning and recording of the temperatures in the cargo compartments, and this equipment is being repeated in the *Westmorland* class together with an automatic type-out of the temperature readings. All these data logging devices will be grouped in a special control console to make watch keeping easier and more efficient.

Other improvements include self-reeling winches to assist mooring, motorised gangways from ship to shore, and improved accommodation for officers and crew, all of it fully air conditioned. The complement, incidentally, will be quite a bit smaller—a total of 47 compared with 52 in the previous ships.

We have, no doubt, made some mistakes and we would not consider *Westmorland's* design the ultimate. All the same, we hope that the combination of the various improvements which we have been able to achieve will, together, mean that we have a highly economic unit. If one were to compare the performance in all respects, not with our most recent deliveries, but with the ships which *Westmorland* and her sisters will replace, the improvements, and what you might call the increased productivity, are quite dramatic. In view of the recent advances which have been made, particularly in cargo handling facilities and improved engine outputs, I believe it is very much to the advantage of our customers as well as ourselves that these older ships should be normally replaced when they are somewhere between 20 and 25 years old.'



We reproduce this photograph of the Company Tie for the benefit of Pensioners who may order them from our Stores Department. Price 13s. 6d., postage free.



A reproduction of the Company Blazer Badge obtainable from Monnerys Ltd., 5, Billiter Street, E.C.3. Price 36s.

ALAN BOTT,
City Office

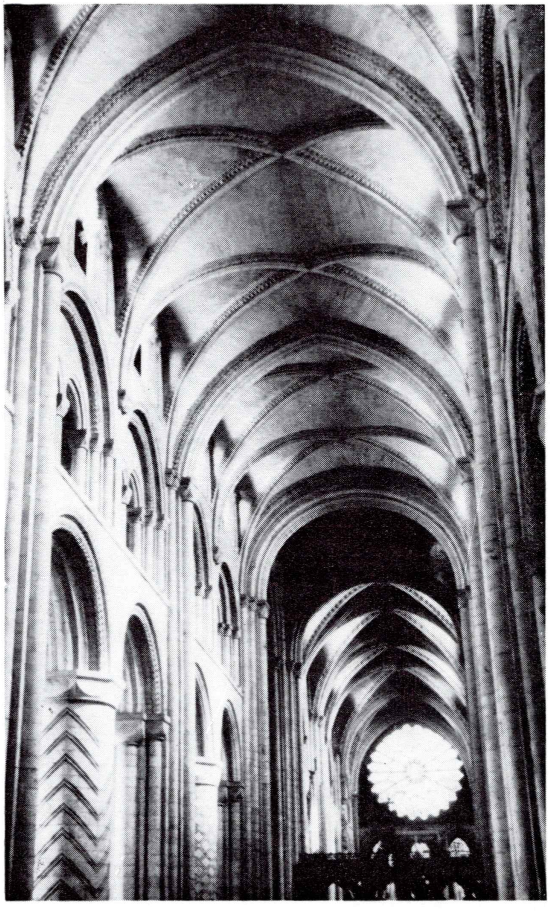
All in a day's Launch

As the launch of *Taupo* did not take place until late afternoon, it was possible for the guests to visit Durham during the morning. The city is grandly and strategically situated on a great bluff and surrounded on three sides by the River Wear. The Norman cathedral and castle dominate the site. Dr. Johnson, a little ponderously, but with his customary facility for summing up a situation, justly described the scene as of 'massive solidity and indeterminate duration'.

In fact, Durham is probably the finest Norman cathedral in England with its massive nave piers carved with several simple—sometimes rather crude—patterns which give pleasing relief to such a fortress-like structure.

The cathedral is of immense significance in the history of architecture, for the stone vault of the nave is the earliest pointed or gothic vault in Europe (1128-1133), preceding that of the first wholly gothic building—St. Denis, outside Paris, by some 10 years. Another interesting Norman feature is the mighty bronze Sanctuary knocker, which those who were menaced by a pursuer could grasp and be safe.

The Cloisters, Chapter House, and the Tomb of the Venerable Bede in the Galilee Chapel, completed the visit. The excursion was rendered all the more pleasant by brilliant sunshine and a very informative—sometimes highly pungent and always enthusiastic commentary from the Head Verger.



Durham—the Nave—showing the pointed vault, the earliest of its kind in Europe.

Durham—The Norman Sanctuary knocker on the South Door.

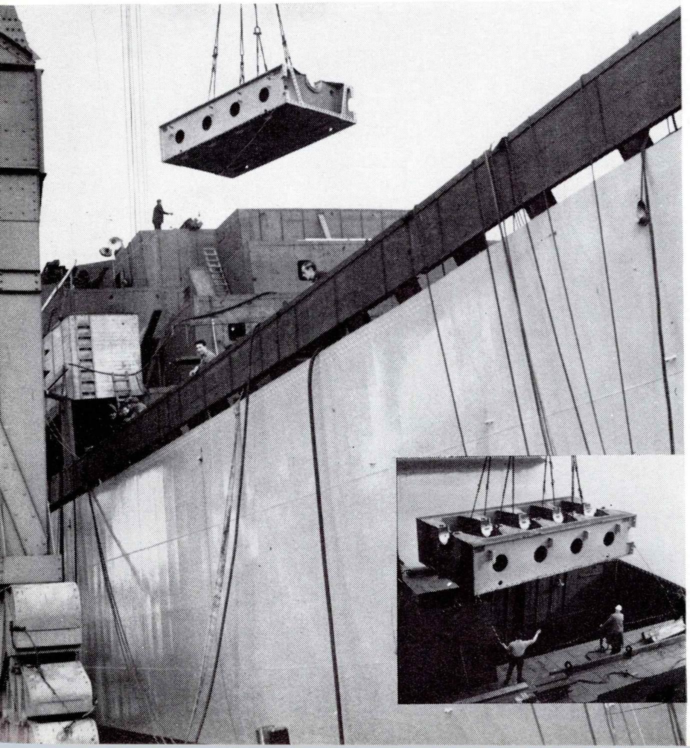
J. F. R. ELLISON,
Technical Assistant
to Supt. Engineer

The machinery for the new ships

The machinery for the two new vessels *Taupo* and *Westmorland,* at present being fitted out by Messrs. Bartram of Sunderland and Messrs. Lithgow of Port Glasgow, incorporates a number of features which illustrate the progressive nature of the Company's policy.

The main engines are of the latest Sulzer R.D. design having eight cylinders 900 m.m. bore, and it is interesting to note that the bore of the five cylinder Sulzer engines built in 1928 for the passenger vessels *Rangitata, Rangitiki* and *Rangitane* were also 900 m.m. and were at that time the largest bore marine diesels ever built. Such has been the development however in the intervening 37 years that 90 per cent. more power is being developed by the single eight cylinder engine for the new vessels, compared with the two five cylinder engines in the passenger vessels which required an engine room eight feet six inches longer!

Part of the bed plate for the main engine being shipped aboard Westmorland.

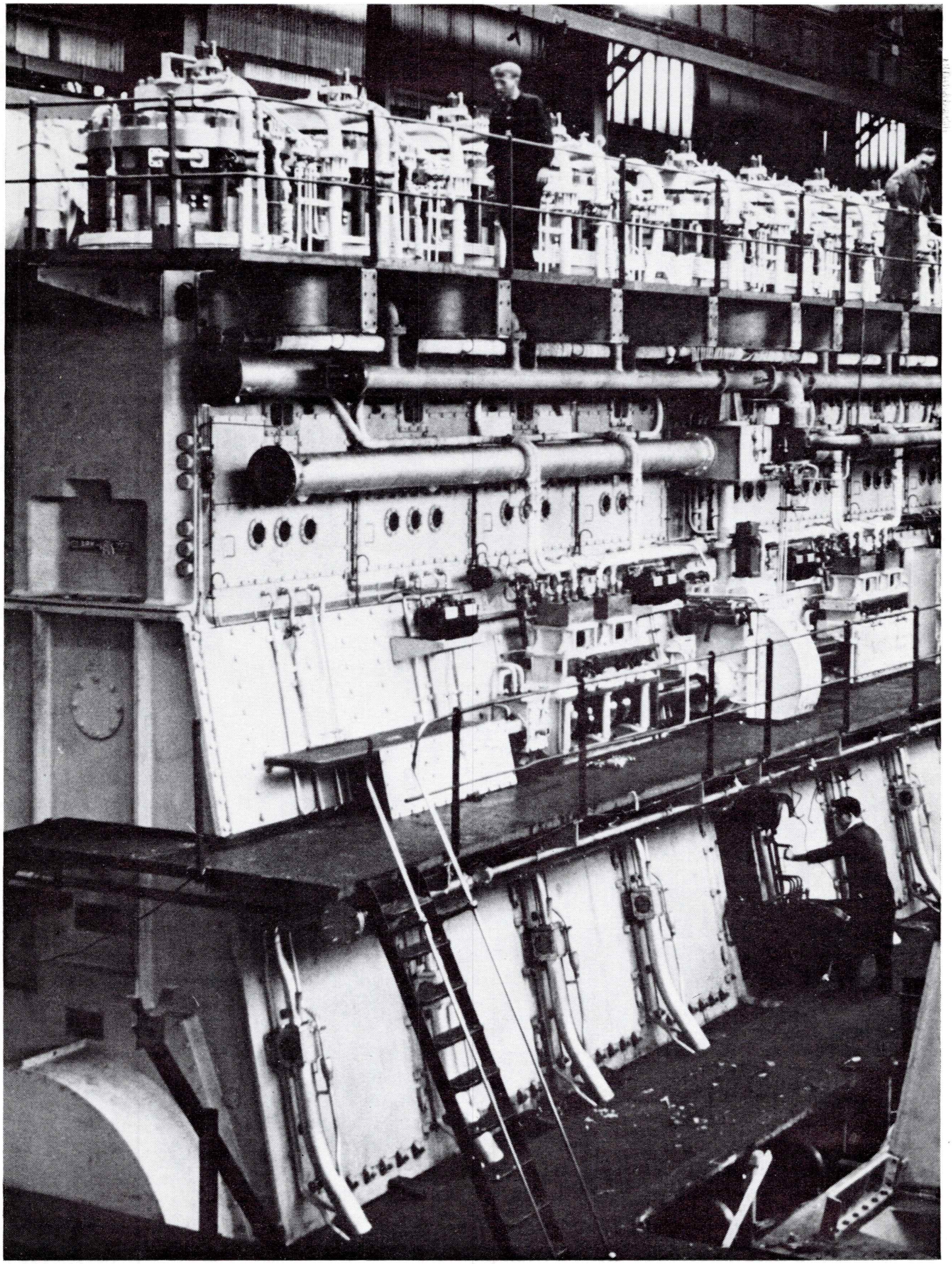


A central control position is being provided, situated at middle platform height on the port side of the engine room. From this point the main engine will be controlled and the switchboard and refrigerating machinery are in close proximity. All important engine pressures and temperatures and the air and space temperatures for the refrigerated compartments will be recorded by data logging equipment whenever required or at regular intervals automatically by electric typewriters at the control station.

The cooling and lubricating systems for the main and auxiliary engines will be thermostatically controlled, thus ensuring that the machinery is maintained at the most efficient working temperature both steady running and manoeuvring conditions. The purifying of residual fuel will also be carried out continuously by self-cleaning centrifuge machines.

Ample space and adequate lifting gear has been provided to enable maintenance work to be carried out easily and quickly by the engine room staff, whose many tedious duties have been considerably reduced by the various methods already mentioned.

In the last few years rapid strides have been made in the design of remote control and automatic monitoring and measuring equipment, but it is still too early to determine the life and absolute reliability of much of this apparatus. It is for this reason that only a moderate amount of such equipment has been utilised in the four ships at present under construction. In the long run however as more of these methods are brought into regular use a further reduction in staff may be obtained and more accurate records than are possible with the 'human element' will be available to check the performance of the machinery as a whole.



Taupo's *engine on the Test Bed.*

Compiled by E. McC. ELLIOTT
The New Zealand Shipping Company

Work study

The Company is now sending selected Senior Officers from all Departments in the Fleet on Work Study Appreciation Courses, run by the British Productivity Council in conjunction with P. & O. in Beaufort House.

These courses are designed to assist officers in thinking out how best they can improve the time and method under which work is done by the personnel for whom they are responsible on board ship.

The article which follows enlarges on this scheme and is reproduced by courtesy of About Ourselves.

"I like work: it fascinates me.
I can sit and look at it for hours.
I love to keep it by me:
The idea of getting rid of it nearly
breaks my heart."
Jerome K. Jerome "Three Men in a Boat"

Thus one can sum up the first thoughts of many of us on hearing the phrase 'Work Study'. However, like most things, there is more to this subject than first appears.

Work Study has been accepted in industry ashore for a long time. To many people, however, it still conjures up visions of foxy men with rulers and stop-watches spying on the working man, trying to catch him out and proving that 90 per cent of his working day is spent preparing for his tea break, drinking tea and getting ready for work again. This is the old 'Time and Motion Study' which was introduced in Great Britain between the wars and has been exaggerated and confused by jargon ever since.

Freed from all mumbo-jumbo, Work Study is really little more than applied common-sense. It involves a critical examination of what we do to see if we are as efficient as we can be. It means getting rid of any idea that a system must be right just because it has been done that way for a long time. The only justification must be that it is the best way still.

What we—as any organisation in a competitive world—have got to do is to make sure that we are as good as we can be, and put matters right if we are not. We can only find out by looking at what we do on board in detail. This is really all that is meant by Work Study—a term used to describe systems for getting at all the relevant facts of a job. Armed with these facts—as opposed to opinions, of which there are always only too many—one is in a better position to see what improvements are desirable and possible.

Work Study is divided into two main fields:

Work Measurement covers the industrial world of stop-watches, rate fixing, etc., as parodied in the Peter Sellers film 'I'm All Right Jack'.

Method Study, which concerns us most, is concerned with the *ways* of doing work, and the development of easier and more effective methods.

Snap observations

The first step in the study of any job is to record the present facts. An obvious way to do this might be for an observer to attach himself to a man at work, and follow him around all day with a notebook. This has several disadvantages, not the least being that no one likes having someone 'breathing down his neck' all day. The odds are that he will not work normally under such conditions, and, if he is doing a job that many men do, one man cannot be representative of many.

This situation is therefore studied by a technique called Activity Sampling, which is similar to that used by Opinion Polls and TV popularity ratings. Widespread snap observations are made at irregular intervals over a fairly long period, and the results pooled. The results produced by this method are accurate to a known degree and the system has the advantage that no man need feel that he is under personal observation, for the results are collected and are not used to reflect the work of any individual. From the information thus obtained, charts are made, and statistics calculated.

The next step is to analyse these results, to point out the good and bad features of a job, and to measure the worth of a service or product against the effort and time it takes. It might well be that the study proves no more than that we are already doing as well as we might. This alone would be useful knowledge.

If certain activities are shown to be ineffective or wasteful, the next step is to consider the alternatives. These may be to reshape a particular service, re-allocate manpower to get the job done more effectively, re-position machinery or services, or to install new ones.

There are no conditions of secrecy in the investigations. No one is hidden in the Fan Room, peering through the keyhole with a stop-watch. Method Study is conducted openly, and in consultation with those whose jobs are being studied. Discretion must, of course, be observed to ensure that the studies do not intrude upon ships' maintenance and operation.

The Canvasser

W. D. EVANS, *Bethell Gwyn & Co. Ltd.*

I come from depth of Gravel Lane,
I dart through Aldgate Alley
And trickle past the noble fane
To make a sudden sally.

By thirty cars I hurry down
Or squeeze between the lorries;
With twenty bumps I flounder on
And half a hundred 'Sorrys'.

I mutter over busmen's ways
In little barks and grumbles,
Which grow into impatient brays:
Then up a 15 rumbles.

With many a curse at stops I fret,
A 'red' makes me turn sallow
The precious schedule I had set
Made futile by each 'yellow'.

I wind about, and in, and out.
See, here's a vessel sailing!
But Smith's away, and Jones has gout.
What weeping, gnashing, wailing.

I mutter, mutter, for I know
With cargo hunting fever,
That men may come and men may go
But I go on for ever.

From Ludgate Hill to Strand I know
There's business for the grabbing.
My luncheon date will have to go
As 'exes' won't stand cabbing.

So down the 'Street', and in 'The Crack',
To paper men I pander.
For ships must fill, and cargo's slack.
On, wearily, I wander.

I'll try 'The Bell'; Bill White is here
To cheer me as I travel.
Some shop, a joke, a glass of beer,
The skeins of care unravel.

Some steel, some cloth, some motor cars,
Who does the disposition?
And what about those iron bars
Snatched from the opposition.

I talk, I laugh, I grouse, I quip,
With minions and with bosses
And lend a sympathetic ear
To all their tales of losses.

The hour gets later and I know
The pressure must not waver,
For ships may come and ships may go
But I go on for ever.

With apologies to Alfred Lord Tennyson and 'The Brook'.

The sailing ships of The New Zealand Shipping Company Limited 1873-1900 (2)

ALAN BOTT, M.A., F.S.A.
City Office

John Lewis Coster, Chairman of the N.Z. Board 1873-74, 1875-86. Below is his signature reproduced from the New Zealand Board Minute Book of 1873.

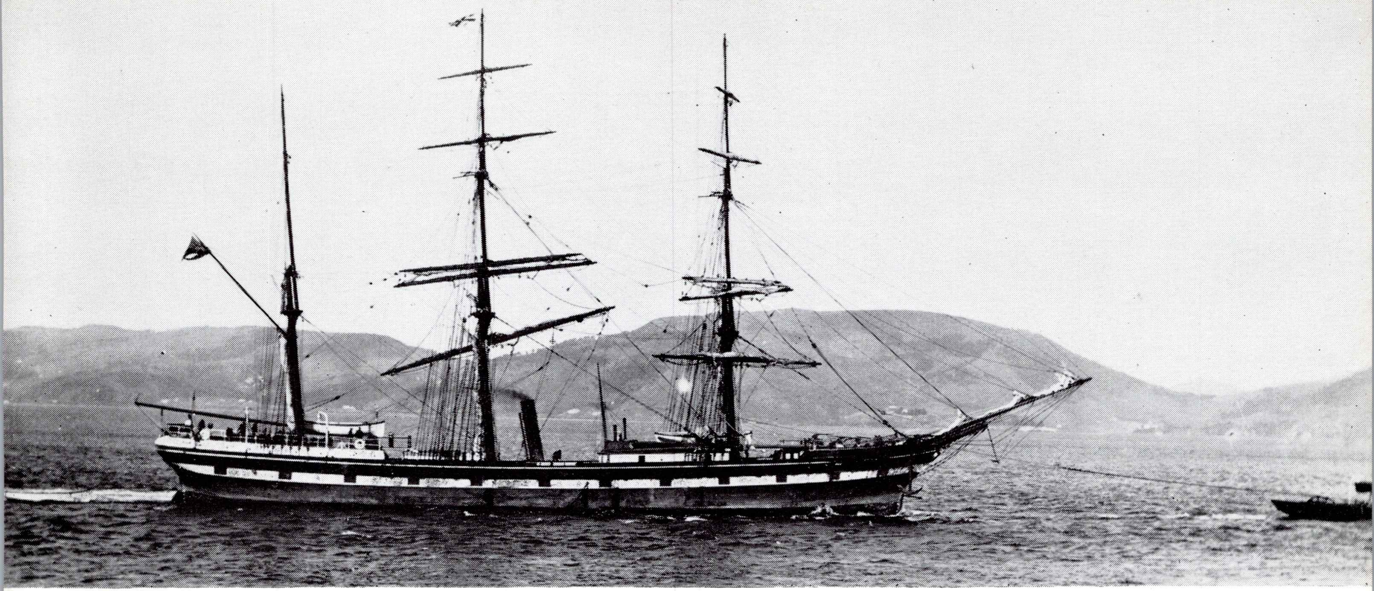
'We may fairly congratulate ourselves upon the successful launching of the Company. I think that, for a colonial Company, it has been one of the most successful schemes that has ever yet been launched in New Zealand.' So claimed Mr. George Gould at the first Annual General Meeting of the Company, held at the Crystal Palace Music Hall, Christchurch, on 26th January, 1874. The speaker's grandson is the present Chairman of the New Zealand Board.

The congratulations of 1874 were well justified, for the Chairman had just reported that 'the Company has despatched no less than 37 ships of very large tonnage from the United Kingdom to the colony, loaded with valuable cargoes; that it has sent six laden vessels from the colony, and there are six more at present on the berth loading for London.' Nevertheless, 'the Company has laboured under a great disadvantage from the fact that it has had to charter a large number of vessels at a very short notice . . . and the real and only lasting cure is for the Company to become possessors of its own vessels.'

Purchase of the Company's Smallest and Largest Sailing Ships

Two ships had, of course, already been purchased—*Hindustan* and *Dunfillan*—and renamed *Waitara* and *Mataura*; two more were being built and were to be called *Rakaia* and *Waikato*. The Chairman continued: 'A recent cablegram states that Mr. Turner (the Company's London Agent) has purchased two other ships—the *Scimitar*, of 1,200 tons, and one, the name of which I am sorry to say we cannot make out owing to the difficulty of deciphering the cablegram.' The mutilated name was, in fact, *Dorette*, a ship whose name was to be changed under the Company's flag to *Waimea*. *Scimitar* was an even more auspicious acquisition, for under new ownership she was to bear what became the Company's favourite and most famous name—*Rangitiki*.

The affairs of the Company in the first year were 'conducted very satisfactorily by local boards' at



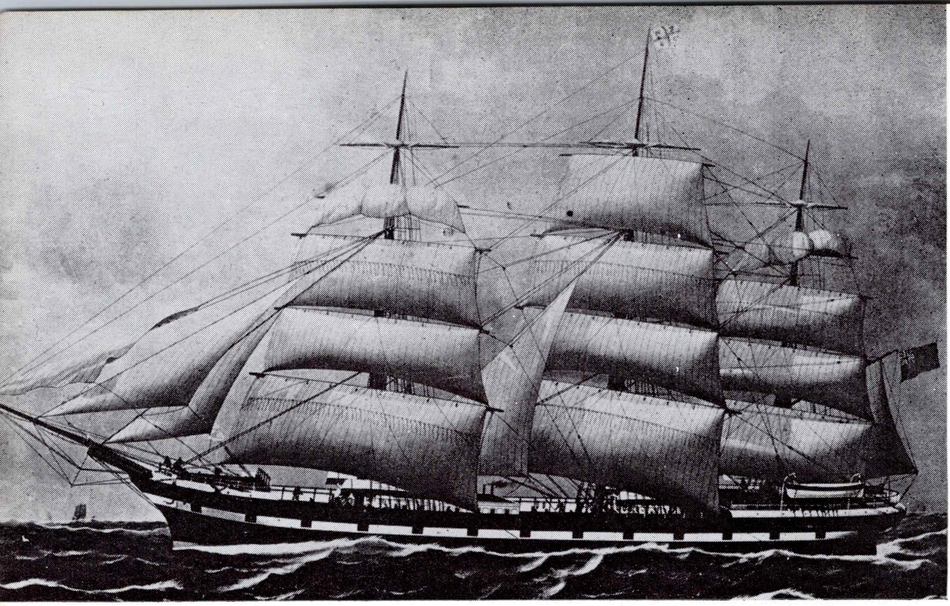
Rangitiki *being towed from Port Chalmers to Dunedin. The funnel, which appears amidships, belongs to the second tug.* (By courtesy of the Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.)

each of the four main ports, with the headquarters, of course, at Christchurch. The directors all acted in an honorary capacity! On 19th May, 1874, the 'London Board of Advice' met for the first time, under the Chairmanship of J. L. Coster, the Chairman of the New Zealand Board, who remained in London for a few months to see to the formal establishment of the Company there. An account was opened (it still remains) with the National Provincial Bank. The London Board's powers included 'the employment and general management of the Company's own fleet, and the provisioning and fitting' of charters, but all its powers were to be 'subject to the directions . . . of the Board in the Colony.' By the end of the year, the London Office had outgrown its accommodation in Alderman's Walk, New Broad Street, and premises were taken at 84, Bishopsgate. Nine years later, in 1883, when the Company had just completed its first decade, the move was made to 138, Leadenhall Street.

Rangitiki (ex Scimitar)

Rangitiki was in every sense the queen of the sailing ships, being the largest ever owned by the Company, a record pace-maker, and completing an astonishing career of some 60 years' service. *Scimitar* had been built in 1863 by Martin Samuelson of Hull for Finlay Campbell & Co.; by 1872 she had been transferred to J. K. Welch from whom she was purchased by the N.Z.S. Co. in 1873. Her name was changed to *Rangitiki* by the middle of 1874. Her dimensions were approximately 210 feet by 35 feet by 23 feet. The gross tonnage was altered several times, being 1,182 tons when built and reaching 1,227 tons by the survey of 1877. Her rig was changed from that of a clipper ship to a barque after 1889.

Scimitar retained her name for her first voyage under our flag. The *Otago Daily Times* described her arrival on 6th March, 1874: 'We have to report that the *Scimitar* is a remarkably handsome vessel, being purchased in December, 1873, . . . subsequently put into dry-dock and received a thorough overhaul—nearly a re-rig from deck to truck. Most of her spars are new. That she is a clipper is evident by the remarkable passage she has made from Plymouth, the quickest on record—the time being 67 days from land to land.' In fact, the passage from Plymouth to Port Chalmers, port to port, had taken 71 days, a record which stood for more than 25 years, until 1900. Her land to land time for this voyage was, however, bettered by one day in 1888 by Shaw Savill's *Westland*. Altogether, *Rangitiki* was an extraordinarily and consistently fast clipper; in 1876 she completed a round voyage to N.Z. in just under seven months. On the same voyage, she covered 345 miles in one day—an



Rangitiki *under sail, from an oil painting.*

average of about 14½ knots—a speed not far short of her later motorship namesake!

The voyage of 1873/74 was notable, however, for reasons other than speed. The combined effect of scarlet fever, bronchitis, measles, diarrhoea and variola accounted for no less than 26 deaths. However, in spite of these calamities, there was a brighter side. The *Otago Daily Times* continues: 'Hymen's torch was also kindled on a memorable Sabbath when a strapping young Norwegian named Michael Olson was spliced by Captain Fox in a sailor-like manner to Matthia Christenson also of Norwegian birth . . . much pleasant hilarity was occasioned by the circumstance.' There were also four births on the voyage; Dr. Hoskings, with some reason, therefore remarked 'What between reading divine service every Sunday, the marriage, the baptisms and burying so many, there was enough work on the passage to have kept a parson employed.' Generally, the press report concludes: 'Both the Doctor and Captain spoke in high terms of the emigrants that were on board . . . The appearance of the emigrants was also in their favour. The women looked healthy and comely, a few of the men were stalwart, whilst the majority seemed wanting in phisique [sic] at least of those who lined the ship's bulwark (on arrival), the majority were undersized and wore the expression of life in large towns.'

With the advent of steam *Rangitiki* was one of the last of the sailing ships to be disposed of by the Company, passing to the control of Skibsacties Dalston, Norwegian owners, in 1899, and renamed by them *Dalston*. She disappeared from Lloyds in 1911, but was subsequently sold to a French owner and named *Paul Bouket*, taken to Noumea and used as a hulk. She was reported as being in use in Australian waters during 1914-18 and, after the war, returned to Noumea.

Rangitiki had a unique career—only half of it in fact with the N.Z.S. Co. Her record as a great and gracious clipper is neatly summed up by the *Lyttelton Times* on her arrival after an extremely fast land to land passage of 67 days in 1876, 'The appearance of the vessel was everything that could be wished for.'

Waimea (ex Dorette)

Waimea was the smallest sailing ship ever owned by the Company; her dimensions were approximately 194 feet by 32 feet by 19 feet. She was an iron ship having been built by Godeffroy of Hamburg in 1868 and then named *Dorette*. Shortly after her acquisition by us in 1873, her rig was changed from that of a clipper ship to a barque. Although *Waimea*—her name was changed in 1874—remained under the Company's flag for more than 20 years, she seems to have enjoyed a fairly uneventful career. She made over 20 voyages to New Zealand, but less than half took under 100 days. Her fastest voyage was in 1874 when she reached Auckland from England in 76 days, land to land. The *New Zealand Herald* of 15th April, reporting her arrival, said there were 319 emigrants, 43 head of cattle, one horse and 250 sheep aboard—an amazing collection for such a small ship!

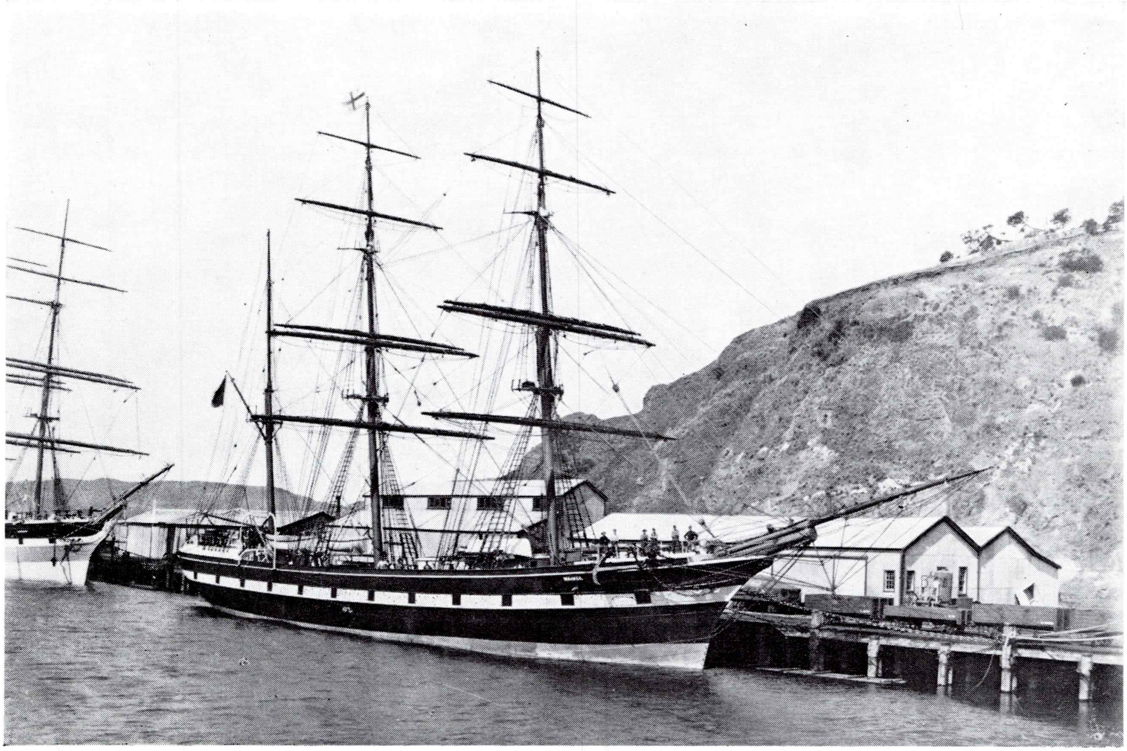
In June, 1875, an agreement was reached in London with Sir Julius Vogel of the New Zealand Government and the Agent-General, whereby the Company undertook 'the whole of the Government emigration and cargo business', after an unsuccessful attempt to agree terms with Shaw Savill & Co. Ltd. for a part of the contract. The rate for adults was to be £16 and for children £9 per head. The increase from the original rate of £14 10s. for adults had been brought about as a result of 'the cost of extra dietary and medical comforts', as the Board Minutes rather grandly proclaim. *Waimea* was one of the first ships to sail under the new conditions. The result was evidently a reasonable success for, despite four deaths on the outward voyage, a letter from the Immigration Commissioner of October, 1876, reporting on his inspection of the ship, declared: 'The usual questions were asked as to any complaints, and were replied to by three cheers for the Captain and Doctor.' In more tangible terms, it was customary in such circumstances for a gratuity of £25 to be paid to the Master and 10s. 'per soul landed alive', to the Surgeon-Superintendent!

One of the most exciting incidents in the ship's career occurred in June, 1893, when bound from Wellington to Boston. 'After rounding the Horn a terrific explosion occurred one day, and so much damage was done that she had to put into Rio for repairs. The origin of the explosion was never traced, but it was thought that it was caused by a boy named Clements, who was blown to pieces. This was the only casualty. Everyone on board got a great scare, and felt that the ship had had a most providential escape.'*

Waimea was sold in 1895 for £2,450 to Westergaard & Co. of Norway. She retained her name, although her colours were changed—a photograph exists of the ship at Port Chalmers under her new ownership. However, she survived only a short time, being wrecked in September, 1902, on the South African coast, after 35 years' service.

**White Wings, Fifty Years of Sail in the N.Z. Trade*', p. 296, by Henry Brett (Auckland 1924).

Waimea *at Port Chalmers.* (By courtesy of the Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington).



A. D. K. HEMANS

'Durham'—A full life

Durham completed her final voyage in November and has been sold after 31 years afloat. She was one of two ships left in the fleet that were in service at the beginning of the Second World War in 1939, the other being *Suffolk*.

Most of her life was spent as a Cadet Training Ship and over 300 cadets passed through her, whilst of our 43 captains, 21 are *Durham* 'old boys'.

Durham will long be remembered in New Zealand and Australian ports and many other places scattered around the world, not forgetting Galveston. She began her life in Workman Clark's yard in Belfast, and was commissioned in 1934, being the first ship in the British Merchant Navy to be designed specifically as a Cadet Training Ship. The records covering the 1930s do not reveal any points of outstanding interest but perhaps this was just as well in view of the ordeal to come.

1939-1945

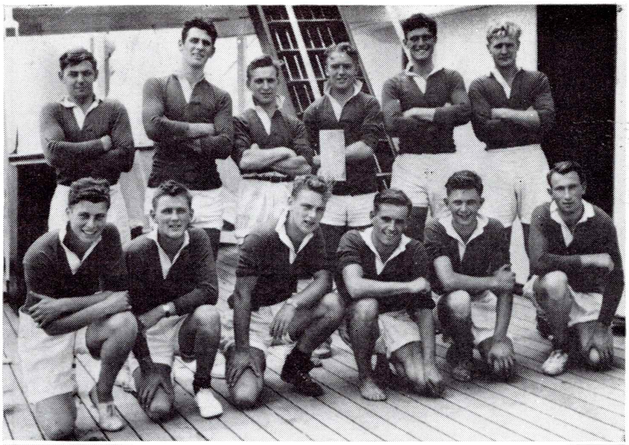
When *Durham* arrived in England at the end of September 1939, the apprentices were posted in twos and threes to other ships of the fleet. It was considered inadvisable to have them all in the *Durham* in wartime in case of disaster. Many of the apprentices served in ships that were subsequently sunk by enemy action and six lost their lives. Not a few were commended for good service. P. A. T. Gordon, of the *Dorset*, was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal and Lloyd's War Medal for bravery at sea, and P. F. Luard, of the *Opawa*, in which two of his fellow apprentices were lost, received the British Empire Medal.

Durham was one of six merchant ships that sailed in a Malta Convoy of July, 1941, when all six got safely through. The return voyage however was a very different story. After discharging her cargo *Durham* sailed independently for the return passage to Gibraltar. Off Cape Bon she had the misfortune to strike a mine, which exploded in way of No. 1 Hold causing it to flood rapidly.

Next day it was discovered that another mine was entangled with the paravane, it having been towed for some 20 hours in imminent risk of exploding. After nightfall opportunity was taken to free the ship from this most unpleasant and dangerous attachment. The chief officer, carpenter and boatswain assisted by other members of the ship's company, weighed the paravane and the parachute mine with its tangle of canvas and lines, and hoisted them to the level of the deck for examination and disposal.

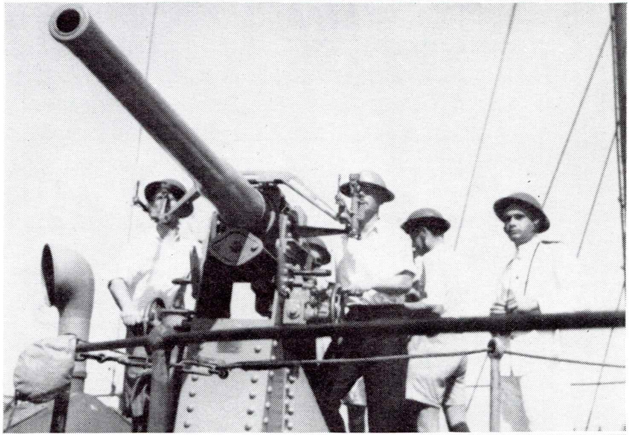
During this ticklish operation, all concerned were fully aware that if the mine struck the ship's side, the result would in all probability be deadly; but even with the evidence of the explosion of the first mine 20 hours earlier under their feet, not a man appeared to show the slightest apprehension. The ship's carpenter, Mr. J. A. Newlyn, working calmly and deliberately with a cold chisel and hammer, cut the towing wires of the paravane which, with the mine still attached, drifted clear of the ship.

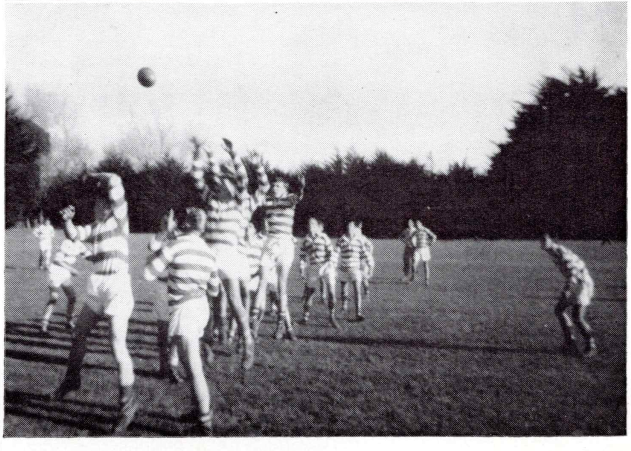
Once more the *Durham* proceeded on her way, but further troubles soon developed. The official report of the chief engineer, Mr. G. C. Macdougall, merely recorded that 'the water found its way to the engine room by the duct keel and coffer dam, but this was soon stopped and no damage was done'. But there was far more to it than just that. On investigation it was found that the pressure from No. 1 hold had partly forced off the manhole cover of the coffer dam and burst the joint. The prompt action needed was taken by Mr. Macdougall, who jumped on the manhole plate and by the sheer weight of his body, which was considerable, forced it back into position, while the seventh engineer, Mr. C. V. Rudman, secured it by screwing home the nuts and caulking it with wooden wedges. While the 'Chief' was sitting on the lid, he was up to his chest in oil and water. This repair took place within a mile and a half of the unfriendly coast of North Africa. The *Durham* then proceeded at full speed and next day, 24th August, she anchored in Gibraltar Bay. Her troubles,



DURHAM

1934-1965





however, were far from ended. More than a year elapsed before she returned to England.

Shortly after eight o'clock in the morning of 20th September, 1941, explosions occurred in the *Durham*, the Admiralty tanker *Denbydale* and the oil-storage hulk *Fiona Shell*, all of which were lying at anchor in Gibraltar Bay. The *Fiona Shell* sank, the *Durham* was beached and the tanker remained afloat in a badly damaged condition. The three vessels were believed at first to have been torpedoed by Italian midget submarines. As a matter of fact, they had been attacked by what were known as 'human torpedoes'. This weapon, which was propelled electrically, was operated by one officer and one rating who sat astride of the torpedo, each wearing a breathing apparatus which enabled them to travel submerged when necessary. The detachable head was about six feet in length and contained an explosive charge of about 500 lb. It had a slightly negative buoyancy, enabling it to be easily handled when detached from the body of the torpedo for securing to the underwater body of the ship attacked.

In the darkness of the early hours of 18th September, an Italian submarine had arrived in Cadiz Bay and taken the crews and their torpedoes away from a laid up Italian tanker which served as a secret depot ship to the vicinity of Gibraltar Bay. The attack was carried out with considerable success. The explosive heads of three torpedoes were attached to the hulls of the *Durham* and the other two vessels and subsequently detonated by the time mechanisms, with the result already mentioned. The crews of the torpedoes landed on a chosen beach in the Spanish area.

The explosion in the *Durham* occurred right aft. It was extremely violent and caused considerable damage to the starboard shaft tunnel, the plating over the spectacle frames and the propeller shaft, several bolts in one coupling being badly stretched and bent. Water flowed into the engine room and very soon the electric generators stopped and everybody had to leave the bottom platform. The water eventually rose to a depth of 22 ft., completely submerging all the auxiliary machinery, the switchboard and the spare armatures.

Eventually, the *Durham* was dry-docked for temporary repairs sufficient to make her seaworthy. One electric generator set was made serviceable by using a spare armature obtained from her sister ship *Dorset*. Finally, after 13 months in Gibraltar, the ship was got ready for the passage to England.

It was not until September, 1942, that the *Durham*, partly loaded with cork and scrap metal, left Gibraltar in tow of the naval tug *Bustler* with an anti-submarine escort of three corvettes. A temporary galley had been erected on the foredeck and during the passage the cook was frequently to be seen going about his duties in seaboots and carrying an umbrella. On the passage to Milford Haven, the *Durham* was towed at an average speed of 6.68 knots. Subsequently she was towed to Falmouth where permanent repairs were carried out, this very extensive work being completed in 11 months.

1946-1965

Cadets re-joined *Durham* in 1946 to continue their studies and other activities which, in the years that followed, kept the fire hoses in a constant state of readiness and caused vast quantities of boot-blacking to be held in reserve.

The seamanship of all those serving in *Durham* in January, 1962, was put to the test when they went to the assistance of the Norwegian ship *Jotunfjell* which had suffered an explosion in the engine room severely injuring three of their men. The following paragraph is an extract from the United States Coastguard Bulletin, February 1962.

'Despite the tragic outcome for two patients this rescue was an admirable co-ordinated action. The co-operation of a number of units was prompt, and, in the circumstances, highly effective. We are very much impressed with the seamanship shown by *Durham* connected with her very efficient boat work. Indeed, highest praise is due to Captain Hollingdale and the men on his ship for outstanding efficiency and human spirit under pressing conditions.'

The climax of *Durham's* career as a Cadet Training Ship came on 27th February, 1964, when His Royal Highness, The Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh undertook the last inspection of the cadets on board in the Royal Albert Dock, which was an outstanding honour to those who had served in her and, indeed, the whole Company.

The following have commanded *Durham* during her career—number of voyages in brackets.

Captains

H. L. Upton, D.S.C., R.D., R.N.R., (Rtd.)	(7)
C. R. Pilcher, O.B.E.	(11)
the late G. Kinnell, O.B.E.	(6)
J. R. Vincent, O.B.E.	(1)
R. J. B. Dunning	(6)
H. C. R. Dell	(1)
N. L. Warren	(2)
J. D. Bennett	(4)
A. Hocken	(5)
K. Barnett, R.D., R.N.R.	(3)
R. G. Hollingdale	(5)
J. D. Guyler	(3)

and for the final voyage—Captain J. R. M. Ramsay. This last appointment was particularly appropriate as Captain Ramsay was a Cadet on *Durham's* first voyage.

Durham has, in fact, led a full life, but the ship's name will, we hope, live on for many years through the Durham Association, or until we have a new *Durham*.

F. A. FREEMAN
Retired, former Chief Steward

The bishop's visit

The *Durham* was lying in the port of Townsville, Queensland, one Sunday which was very unusual as the powers that be always endeavoured to arrange for the ship to be at sea for the weekend.

The Bishop of Queensland, who was on a tour of his vast parish, kindly consented to conduct morning service on board—the service being held in the Cadets' Messroom aft.

Three young ladies came on board early to practise the hymns and to make the necessary arrangements in the messroom. It was during this hymn practice that three cadets, who had just had a showerbath, came tripping into the messroom clasped together as ballet dancers dressed only in their birthday suits, and chanting a tune, the title of which I prefer not to mention, when to their astonishment they espied the three young ladies grouped round the piano. The cadets then panicked and finished up in a heap at the entrance door.

At the service it was quite noticeable just who the three young culprits were as they could not hide their embarrassment.

L. GASKILL
Joined Company 1938—Retired 1st July, 1958.
as First Refrig. Engineer.

I was there !

A day to remember

The date 5th of November, year 1940, time 4 P.M., the time when commenced the famous action of H.M.S. *Jervis Bay* and, in particular, m.v. *Rangitiki* against the German cruiser *Admiral Scheer.*

I was reading a magazine and taking things easy prior to going on watch, when a bugle call sounded and gunfire was heard from a long way off.

I immediately rushed on deck to ascertain the cause, and far away on the dim horizon the outline of the raider, her guns trained on the *Jervis Bay*, who at this time was steaming full speed towards the cruiser, having previously given the order to 'Scatter' to the convoy.

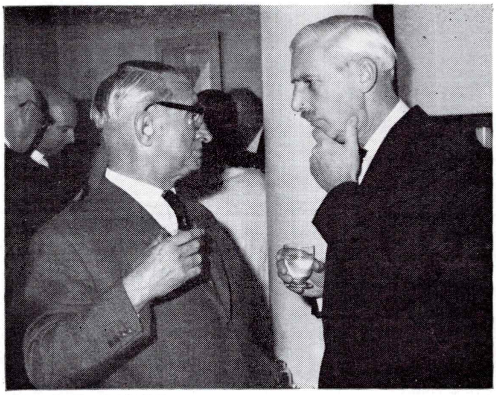
The gallant *Jervis Bay* was quickly disposed of, her bridge all afire, so the raider turned her attention to *Rangitiki*. Six shots straddled the ship on port and starboard sides, a perfect box, and we all awaited apprehensively for No. 7, which thankfully did not come, meanwhile the depth-charges on board aft were hastily jettisoned and the smoke floats let off. One of these caught fire and amid the huge smoke screen the raider thought he had registered a hit and turned his fire on another vessel.

Among all this confusion we slipped away into the darkness, which undoubtedly saved us. A naval officer on board, who was going home on leave, gave the Master valuable assistance in taking avoiding action from the shell fire.

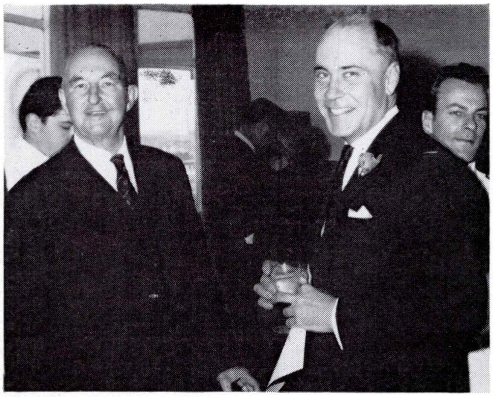
We eventually, some two weeks later, made Milford Haven, thankfully without further incident.

For his gallantry, the Captain of *Jervis Bay*, who was killed in action, was awarded the V.C.

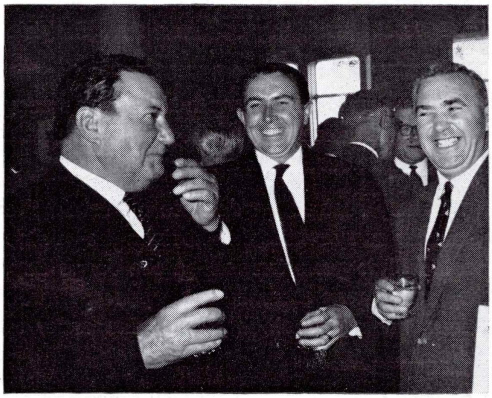
TRULY A DAY TO REMEMBER.



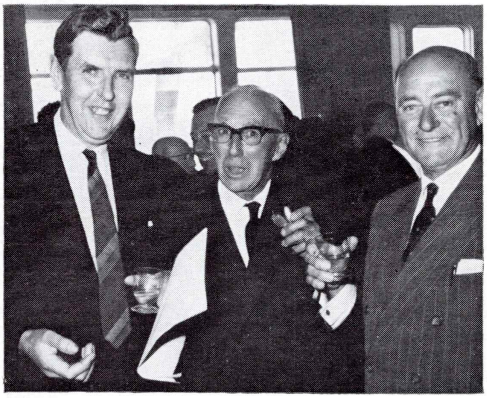
Mr. J. P. R. Williams
Mr. H. T. Beazley



Captain C. S. Broughton
Captain D. A. G. Dickens

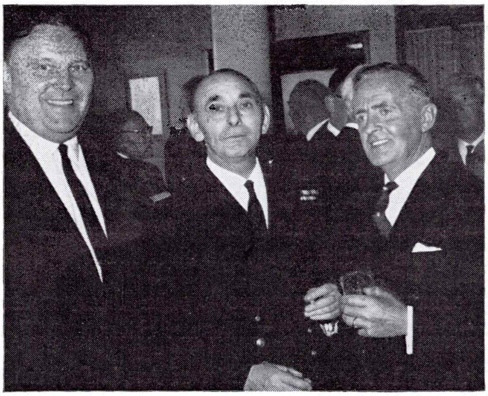


Captain C. R. Pilcher
Mr. G. A. Gee
Mr. J. A. Lamb

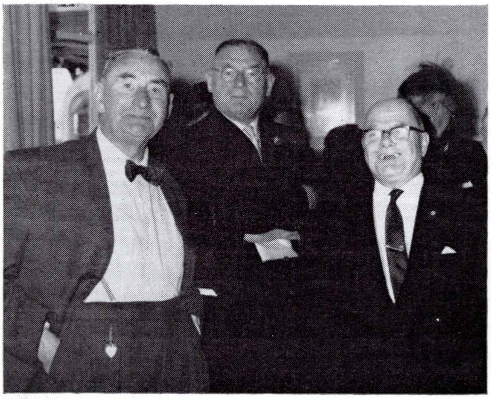


Mr. A. D. K. Hemans
Mr. P. T. Bowen
Captain N. Rice

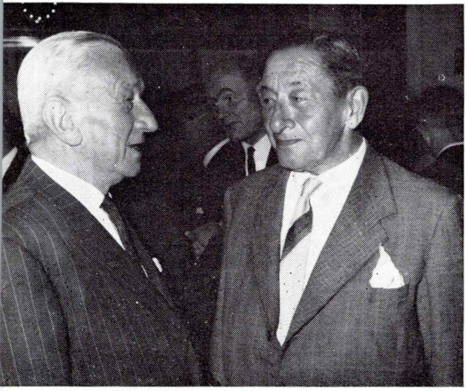
Annual Reunion Lunch on RANGITOTO in London, 16th July, 1965



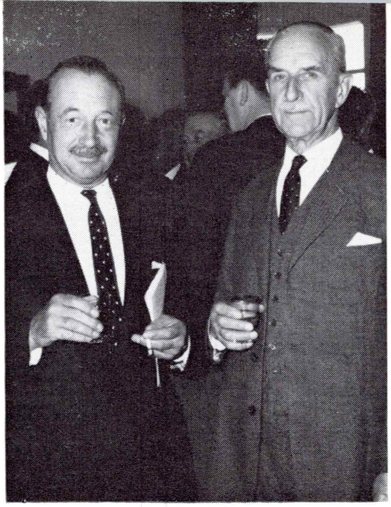
Mr. C. A. W. Dawes
Mr. W. J. Twist
Captain P. P. O. Harrison



Mr. W. B. Kirk
Mr. A. V. Leighton
Mr. A. Budd

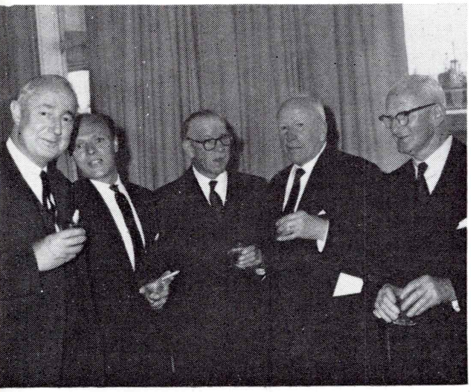


Mr. W. C. How
Mr. G. Ormiston

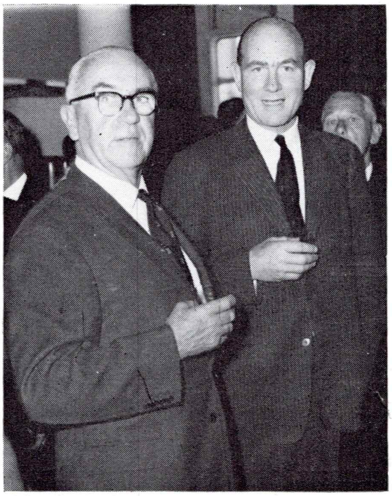


Mr. L. G. Sankey
Mr. H. J. F. Mills

Mr. J. Mackersie
Captain W. G. Evans

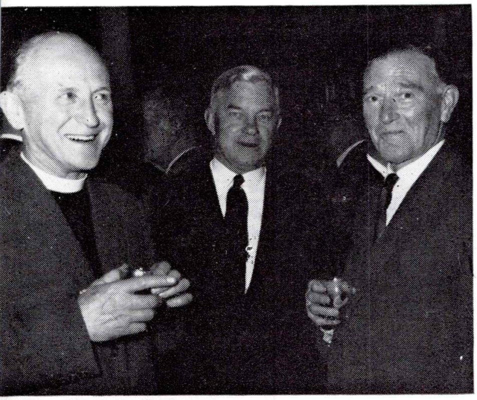


Mr. R. R. Strachan
Mr. O. P. Langford
Mr. H. F. Brown
Mr. G. Donald
Mr. A. Berry



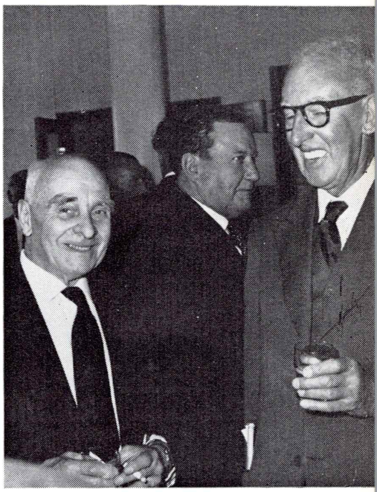
Mr. C. B. Sharpe
Mr. L. C. Birnage

Mr. E. F. Darling
Captain J. R. Vincent



The Rev. A. G. Fagg
Captain J. R. Vincent
Mr. F. Cook

Mr. F. T. Cornell
Mr. A. W. Bowen



Mr. F. Knuth
Captain C. R. Pilcher
Mr. V. M. Walker

Bethell, Gwyn & Co. Ltd.

Anon

The City's face is changing fast,
And progress caught us up at last,
They burst our homely little bubble,
Reduced us to a heap of Rubble.

The wise men pointed to a Star,
Go to the East, but not too far,
Stepney part of London Town,
Cheer up lad—no need to frown.

'Twas on a cold November day
From '138' we moved away,
'Out' they said 'Pick up your things
Adjourn unto the Hall of Kings'.

We gnashed our teeth, we tore our hair,
Leave '138'—it just ain't fair,
Hat on head, Desk under arm,
You won't come to any harm.

Off to the East we did adjourn,
And reached the point of no return,
Where do we go, what do we do?
Entrance One or Entrance Two?

What to expect we did not know,
We found the ceiling very low,
Electric fans they did install
'Cos it was stuffy wall to wall.

The ground floor has a mixed up crew,
Bethell's, Birt's, outsiders too,
New friends were made and then some more,
'Good morning chum—who d'you work for?'

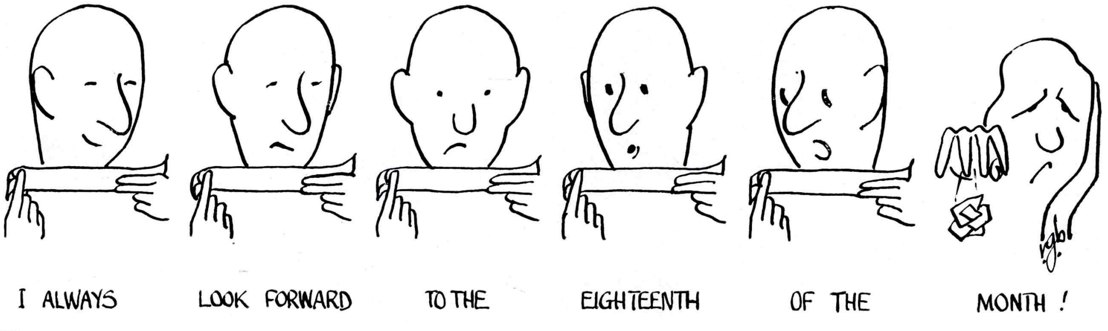
Bettafoods lie beneath our feet,
Dispensing goodies for us to eat,
Tea and Coffee brought on wheels
How soon before they bring our meals?

Arrive we do at half past nine,
Like colliers going down a mine,
Minus Lamp and minus pick,
I wonder what makes us all tick.

The day it comes the day it goes,
Where is the daylight? Goodness knows,
There is no Sun—only a moon
Please let the light in pretty soon.

We're like a ship upon the rocks,
At least we're nearer to the docks,
We sailed round here for a short stay,
And now we will not move away.

Please do not let this rhyme offend,
Upset the reader—I don't intend,
These lines were written just for fun,
God Bless us all—Yes everyone.



I ALWAYS LOOK FORWARD TO THE EIGHTEENTH OF THE MONTH !

D. L. HERMAN,
Managing Director

1865-1965

A short history of Bethell, Gwyn & Co. Ltd.

Bethell, Gwyn & Co. Ltd., are the oldest unit of the New Zealand & Federal Group, but the actual date of founding is in some doubt because in the old partnership days there were various changes in title.

The firm appears to have started in 1865 as John Taylor & Company with offices in Cornhill. John Taylor was then the sole proprietor and owned a number of sailing ships. In 1872 he was joined in partnership by his son-in-law, Charles Bethell, and one of his Ship Masters, Captain Roberts, and the firm became known as Taylor, Bethell & Roberts, their main business being the chartering of vessels to Western Australia and Brisbane. In this year the company became more closely involved in the West Australian trade, being entrusted by Mr. R. W. Habgood, a well-known West Australian shipowner and merchant, with the loading of his regular traders between London and the Swan River Settlement—later to be developed as the Port of Fremantle.

In 1876 the partnership was one of the eight firms which formed the Australian Association 'having for its object the regulation of the shipping trade between London and Adelaide, Brisbane, Melbourne and Sydney'. The Association later became the Australian Conference.

In one of the schedules attached to the original agreement, Taylor, Bethell & Roberts are shown as having loaded 43 ships for Brisbane, Sydney and Port Philip in the three years to 1876, the total tonnage lifted for these ports being 34,068 tons. There is also reference to the fact that in 1875 the contract for the conveyance of immigrants to Brisbane was lost to Anderson, Anderson & Company (now Anderson Green & Company). Another memorandum mentions the figure of £250 as a fair and reasonable profit for a voyage to Australia! Admittedly at this time ships were small in size, and the company itself was the registered owner of 13 vessels.

In 1881 the first direct sailing to Fiji was dispatched for Levuka, the then capital—a little ship of 327 tons named *Robert Hine*, which left London on 1st October. She had a full cargo and took 172 days on the voyage. This was the beginning of a periodic service which continued until the First World War, and resumed in June 1920 when *Waimana* (Shaw Savill) was the first of the New Zealand Conference Lines Ships to cover the service with Bethell, Gwyn & Company as loading brokers.

By 1882 Charles Bethell had become the only active partner and the names of Taylor and Roberts were dropped. Trading as Charles Bethell & Company he continued to develop his Australian business, particularly to the Western State, where in co-operation with Trinder Anderson & Company fierce competition had to be met from the newly formed (1884) West Australian Shipping Association comprising most of the local West Australian shippers with Captain W. Marden as their London Agent. The two firms negotiated with certain leading West Australian shippers to subscribe to the cost of purchasing ships to be operated by respective owners and brokers in London, and loaded homeward particularly for the Shippers' account. Two of these ships were *Charlotte Padbury* and *Helena Mena.* After a freight war during which rates were forced down to 5s. per ton, a truce was called and the parties agreed to work together.

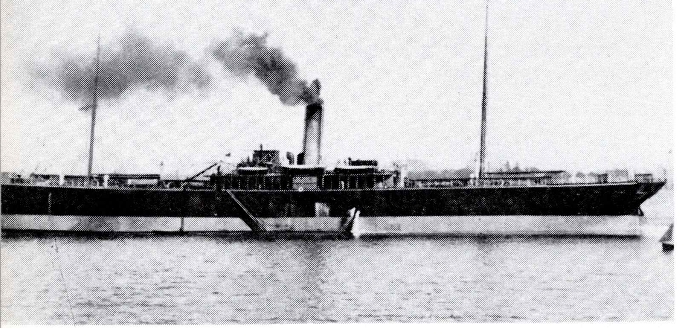
In 1886, again in association with Trinder Anderson & Company, the West Australian Steam Navigation Company was formed to trade between Fremantle and Singapore via North-West Australian ports and Java, and the first *Australind* was built. Other ships owned by the company over the years were *Paroo*, *Karrakatta*, *Minderoo* and *Gascoyne*. *Sultan* was jointly owned with Alfred Holt & Company with whom a joint service was started in 1890, which continued until 1936 when, following the loss of *Minderoo* at Port Hedland, it was decided to wind up the West Australian Steam Navigation Company, and Holts continued on their own. This decision was due largely to strong competition from the highly subsidised West Australian Government Service.

Mr. Walter J. Gwyn, who had joined the company in 1880 on coming down from Oxford, was taken into partnership in 1890, and the firm was restyled Bethell, Gwyn & Company. The offices were moved from 165, Fenchurch Street, to 22, Billiter Street.

In 1892 the company joined with five other firms to form the Meteor Steam Navigation Company, the capital being equally subscribed by the P. & O. Steam Navigation Company, Anderson, Anderson & Company, Mcllwraith McEacharn & Company, Allport & Hughes (later Birt Potter & Hughes Ltd.), Trinder Anderson & Company, and Bethell, Gwyn & Company. Mr. Allan Hughes was chairman, and Charles Bethell one of the first directors. In 1894 the name Meteor was changed to King, and finally to Federal in 1895. Charles Bethell took a leading part in the affairs of the company in its early days.

In 1894, the firm of J. H. Geddes Birt & Company Ltd. was incorporated in Sydney, and a year later Charles Bethell joined the Board. This company became Birt & Company in 1899.

In 1897 Charles Bethell visited Australia, and was present in the newly developed port of Fremantle for the first visits of both *Cornwall* and *Devon*. We find him entertaining a number of the leading citizens on behalf of the Federal Company, and referring to the fact that on his last visit 10 years previously, before the days of the gold rush, and the development of the railways, he had had to travel overland from Albany to Perth on horseback, a distance of some 250 miles.



Devon—*1897-1913 the second ship built for the Federal Company. The funnel as we know it today was evidently not in use, when this photograph was taken.*

These two ships were the first actually built by the Federal Company to supplement *Maori King* and *Celtic King* which had been purchased. They were described at the time as being two of the largest in the Australian trade. *Cornwall* 5,490 tons and *Devon* 5,489 tons.

In 1898 in conjunction with Trinder Anderson & Company and Birt Potter & Hughes, *Norfolk* was ordered from the Sunderland Shipbuilding Company, at a cost of £74,500. Later *Suffolk* and *Dorset* were built by John Brown & Company for the same companies. Lloyd's Register for 1900 has Birt, Trinder & Bethell as owners of *Norfolk* and *Suffolk*. *Norfolk* was a total loss in November 1914, but the Bethell, Gwyn interest in *Suffolk* and *Dorset* continued until well after the end of the First World War.

In 1898 it was decided to open an office in Bristol, at 40, Corn Street. At this time the Avonmouth docks were being built and the Frozen Meat Works developed. The Bethell family had long had connections with Bristol, and Charles Bethell was at one time chairman of the old firm of Thomas Reynolds & Company.

In 1900, as the result of an arrangement between Charles Bethell and John Lysaght Ltd., of Bristol, a new service to be known as the Bristol-Australian Line was announced to provide monthly sailings from the Bristol Channel to Australia to commence in January 1901. The ships to be used were those of the Gulf Line of Greenock, and the first one was the *Gulf of Venice* of 3,022 tons gross which sailed on 25th January via Liverpool and Manchester.

The Gulf Line ships had been built specially for the Australian Trade and were insulated and fitted with refrigerating machinery for the carriage of meat homewards. For the first three years the service was covered mainly by Gulf Line ships, but the number of these gradually declined and in 1904 the Federal-Houlder-Shire combination started.

In the same year, cargo was also taken for New Zealand. The Bristol office moved to their present address at 11, Baldwin Street, and L. J. Bethell, a nephew of Charles Bethell, was sent down from the London office to take charge.

Federal-Houlder-Shire continued to run the service until 1912, when Houlders withdrew, their last ship being *Everton Grange.* The Federal-Shire service continued with varying but increased numbers of sailings until 1932, when with the growth of Lysaght's Works in Australia (opened in 1926) the Bristol cargo fell away.

In 1900 Geoffrey Gladstone Taylor, son of the founder, John Taylor, had become a partner in Bethell Gwyn, but this did not involve a change in the title of the firm. He became senior partner in 1918 and retired in 1921. He was the first secretary of Australind Steam Ship Company, which was formed in 1904 in association with Trinder Anderson & Company. The two firms were joint managers, but Trinders attended to the day-to-day running.

In 1907 the Federal Company, with Bethell Gwyn, Trinder Anderson and Birt Potter & Hughes, bought the firm of James Dowie & Company, who became their Liverpool brokers, but with L. J. Bethell exercising overall West Coast control from Bristol. It is of interest to note that he was allowed 3 gns., plus expenses, every time he deemed it necessary to visit Liverpool. In 1912 he moved to Liverpool as senior partner in Dowie's, becoming also in 1914 a partner in Marwood & Robertson, who had also become associated with the Federal Company. The New Zealand Shipping Company subsequently acquired the Birt-Trinder-Bethell interest in James Dowie in 1922.

Charles Bethell died in 1908, and in 1911 Harry Sherbourn Gwyn became a partner. He had been general manager for many years, having joined the firm in 1883 at the age of 17, soon after his cousin, W. J. Gwyn. In 1922, on the retirement of Geoffrey Taylor, he became the senior partner. Trinder Anderson and Birt Potter & Hughes had both acquired an interest in the firm in 1918 when W. J. Gwyn retired.

In 1923 Walter Harry Gwyn, son of H. S. Gwyn, joined the firm after a spell with Westcott & Laurance. He was taken into partnership on his father's retirement in 1930, when F. Graham Carter also purchased an interest.

In 1925, to take care of the shipment of rails from Swansea to New Zealand, the old firm of Simpson Brothers, one time owners of sailing ships, was acquired. They were already attending to the loading of Australian ships as agents of Federal-Shire, the regular call at Swansea having commenced in 1923.

In 1932 the Newport office was opened. The Federal Company had first loaded there for Australia in March 1920, and in October of the same year *Tremeadow* loaded for New Zealand via Australia. In 1934 the London office moved to Leadenhall Street.

Over the years the business in the Bristol Channel has changed. As we have seen, the Federal-Shire service ceased to load in Bristol in 1932, and with increasing quantities of tinplates being made in Australia, this traditional South Wales trade has also dropped out. However, in addition to the various and valued agencies of old friends within and outside the P. & O. Group, covering services to South and East Africa, Ceylon, India and Pakistan, as well as Australia and New Zealand, ships are now loaded to Denmark, Germany, Italy, Portugal, Greece and Turkey, Spain and Yugoslavia.

Inward cargo is handled from countries all over the world.

Simpson Brothers (Port Talbot) Ltd., was opened in 1950, to attend to the business of the Steel Company of Wales, and a thriving coasting and ships agency business has been developed.

On the 1st January 1954, Bethell, Gwyn became a limited company, with Mr. Walter Gwyn as the first Chairman and Managing Director. He retired from active business in December 1961, remaining on the board until October 1964. He had followed in his cousin W. J. Gwyn's footsteps, as Chairman of Australind Steam Ship Company from 1941 to May, 1962.

In 1961, Bethell, Gwyn & Co. Ltd. were appointed loading brokers for the new Bank Line Service providing monthly sailings from London and the Continent to Papua, New Guinea and the Solomon Islands, and in December of the same year the company became a wholly-owned subsidiary of its one time child, the Federal Steam Navigation Company.

In October 1964, the two Simpson subsidiary companies in Swansea and Port Talbot became branch offices of the parent company. And so the picture changes. The small firm with offices in Cornhill has changed its name three times since 1865 and now we enter our second century with a staff of over 100 spread over five offices.

PAUL BLAIKLEY,
City Office

Montreal 1965

At first it was just like any other day in the City Office. But as the rumour spread it became noticeable that the secretary's office was looking even busier than usual. A free trip to Montreal? Who ever heard of such a thing?

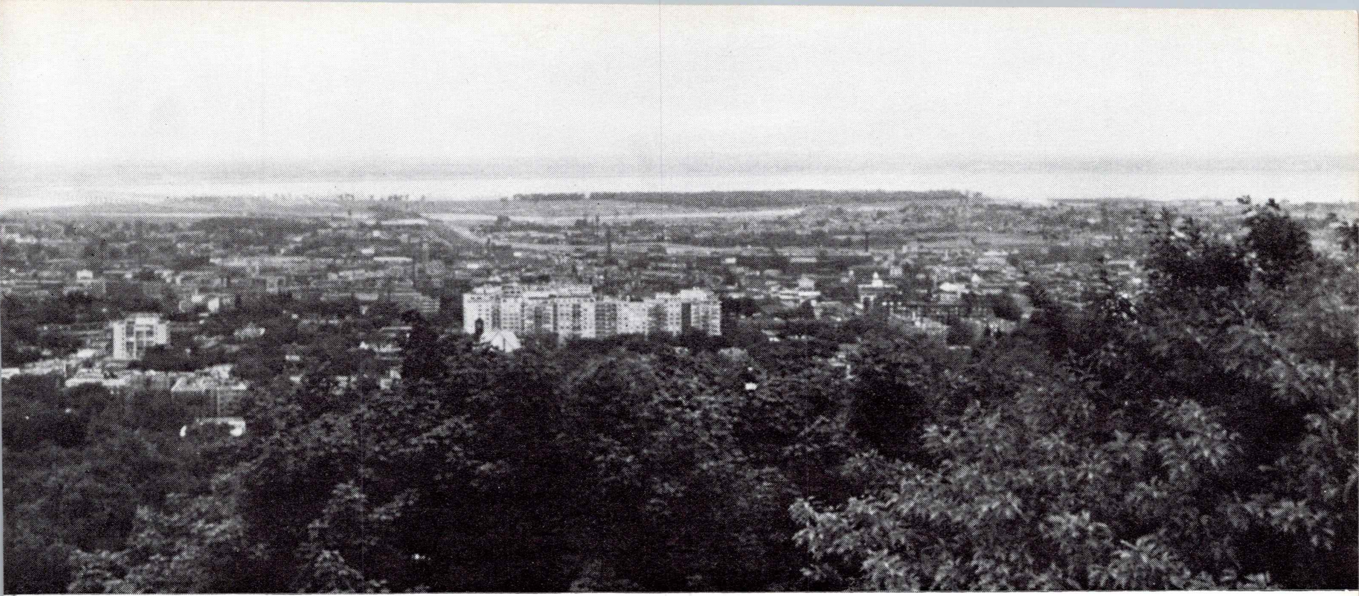
It was true, however. The Marine Crew Department had chartered a Boeing 707 to fly a fresh crew out to the *Middlesex* at Montreal and to bring the old one home—within the space of 24 hours. And some diabolically clever brain had realised that an aircraft as big as that would be flying each way two-thirds empty, and, as it happened, at a weekend too . . . With only a couple of days' notice there was no time for hesitation. Such a chance called for one of those swift, firm decisions for which the Company is famous.

Once word got around and permission was granted, it was only thanks to Miss Miller and her aides that the business of vaccinations, passports etc. was properly seen to. That Friday there was less concentration in the office than usual. Those who had been lucky enough to be able to make all the arrangements to go—a well-proportioned group of ten girls and five men—were naturally a little distracted while among those unfortunates who, for reasons of out-of-date passports, lack of vaccination, or matrimony, were unable to go, there was just as naturally a feeling of unrest.

The next day the group was conveyed to London Airport after meeting successfully at the Victoria Air Terminal, strangely luggageless for so long a journey. There was many a quizzical glance from the outgoing crew, particularly at the lady members of the party ('Good idea this mixed-manning'). Their presence was quickly accepted, nay, welcomed, as relations were established over lunch which was provided unexpectedly at the Airport before take-off. This was to be the first of many meals in the next 24 hours.

The V.I.P. treatment continued once we boarded the plane, and, indeed, for the whole trip. In both directions the six hours' flying time passed very enjoyably and quickly, helped along by a plentiful supply of food and drink. The only slightly disconcerting thing was the time-change; we left London at 3 p.m. and arrived in Montreal at 4 p.m. local time—which made Saturday conveniently long. Sunday, of course, was considerably shorter since departure was taken from Montreal at midnight and arrival made London at 11 a.m. Sunday.

The Trans-Atlantic travellers.



Montreal with the St. Lawrence in background.

Thus the hours between 5 p.m. and midnight were hours to spend in Montreal, and thanks to some miraculous organisation on the part of the Montreal Office the time was very well spent. For although the city was beset by a bus strike at the time, a coach had been laid on to enable us to see much more than we would ever have done otherwise. Rooms too in a hotel had been booked to provide a welcome resting place after the journey. Thither we straightaway repaired on arrival, and inevitably the girls took good advantage even to the extent of taking showers. It was clear that for them one of the main reasons for the trip was the thrill of being under a genuine Montreal shower!

However, ablutions at last completed, the coach was boarded again preparatory to the 'doing' of Montreal. To add to our enjoyment we were blessed with a French Canadian driver who was capable of the most amusing commentary despite having spent the day driving his bus as relief for the strike. Mount Royal, the new bridge being built across the St. Lawrence at the mouth of the Seaway, the artificial island under construction for the centenary fair, the new Bank skyscraper, the typical houses in the older parts of the City with their porches and external staircases—we saw them all before returning to the hotel for a magnificent meal (dinner?). After that, not even the most energetic member of the party was able to take advantage of the hotel's swimming pool.

So with a final scrambled dispatch of postcards and farewells to our indefatigable hostess, Mrs. Bishop of M.A.N.Z. Line, Montreal, we climbed aboard another coach and headed back to Dorval Airport, accompanied by heavy rain and a rather disconcerting thunderstorm on the horizon. There we were eventually joined by the homeward-bound crew ex *Middlesex* and those gentlemen who had been busy signing the crews off and on. We left the Customs men looking a little puzzled ('But you only entered the country this afternoon . . .') and took the stewards and stewardesses aback by a certain lack of enthusiasm for the meals they had prepared for us. Then all too soon we were seeing the Irish coast for the second time, 15 hours and 6,000 miles later, while the seamen with Irish blood in their veins strained to spot the leprechauns from 30,000 feet. It was back to London with a bump on a drizzling Sunday morning with 18 hours to reorientate before Monday.

All things considered it was an amazingly successful trip for those of us who through the Company's generosity were lucky enough to go. It was unfortunate that so many were left behind disappointed. This was the result, of course, of the suddenness of the expedition, which also meant that many people did not hear about it at all until it was too late. Perhaps if another such chance comes along more notice can be given. But then part of the success of this trip to Montreal was its very unexpectedness.

Photographs by J. P. J. Corbett, N.Z.S.Co.

J. G. MACCOY
Director, Birt Potter & Hughes Ltd.

Chartering

Many of you will have seen from time to time unfamiliar ships' names like *Atlantic Falcon* and *Haldor Virik* on the Company's sailing lists, and unfamiliar ships in port, loading and discharging, flying the Company's House Flags. When there is a gap in the berth sailings due say to a breakdown or delay, the Company hires, or charters as it is known, another ship to fill the gap. These are mostly tramp ships, for in addition to the hundreds of liners which ply in their recognised trades, there are hundreds more ships which have no regular trades but which 'tramp' the oceans, seeking cargo where they can, and their yardstick is to take the most paying cargo they can find and not to give a service like a liner.

In addition to the cargoes which the liners take on their regular routes, there are millions of tons of other cargoes moving around the world, such commodities as wheat, ore, coal, rice and fertiliser, the sort of cargoes which are usually carried in bulk in full shiploads. These are the cargoes which the tramps mostly take.

The freight rates for these commodities are not laid down in a tariff but are freely negotiated cargo by cargo and shipment by shipment according to the good old law of supply and demand. If there are two ships and one cargo, the rates go down, or if there are two cargoes and one ship, the rates go up. In London the arrangements for the shipment or 'fixing' of these tramp cargoes are made on the Baltic Exchange. Each tramp ship owner and each shipper or merchant—more commonly known as a Charterer—have his agent or broker. The liner companies have their brokers also, the N.Z. and Federal Co's use Birt Potter & Hughes, who have been doing their chartering business for more than 40 years. These agents and brokers foregather on the Baltic Exchange every day, the owners' brokers to find out what cargoes are offering, and the charterers' agents to find out what ships are about. They circulate on the 'Floor' of the Exchange, learning the state of the market by talking amongst themselves.

Suppose, for example, the Company requires to charter a ship to supplement a berth sailing. Birt Potter & Hughes will be told that a certain sized ship is required in the Bristol Channel on a certain date. They will already have a good idea of what tonnage is available and what sort of rate of hire is likely to be asked by the owner, and what the market rate should be, because brokers must be on the market all the time, not just when a ship is required, in order to keep abreast of the availability of ships and cargoes and the market situation. Birt Potter & Hughes will then go onto the Baltic and quote an order giving the charterer's requirements as they have been told, and they will be given details of ships by the owners' brokers who have tonnage in that position. They will also have to know what other orders are quoting which might compete with theirs—not only from other liner companies—but cargoes of grain and fertiliser and so forth which are available in the same loading position. This they must do in order to compare the availability of ships and cargoes so as to be able to assess whether the market is strong or weak or steady and they must know also the rates which other charterers are offering in order to assess the correctness of the tramp owners' ideas of rate. The tramp owners' brokers will meantime be doing just the same thing from the other side of the fence as it were.

Having compiled a list of suitable ships Birt Potter & Hughes then report back to the management advising on the market rates. After studying this list and the ship's capacity plans it may then be decided to make a 'firm offer' for a particular ship. This is an offer valid for a certain time, and gives the ship's details, the presentation dates required, the rate of hire, and the details of the voyage and contract—or charter party. This offer is given to the owner's broker who passes it on to his owner, advising him in his turn of the market situation, and also of the cargoes which may be available when the ship becomes free of charter, and his view of the rates to be had then—possibly two or three months ahead. So you see that the owners' brokers must cover a wider market and must constantly be looking two or three jumps ahead. It frequently happens that an owner will take some less profitable business on one leg of a voyage in order to take advantage of a strong market elsewhere or what he hopes may be a strong market.

The 'Floor' of the Exchange. (Reproduced by courtesy of The Baltic Exchange.)

Having had the offer, the owner can do one of three things. He can accept the offer, in which case the ship is 'fixed', he can decline the offer, in which case she is not—or he can make a counter offer—giving different rates, terms of charter etc. If he does this he gives a time by which a reply must be made; when markets are active, this can be for reply within a few minutes—or it can be hours or days. The Company can then either accept, decline or counter offer and so the bargaining goes on until either a compromise is reached and the ship is 'fixed' or no agreement can be reached and the process has to be started all over again with another ship. All this negotiation is done by word of mouth—the Baltic motto is 'Our word our bond' and the evidence of contract is the charter party which is drawn up later. Whilst all this is going on the brokers are still 'working the market' and reporting changes and new orders which come along and new ships which turn up. It may happen that the owner's broker has another ship in an entirely different part of the world, so that not only is he looking for business from say U.K. or North Europe or U.S.A., but perhaps for another ship or two in India, or Australia or Japan, and this entails seeing maybe one hundred or more people during the morning. Birt Potter & Hughes also may have orders for the B.I.S.N. Co. or other group companies for whom they are brokers, which also entails covering other markets.

All this is done on the Baltic, for it is quite international, dealing with all nationalities of ships and cargoes from anywhere to anywhere. Greek ships are 'fixed' for coal from Australia to Japan, Norwegians with grain from U.S.A. to Japan, Panamanians from South Africa to Canada with sugar and so on. Almost any commodity you can think of is 'fixed' there, from bales of hay to cases of ammunition, and any size of ship from 150 tonners to 150,000 tonners.

Not only does the Baltic deal with chartering, but with the sale and purchase of ships, oil tanker chartering (both of which Birt Potter & Hughes do for the group) air chartering and also the buying and selling of cereals, vegetable oils and seeds. All trades connected with shipping are represented there; lawyers, insurance brokers, merchant bankers, paint manufacturers, dry dock owners, ship-repairers, stevedores and so on. It is the only such Exchange in the world in which shipping people can gather together in a forum as it were—to discuss their business and be certain to find out almost anything about the trade that they want to know.

There is inevitably much left out of this article about the Baltic, its working and its history, and about chartering and charter parties but, if any one would like to know more, the Editor would be happy to pass on their query to the Chartering Department.

ONE OF THE PLAYERS, R.N.R.

Playing at sailors

I am often asked exactly what this means, and find it extremely difficult to answer. In fact it entails taking a minesweeper to sea manned entirely by R.N.R. amateurs for a weekend's training or a fortnight's cruise—the results represent a cross between a Giles cartoon and the Swiss Navy in action.

Recently H.M.S. *Troutbridge*, under my command, sailed in company with her sister ship to rendezvous with three other minesweepers all manned by R.N.R.—the purpose being to land 250 amateur soldiers, two Generals, a Peer, a Brigadier and a Pressman, on a remote part of the West Coast of Scotland.

The ship's company consisted of 43 'sailors' (lorry drivers, clerks, architects, coalmen etc.). As sailing time approached the Captain climbed onto the bridge, draped himself round the compass and waited for the customary reports. The First Lieutenant advised the ship as 'in all respects ready for sea, sir', the Engineer Officer reported the port engine wouldn't start, and the Steward advised that his Lordship had forgotten his pyjamas. Accordingly the Captain rang half ahead both engines, and the voyage commenced.

After bouncing through several lock gates and watching with interest the expressions on the Dock Masters' faces, and ignoring all instructions such as 'put her on the knuckle, mister'—which is sometimes all too easy, the ship eventually arrived in the river—rather like a champagne cork out of a bottle. Deprived of such luxuries as a Pilot, the ship then proceeded to sea under the careful guidance of her Captain and Navigator—the latter a young Lieutenant with an extra Master's Ticket, a fund of advice, and a rather dirty beard—all of which were ignored by the Captain.

After the first two miles in pitch blackness it was considered prudent to switch on navigation lights—after all you can't be expected to remember everything—and apart from this slight omission the ship took herself through fog, over sandbanks, wrecks, etc. to Troon Harbour, which was entered at dead low water; a few starfish resting peacefully in the ocean had their morning siesta shattered as the screws churned them up at perilously close quarters.

The remaining three ships having joined us, we embarked the soldiery and proceeded to Campbelltown where we carried out a practice landing and also removed a small portion of pier. However, as the cost will be borne by the taxpayer, not to worry too much about this incident. In the meantime the amateur's dread was creeping in in the shape of fog, and a certain amount of fear and trepidation was felt by all the Commanding Officers. The idea of finding a small bay or an enclosed coast at midnight in fog and with 250 soldiers on board, is not relished by anyone. However, after taking local fishermen's advice, the operation was 'on', and accordingly all five ships sailed—in fog and confusion, the crews having been ashore for two hours and being fairly full of Scotch 'humour'.

By the grace of God and Radar, the selected beach was found and the troops disembarked in landing rafts with only the loss of the odd bren-gun, rifle, and a couple of Corporals—last seen heading for the hills with a bottle. His Lordship also landed and was last observed in a kilt wading ashore in about four feet of water, also with a bottle.

The Captain heaved a sigh of relief, turned to the Navigator for the 'course for home', only to find this individual so completely shattered at having been so close to rocks and beach that he was incapable of further thoughts on navigating the amateur way. Nevertheless, eventually home port was reached, and, after the inevitable bouncing round the dock system, the ship was berthed back alongside her parent ship, much to the relief of her C.O. and the Admiralty. It only remained to face the usual popular homecoming—the grass to cut, the weeds to weed and a pile of washing up. One wonders at times if one's going was really necessary, and why there are still so many volunteers willing and anxious to 'play Sailors'.

The Editor vouches for the inaccuracy of this article. The Author is in fact an extremely efficient minesweeper driver.

About People

LONDON

RETIREMENT OF MR. F. W. SPITE

F.W.S. retired from the Company on the 30th September, 1965, after over 45 years' service, of which nearly 20 years were spent as General Manager or Managing Director of the Company in New Zealand, or as a Managing Director in London. He joined the Company in Dunedin in June 1920, but his ability must have been spotted at an early age because it was not long before he was posted to Wellington. He spent a period in London between April 1925 and January 1926.

At the outbreak of the last war he joined the Army as a Gunner but by the time the war was over he was a Lt. Colonel, having been responsible for shipping supplies to the New Zealand Forces in the South Pacific. He returned to the Company in 1945 and was appointed Traffic Manager for New Zealand. When the then Chairman, Mr. T. F. Tallents, visited New Zealand in February 1946 he appointed F.W.S. General Manager and a Director on the New Zealand Board.

After the slump of the 30's and the wartime period, much reorganisation of the Company's affairs in New Zealand was necessary. Into this task F.W.S. entered wholeheartedly and in a

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Spite.

few years reorganised not only the personnel structure of Head Office and Branches, but also opened new branches at ports where we had not been directly represented for some years. The Company owned considerable property to which the purchase of John Mills in 1951 added Wool Store facilities at some of the ports in the South Island. Having laid the foundations immediately after the war, F.W.S. now tackled the maintenance and, in certain cases, rebuilding of our Wool Stores and Offices, so that when he left New Zealand in 1963 the Company's premises were in good order. During these years he did not spare himself in any way to further our affairs. Hours of work meant nothing to him and he was renowned for the late hours he put in at his office.

From 1946 to 1963 whilst in command in New Zealand F.W.S. visited London nearly every year to keep in the closest contact with the Chairman and Management here. During these visits he made many friends in England. In later years he would always go out of his way to meet his old friends in their retirement during the limited time he had available. A record of his many flights would be a book in itself, as he often visited the U.S.A. and Canada, and on occasions many other countries as well.

In June 1963 he joined us in London, as a Managing Director, just before the New Zealand European Shipping Association was formed. His great knowledge of New Zealand was invaluable during this period. Later he maintained contact with the Association and Wool Importers in France and Bradford on behalf of the British Shipping Companies. He also was responsible for the alterations to the accommodation of the three remaining Passenger Ships when it became necessary to re-programme them to lift as many passengers as possible in any one year.

With the retirement of F.W.S. we lose someone who has been in a position of high responsibility in the Company from the end of the war until the present day.

We wish Frank and Nan a very happy retirement in their new house at Raumati overlooking the sea north of Wellington.

Mr. H. T. Beazley has been appointed a Director of Overseas Containers Ltd., a new company formed by four leading British Shipping Groups (P & O, Alfred Holt & Co., British and Commonwealth and Furness Withy), to direct and control the examination, planning and execution of any steps the four Companies may take, individually or collectively, in the field of containerisation and unit loads in ocean liner trades. P. F. Bradley (Statistical Dept), R. J. A. Harmer, M.A., Graduate M.I.Mech. E. (Ship Management), and H. P. Lunn (formerly a Chief Officer in the Company and latterly Cargo Superintendent of Birt Potter Westray), have joined the staff of this new Company.

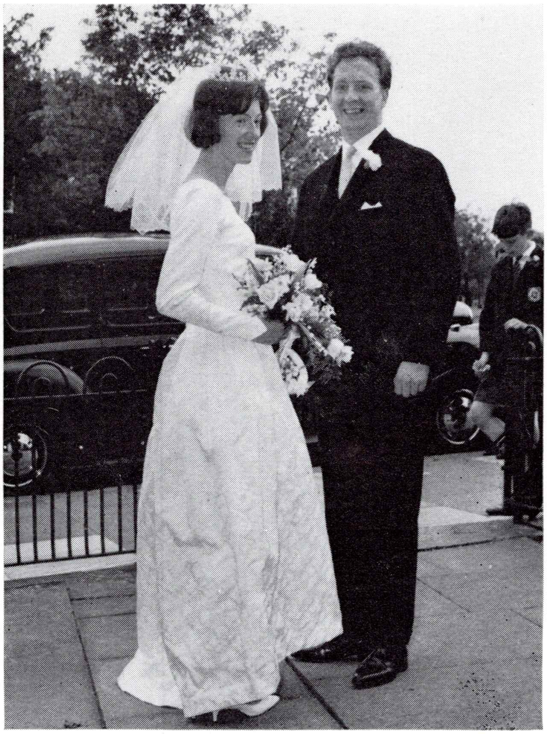
Mr. G. W. Dawes has been appointed Chairman of a new company—Pallet Hire Ltd.—to take over the business from Birt Potter Westray Ltd., of hiring and selling pallets to shippers. The other Directors of the Company are L. C. Birnage, C. B. Davies, H. P. Lunn and E. A. Porter.

As readers may be aware, pallets have been hired to Gordon & Gotch Ltd. over the past three years for their shipments to New Zealand but recently there has been reason to expect a substantial increase in the demand for pallets by Shippers, not only for exports from the United Kingdom but also homewards from Australia and New Zealand. The Company hopes to develop, on a commercial basis, the use of pallets by Shippers in the Australia and New Zealand Trades, but at the same time also hopes to extend the business of hiring pallets to Shippers in other trades and, needless to say, Shippers in our trade are not required to confine their cargo when shipped on these pallets to our ships.

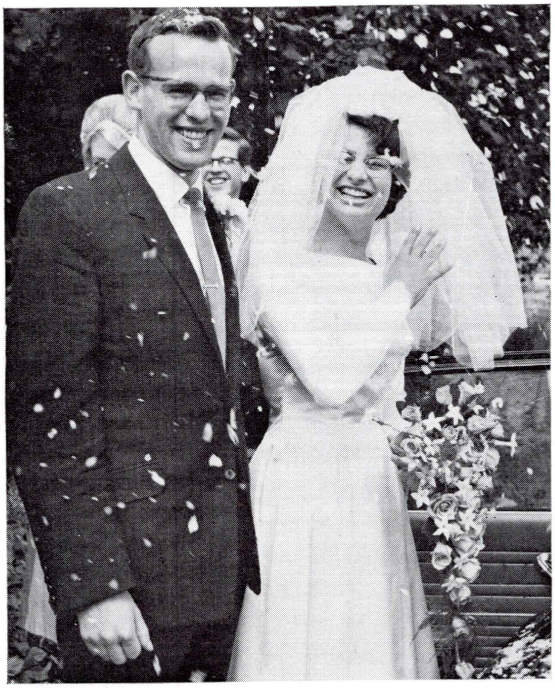
Agency arrangements and storage depots have already been arranged at all major ports in the United Kingdom, and one in the Midlands, and The New Zealand Shipping Co. in Wellington and Birt & Co. in Sydney, are offering every assistance in developing this business.

Mr. Alan Bott has been elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of London. This election partly results from the publication of his book 'Monuments in Merton College Chapel'—last year. After the Royal Society the Antiquaries is the oldest learned society in the Kingdom.

Mr. B. S. Rogers, Birt Potter Westray Ltd., has been elected President of the Junior Chamber of Commerce for London.



Mr. and Mrs. D. Chambers.



Mr. and Mrs. R. Sharland.

Our congratulations to the following:

ENGAGEMENTS

Miss June I. Newman, City Office, on her engagement to Mr. Michael Drake, Fourth Engineer Officer.

Miss Diane J. Fuller, M.A.N.Z. Line, on her engagement to Mr. Derek W. Ware.

Mr. K. J. Ballard, BPW, on his engagement to Miss Gillian Barkham of Grays, Essex.

MARRIAGES

Miss Gwendolen Cave, BPW, on her marriage to Mr. Patrick Huntley on 12th June, 1965.

Mr. H. K. Groombridge, BPW, on his marriage to Miss Anne Sugar on the 19th June, 1965.

Mr. Roy Sharland, City Office, on his marriage to Miss Marilyn Taylor on 21st August, 1965, at Barnswood Church, Gloucester.

Miss Gillian Manser, BPW, on her marriage to Mr. Anthony Field on 28th August, 1965.

Miss Janet Freeman, City Office, on her marriage to Mr. Dennis Chambers on 18th September, 1965, at St. Andrew's Church, Ilford, Essex. The Misses P. M. Jeanes, S. Turner and J. Towler were among the wedding guests.

BIRTHS

Mr. A. H. Towle, BPW, and his wife, Janette, on the birth of a son, David William, on 29th May, 1965.

Mr. M. M. Lyons, BPW, and his wife, Jeanne, on the birth of a son, John, on 1st June, 1965.

Mr. Oliver Davis, BPW, and his wife, Terry, on the birth of a son, Christopher Matthew, on 18th June, 1965.

Mr. D. W. Dorward, BPW, and his wife, Barbara, on the birth of a son, Neil Lawrence, on 4th September, 1965.

EXAMINATIONS

Mr. I. D. Sutherland, BPW, on passing the Final Examination of the Chartered Institute of Secretaries.

RETIREMENTS

Mr. J. Farmer, Export Dept, Dock Office, has retired after 25 years' service.

DEATHS

We have to record with deep regret the deaths of Mr. H. Barlow, Mr. F. Bennett, Mr. J. R. Hopwood and Mr. W. C. James.

Lady Alison *launched by Mrs. Alan Brown for P & O Offshore Services.*

By **ALAN BROWN**
Chairman, P & O Offshore Services Ltd.
Director, Dowie & Marwood Limited

Off shore

I went to work with a team which had been drawn from a number of the P & O Associate Companies to study the feasibility of operating supply ships to the oil rigs which were to be set up in the North Sea. Generally speaking, there are about four types of drill rigs. The first is the comparatively small fixed rig which works in shallow water, which may be built or assembled on the site; the second, a small floating rig, is only suitable for comparatively shallow and calm waters. The third is the jack-up rig, which is towed out to the scene of operation and then lowers its long legs on to the sea bed, jacking-up the platform on which it had floated, so that this platform is finally raised to about 70 feet above sea level and can operate under fairly adverse weather conditions. The fourth is a semi-submersible rig, which is towed out to the scene of operation with its big floating pontoons awash, which support the drilling platform—the platform at that time being about 100 feet above sea level. When the scene of operation is reached, the pontoons are partly filled with water, lowering the whole unit, so that the drilling platform, once again, finishes up about 70 feet above sea level. The main point of flotation and support comes from the pontoons which, being submerged, provide a stable platform which, in the main, is not affected by local sea conditions. This semi-submersible rig is then anchored by eight heavy anchors and cables, and having been properly positioned, then sets about the task of drilling.

The drill platform, which can be up to about one acre in area, will house anything from 35/45 or 50 men and can drill quite comfortably to a depth of about 20,000 feet. This rig, of necessity, is quite self-contained for a considerable period —may be up to three weeks. It contains a fairly

LIVERPOOL LETTER

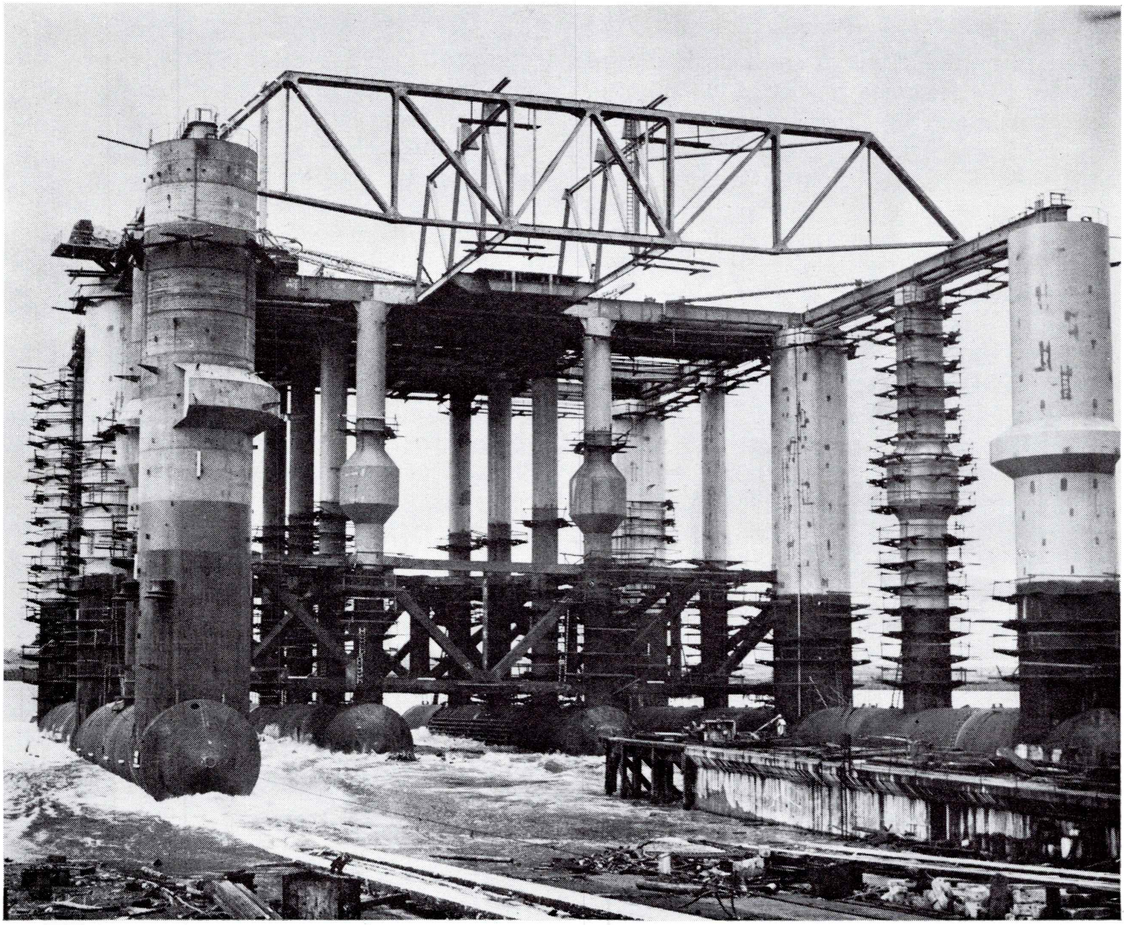
Correspondent **J. A. EVERTON**
Dowie & Marwood Ltd.

high capacity crane and a helicopter landing platform.

The drilling is continuous and is performed by means of a drill pipe with a drill bit on the end—the drill pipe being approximately 10 inches in diameter. The first few feet of the drill hole is encased with a large diameter pipe. The drill casing or pipe is filled with a mixture of water and barytes, which is a heavy granular mineral. This acts in the first instant as a lubricant for the drill and, at the same time, provides a head of material which may prevent a sudden blow up should oil or gas be struck at a fairly shallow depth. This drilling mud, as it is called in the trade, is forced down by its own weight through the narrow drill pipe and comes up the outside of the pipe, and it is from this drilling residue that geologists are able to sample the type of geological strata which may indicate the presence of oil, gas, etc., cement is also used in this operation which forms a lining round the outside of the drill hole.

Seismic surveys were started in the North Sea in about 1962 in order to determine whether the rock formations were of the type associated with oil and gas formations. It is estimated that these surveys to date have cost about £10,000,000 and that the early drillings in the first stages of the real exploration may cost upwards of £100,000,000. Within the course of the next 12 months it is anticipated there will be about 14 operational rigs in the North Sea, of which nine will be of the jack-up type and four semi-submersible.

Ocean Prince—*a semi-submersible drill rig.*



The first of our supply ships will be servicing the semi-submersible rig *Ocean Prince*, which will be operated by ODECO for the Burmah Oil Co.

Supply vessels vary in size and are governed by the type of rig they may be servicing. Some drill rigs use fresh water to mix with the barytes—others use salt—so that the supply of fresh water is very important to some and not of great importance to others. The supply vessel is specially constructed to deal with these particular problems, and in the case of the semi-submersible rig, a supply vessel has to lay out and buoy the rig anchors and, at the same time, has to pick them up when the rig requires to move to a new location. These anchors may be upwards of 13 tons, and one move will, under normal conditions, involve three days' work. The average supply vessel is between 150 feet and 190 feet long. All accommodation is situated well forward in order to give a completely clear run of the afterdeck. The drill pipes normally come in 35 feet lengths. These will be stowed on the afterdeck and hoisted aboard the drill rig by the crane, and since 20,000 feet of this drill pipe may be required, some idea of the amount of pipe carried can be worked out. A 20,000 feet hole can take from 30-90 days to drill, depending on the subsoil. From time to time it may be necessary to replace the drill bit and this necessitates the withdrawing and dismantling of the whole length of drill piping into its 35 feet lengths. The heavy casings which are required in the early stages may weigh up to seven tons.

These vessels are also fitted with large cement/barytes tanks of about 40 tons capacity. Some of these are fitted below deck and some on deck. These commodities are carried dry and are blown up by compressed air into the rigs' storage containers.

Fuel oil and water are pumped up—the fuel requirements for a rig being somewhere about seven tons a day. The horsepower developed on these rigs can be as high as 6,000. This would be the maximum load when the rig is being jacked up clear of the water.

Drilling is continuous and it is usual for the drilling crews to work 12 hour shifts. Crews get a spell ashore at fairly regular intervals and may be transported either by helicopter, fast crew boats or, in adverse weather conditions, by the supply vessels themselves. A very heavy duty winch is fitted on the afterdeck of the supply vessel, with which to move the anchors.

The supply vessel may lay alongside the rig or may be anchored off by means of a bow and stern anchor, with slack lines attached to the rig, depending on weather conditions.

A sea-going speed of 11/12 knots is called for, twin screws, driven by diesel engines of about 800 h.p. which, together with twin rudders and a bow thrust propeller, make these vessels reasonably manoeuvrable, as they may have to perform this operation under fairly adverse weather conditions, usually visiting the rig about once every five to seven days.

Flume stabilisation tanks have been fitted in order to reduce roll to a minimum. These vessels normally work from a base nominated by the oil company and our first ship will be working out of Middlesbrough on a three year charter to the Burmah Oil Co.

We have also contracted to build other vessels for charter to the Mobil Oil Co., one of which is a very small tender of about 110 feet long and will spend most of its time laying off the rig, a local support and morale builder which can be used in case of emergency to run small errands, as it were. Two more also building will be under charter to the Shell Co. One, which is not yet under contract, is being built by Bolsons of Poole. It is hoped to find business for this ship in Nigeria, the Persian Gulf or Australia. The design and construction of these ships is quite unusual.

Our first ship, the *Lady Alison*, was launched on the 22nd September from the yard of Hall Russell in Aberdeen, and we hope to become operational in mid-November, so that our first six months' service will be through the horrible months of winter. This is not going to be an easy task, as we well know, and will certainly call for a high degree of skilled seamanship and resolution on the part of those who will undertake this operation. It has been estimated that even if oil or gas is found in commercial quantities in the early stages, it may well be three/five years before this may be satisfactorily exploited.

It must be remembered that some of these oil rigs will be operating in the middle of the North Sea, at least 150 miles from the base, so that not only is the problem of supply to the oil rig a difficult one, but the question of bringing the oil or gas ashore over that distance would be quite a major undertaking.

L. C. SUMMERS
Dowie & Marwood Ltd.

'Winter defeated'

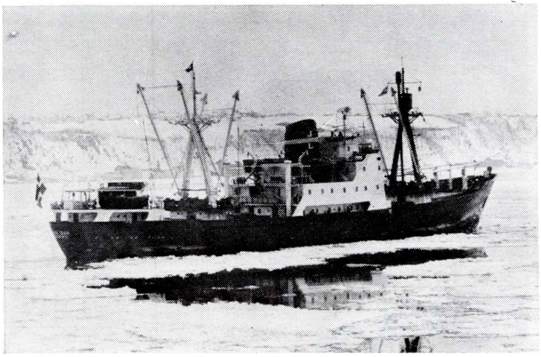
Amongst the many well-known ships sailing the seven seas are the famous and distinctively red-painted vessels of the Polar Fleet of J. Lauritzen, Copenhagen.

These vessels are specially constructed to operate in ice-pack conditions at all times of the year, in various parts of the world.

It is interesting to note that such ice could shear off the riveting of a vessel's plating, and therefore the ships are of all-welded construction and are equipped with most up-to-date devices for navigation. Powerful radar and direction-finding sets are installed in addition to Decca navigation equipment. A sea-fax receiver produces excellent ice charts which are sent out by the Canadian Department of Transport, which gathers the information by Ice Reconnaissance Flights over the Gulf of Lawrence.

In order to stand up to the exigencies of the ice, the shell plating of the ships is considerably thicker than that normally found and the 14″ frame spacing is half the normal for ships of their size. Steel fins project horizontally from the underwater hull to force ice away from the propeller, and above the rudder is a knife designed to protect the rudder and stock from damage when going astern in an ice field.

'*Frida Dan*'.



Such ships as the *Magga Dan, Kista Dan, Nella Dan* and *Thala Dan* have long since been associated with Antarctic research and other expeditions, and they are all painted red for easy recognition in ice.

The view from the high-bridge is excellent, but to achieve the maximum vision vessels can be navigated and controlled from the fully-enclosed, heated crow's-nest which is fitted at the top of the fore-mast and contains all the necessary instruments.

Six years ago, at the invitation of an association of industrial firms in Quebec, J. Lauritzen made a trial sailing to the St. Lawrence River in February with a view to establishing whether or not, with sufficiently ice-strengthened vessels, it was possible to keep the river open for navigation throughout the winter months.

The trial proved successful, and the following winter, after obtaining the sanction of the Canadian North Atlantic Westbound Freight Conference, the first Quebec Winter Service was born—five J. L. sailings from the Continent and the U.K. to Quebec, giving through Bills of Lading to Montreal and Toronto. The Service was to operate during the months from December to March, this being the period when, due to ice conditions, St. Lawrence River ports had always been closed to shipping.

The schedule was maintained without delay, and this historical achievement was hailed by the Canadian Press when the *Helga Dan* first sailed into Quebec on 4th January, 1960. Captain J. Bjerregaard was awarded the traditional gold-headed cane which is presented to the Master of the first ocean-going vessel to arrive in the port in the New Year.

For over a hundred years the people of the Province of Quebec had dreamed of the possibility of their ports being accessible to shipping during the hard winter months, and were delighted that J. Lauritzen had brought this dream to fruition with his Polar cargo carriers, such as the *Helga Dan, Thora Dan* and *Ritva Dan,* which, although small by Australasian standards, being some 3,200/5,000 tons, had successfully negotiated the hazards of the Atlantic winter and the St. Lawrence ice conditions.

This, however, was only the beginning, and in 1961 J. Lauritzen progressed a step further by extending the voyage to the port of Three Rivers, which is approximately 70 miles nearer to Montreal and Toronto, thus further reducing the time of transit and 'through' costs to these major points.

This tremendous performance was once again acclaimed by the Canadian Press, but previous efforts were transcended when, in the winter of 1962/63, three vessels were scheduled to call at Montreal. The winter Service, including the direct calls at Montreal, was successfully maintained.

Last season, eleven sailings from Liverpool and the Continent sailed to Montreal during the winter, and J. Lauritzen has established the fact that St. Lawrence River ports can now be regarded as 'open' for twelve months of the year. As agents and loading brokers for this Service, Dowie & Marwood are proud to be associated with this exciting new development in maritime trading and they have operated the Service from Liverpool since its inception in 1959.

Such great companies as Canadian Pacific, Cunard, and Furness Withy have recognised this step forward and are now building ice-strengthened vessels to join the winter trade. The Russians also entered the field last winter with vessels from the Continent.

Shippers and importers had accepted for so long that it was necessary to stock-pile during the summer months that it has not been easy to convert them to the new way of thinking, and much has been done to publicise the Service, both through the Press and by film shows all over the country.

Some shippers were slow to respond to this major development, but each year more companies are using the Service, and last season shipping space was at a premium.

No longer do the people of Quebec Province ports have to wait for the arrival of spring to welcome the first ship up the St. Lawrence, and in future there will be no need for the longshoremen and other allied trades to move away from the port during the winter months. Perhaps the day is not very far distant when ships will conquer the ice and sail through to the Great Lake Ports.

The gold-headed cane has been won by J. Lauritzen's Masters on many occasions, and in January 1965 the *Helga Dan* established a new record which may stand for a long time, by sailing into Montreal before the New Year was twelve hours old.

L. PARR
Dowie and Marwood Ltd.

VISITORS TO LIVERPOOL

It is always a pleasure to see visitors from Australia in Liverpool but when 50 arrive at one time that pleasure is increased proportionately.

This was the case when a party of girls, not long left school, under the auspices of the Young Australia League which is based on Perth, Western Australia, paid a visit to this city in June on their recent 'protected' tour of Europe and South Africa.

The tour was arranged as a fitting celebration to mark the Diamond Jubilee or 60 years existence of the League. The object of the League has been briefly stated as 'to make better Australians'. Apart from organising this type of tour, the League engages in normal youth club activities such as Brass Bands (Senior and Junior) boys' and girls' gymnasiums, basketball, hockey, concert parties and theatrical functions, literary and debating societies.

In arranging overseas tours the objects of the League are:—

(1) 'Education by Travel' leading to a knowledge which cannot be obtained by book study.
(2) To assist in creating a better understanding between the different sections of the English-speaking world.
(3) To enable the young people to see something of the chief manufacturing centres, historic places and manner of life in the British Isles.
(4) To meet the leading figures in various spheres of social and economic activity.
(5) To establish contact with various educational establishments and promote a greater interest in Australia throughout the Commonwealth.

The present tour is the seventeenth to be organised (the fifth since the war). The last time that a party of Y.A.L. girls visited Liverpool was in 1958. Two parties of English boys and a Canadian party have made reciprocal visits to Australia.

This party left Australia (Fremantle) on 8th March and disembarked at Naples. They had toured Italy, Switzerland, West Germany, Holland, Belgium and France before landing in England on 30th April. They were entertained by a number of civic authorities in England and Scotland.

On their arrival in Liverpool the party was received by the Lord Mayor and then dispersed

Members of the Young Australia League party in 'Cavern Club', Liverpool.

to the homes of a number of hosts who had volunteered to accommodate them during their stay. The accommodation arrangements having been undertaken by Liverpool Rotary, The English Speaking Union, The Commonwealth Society, the British Council and the Girl Guides Association. The Liverpool tours included the Town Hall, Speke Hall, the Cathedrals, the Docks, Colleges of Further Education and the University precinct. A tour of North Wales including a visit to Llangollen, home of the National Eisteddfod, was also included in their itinerary.

When we were approached by Mr. Jack Cottrell, Director of Y.A.L., to assist, as on past tours, it was thought a pleasant diversion would be a visit to a local beat haunt. An afternoon session was therefore arranged at the famous Cavern Club, birthplace of the Beatles, much to the delight of the party and some of the hosts as portrayed by the accompanying photographs.

The party then had tea in the restaurant of a leading Liverpool store after which our Managing Director, Mr. J. R. Leggate, welcomed them and read messages to every individual member of the party. These messages were carefully collected from the parents and relatives of each girl through the kind help of Mr. M. Grace, Messrs. Elder Smith Goldsbrough, Mort Limited, Perth, also the Secretary of the Y.A.L. in Perth, Mr. D. Cuthbert, and from the resultant looks of astonishment and delight it was obvious that everyone was most appreciative.

A visit to the Empire Theatre in the evening to see the stage production of 'My Fair Lady' rounded off a very pleasant day.

Judging by the remarks there was no doubt in our minds that our guests had thoroughly enjoyed the visit and went on their way with our good wishes for the remainder of the tour.

About People

LIVERPOOL

Congratulations to the following:

ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Gillian Jervis on her engagement to Mr. Malcolm King.

Miss Olive Dorning on her engagement to Mr. Tom Blackmore.

Miss Sheila Stewart on her engagement to Mr. Les Johnson.

MARRIAGES

Miss Angela Downham on her marriage to Mr. Tom Hughes on 20th March, 1965, at Ullet Road Unitarian Church, Liverpool.

Miss Linda Heckle on her marriage to Mr. Robert Hunter on 4th September, 1965, at Walton Church, Liverpool.

Miss Nancy Williams on her marriage to Mr. Ron Thompson on 24th September, 1965, at St. John's Church, Knotty Ash, Liverpool.

Miss Barbara Kibbey on her marriage to Mr. Ivan Merrill on 25th September, 1965, at Childwall Abbey, Liverpool.

RETIREMENT

Mr. J. F. S. Tattum

August 27th saw the retirement of John (Frank) Tattum, Inward Freight Manager of Dowie & Marwood Ltd., Liverpool.

He joined the Company as a young man in 1921 and his career led him to the Inward Freight Department rising to the position of Assistant Manager and subsequently to Manager, in which capacity he served for 21 years.

He has a close connection with and a love for Wales, and has now retired to a beautiful part of this country. To him and Mrs. Tattum go the very best wishes for a long, happy and healthy retirement.

BRISTOL CHANNEL NEWS

Congratulations to:

Mr. V. H. Rees and his wife, Sheila, on the birth of a daughter, Melissa Jane, on 20th August, 1965.

E. F. D. LUSK
Wellington

Tour with a difference 'Wimbledon'

It has often been said that to attain an objective, the desire must be in the subconscious mind. Eventually, it all happens and you wonder how and why, without any thought that subconsciously you have striven for perhaps years towards your goal. So it was inevitable that some day I would appear at Wimbledon, though in what capacity was anyone's guess. The honour of representing New Zealand at the All England Championships had never come my way and I am sure my subconscious mind never dreamed I ever would. Yet that is how it all worked out. I have joined the 'greats' who have played at Wimbledon, albiet one match on Court No. 7.

This, indeed, was a tour with a difference—a tennis tour embracing the French Championships, various London tournaments and, eventually, the All England Championships at Wimbledon, the undisputed Mecca of lawn tennis, and, as a representative of the New Zealand Lawn Tennis Management Committee, representing New Zealand at the meeting of the Davis Cup countries in London and also at the International Federation of Lawn Tennis meeting in Munich. The Lawn Tennis Association kindly granted me honorary membership of the Queen's Club and using this as a base it was not difficult to follow developments leading up to the staging of the largest and best organised tennis tournament in the world today. Three months later I find it is not the epic encounters I witnessed which flash in retrospect, but three other features (the third so dependent upon the first two) which contribute so directly to the success of this incomparable annual event. Firstly the superb turf courts and their glorious surroundings, secondly the supreme efficiency, patience, forbearance and courtesy of the joint administrators of the tournament, and thirdly the extraordinarily high esteem and respect accorded the officials by the players from every country represented at the tournament.

The quality of the courts is such that little need be said that isn't already known. The weather during the first week was most unkind but this was quickly forgotten as the sun emerged for the second. As the tournament headed towards conclusion I paused to think back for a while on what had been done for the players—chauffeur-driven to and from the courts on request, private lockers with attendants, towels provided, free massage, free meals and teas, free access to any court enclosure—in fact everything one could ask for. There were also all the social activities provided for the players by the International Club, Simpsons, the All England Club and the Lawn Tennis Association—the dinner at the R.A.C., the Wimbledon cocktail party, the fashion parade at Hurlingham and, finally, the Wimbledon Ball at the Grosvenor.

All good things come to an end and I commenced the long journey back to the Antipodes with plenty to think about. How could I describe it all? Then I thought of George. He was one of my American opponents and we had met in the catacombs of Queen's Club when I was looking for covered Court No. 5. In the dim light he directed me to the court with the comment 'you've got to be a bit of a mole'. I asked George what it was about Wimbledon that could lure him 7,000 miles from America each year for two weeks and his reply was concisely summed up in just three words, 'nothing—except perfection', and he was right. Excitement, glamour, tradition, colour, entertainment, electrifying tension (remember the Richey-Truman quarter final on the centre court), disappointment, exhilaration, informality and fellowship—yes, you have them all at Wimbledon. Will I be back? Well who knows. I heard a whisper that the introduction of an 'over sixty' event in the championships was a distinct possibility.

NEWS FROM NEW ZEALAND
Correspondent **B. KERR**

R. L. B. HOLDSWORTH
Wellington

'Durham'—some reflections

It was a sad occasion for many of us in New Zealand when we bade a final farewell to the *Durham* on the occasion of her last visit to this country after 31 years of trusty service. Through peacetime and war she has survived to become the 'Grand Old Lady' of the fleet and those of us who had our first taste of life at sea upon her decks will be sorry to see her name disappear.

My mind goes back to the time when with some trepidation I first stepped aboard the *Durham*, turned aft and entered the cadets' quarters to be faced by the ominous scroll which hung at the bottom of the staircase reading 'The ship is mightier than the crew'. I remember the first time I felt the shudder of the ship with the first turns of the screws as we left the Royal Albert Dock – our last glimpse of the English Coastline in the cold light of an approaching winter and the massive void of the Atlantic Ocean beyond. All the while we washed, scrubbed, chipped and cleaned to remove the last vestige of dirt and grime remaining from the days in port.

Then it was Curacao – our first sight of foreign soil – bathed in sunshine and to me as a first tripper, looking like a tropical pearl in the midst of a deep blue sea. Onwards to Colon and the wonders of the Panama Canal; the mules, ships, bananas, heat, people and the eagerly awaited game of cricket played on the afterdeck between the ship and the shore gang as we went through the lakes, which always produced some mighty strokes particularly from those normally more accustomed to expending their energies with a baseball bat rather than a cricket bat.

On into the seemingly endless blue Pacific – the busy sealanes disappeared behind us and it was as though we were the only ship on the ocean. Now we were painting and polishing until the 'Old Girl' gleamed from stem to stern; the Bosun urging us on, the Lamptrimmer up to his elbows in drums of paint and at the end of the day the smell of kerosine (if you were lucky) and sweat as the hands returned their empty paint-pots to his store while the hot sun still shone in the sky.

That is something one always remembers; the smells, new rope in the forepeak, hot oil in the engine room, food cooking in the galley, fresh paint drying on the bulkhead, fish oil on a freshly chipped deck and the clean cool smell of disinfectant and brasso in the accommodation after morning rounds. Again when the weather was not so kind, the damp, stale smell of dripping oilskins and wet clothes. It always seemed remarkable when the weather was against us that we managed to get our meals from the galley to our quarters aft still intact although on most occasions they were liberally sprayed with sea water. I remember early morning P.T. when 'Pete' always seemed to be so disgustingly energetic and full of life, days in the schoolroom trying to fathom the wonders of navigation.

All the time there was the anticipation of arriving in New Zealand a country of which we had heard much but had never yet seen; a country of green fields with apparently inexhaustible supplies of fresh meat, golden butter and tasty cheese. What were the inhabitants like, how did they dress, what sort of homes did they live in, would we be met on our arrival by Maoris in flax skirts; all sorts of questions tumbled through our brains until at last we made our landfall in this new land on the other side of the world.

FAREWELL

Today, many of those who went to sea in *Durham* in their early days have for one reason or another left the Company's service whilst others remain in the Company's Offices in New Zealand keeping in touch with those still at sea.

When we learned of *Durham's* impending retirement it seemed a good idea that we should endeavour to round up as many of her 'Old Boys' as possible for a final gathering on board and to have a last look at the ship which had once been our home. Although, unfortunately, the number able to attend was not large, the functions arranged both in Wellington and Auckland proved to be most enjoyable.

A cocktail party was held in Wellington on the 6th August, and among those present were the following as seen through the camera of Mr. Brian Kerr.

Left to right: P. A. Underwood, Captain R. S. Webster, Captain J. R. M. Ramsay, G. Hunter.

Left to right: M. Ward, R. L. B. Holdsworth, C. French, P. Mather, G. A. L. Ireland.

Left to right: E. F. Banks, P. Mather, M. Cox.

The Auction.

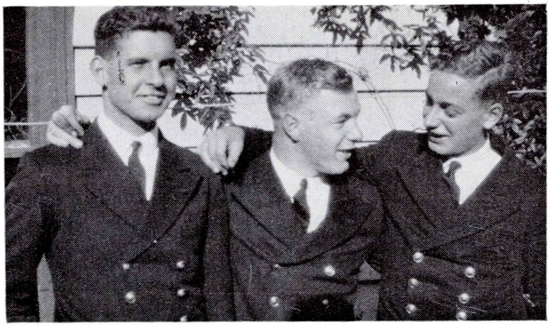
Mrs. C. M. Turrell, with Captain J. R. M. Ramsay and Mr. P. E. Keyes.

During the course of the evening Mr. C. J. Highfield, Chief Officer, proved to be a highly successful auctioneer when by popular demand the remaining stocks of *Durham* ties and neck-squares were sold to the highest bidder.

Also present was Captain I. Y. Batley who had served in the ship as 2nd Officer.

A distinguished visitor on the previous day had been Mrs. C. M. Turrell, now 88 years old, who launched *Durham* from Workman Clark's Yard in 1934. Mr. Turrell was at that time Dominion Superintendent of The New Zealand Shipping Company in New Zealand and was later Chairman of the New Zealand Board of Directors.

In the photograph on the preceding page, reproduced by courtesy of *The Evening Post* (Wellington), Mrs. Turrell is seen with Captain Ramsay who was himself a cadet in *Durham's* maiden voyage and Mr. P. E. Keyes, Junior 3rd Officer, who was one of the last serving cadets in the ship.



Some Voyage No. 1 Cadets: P. A. Underwood, M. Collins, J. R. M. Ramsay.

P. W. BOWDEN
Auckland

Farewell 'Durham'

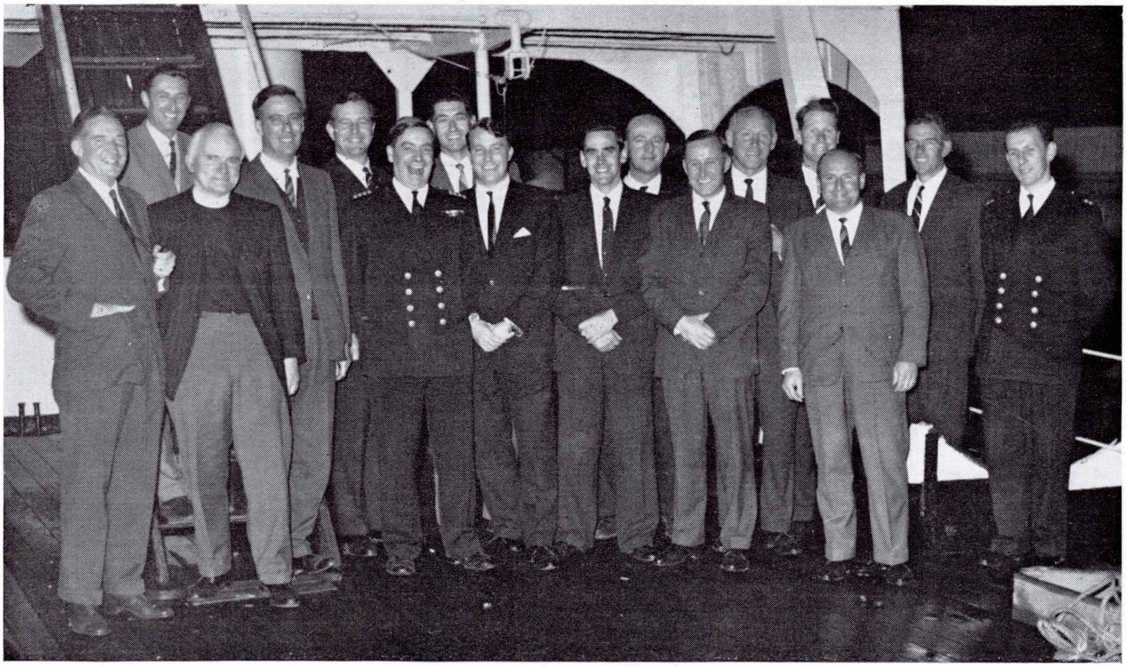
On 20th August in Auckland a gathering of old *Durham* boys was held to commemorate the final passing of a grand old ship beloved by all who sailed in her. She was to have sailed the next day, a Saturday, but, as though the elements knew her feelings, weather prevented her leaving for a few days, so she remained in full view from the doorway of Maritime Building and from the steps of the Chief Post Office, a warm familiar sight.

The gathering was a cheerful occasion none the less, bringing together old shipmates in once familiar surroundings. As a grand finale, the Chief Officer, C. J. Highfield, ran a conducted tour of the cadet quarters and the 11 old cadets trod hallowed

In the foreground the four pre-war cadets with Captain Ramsay. Left to Right: W. A. Simmons, A. J. K. Ball, I. McKinnon, P. W. Bowden.

ground again. It all seemed unbelievable and a dream of the past.

Durham finally sailed at 1700 hours, Thursday, 26th August, to the accompaniment of ships' sirens and the Company's house flag on the roof of Maritime Building being dipped as she passed the end of Captain Cook Wharf. So sailed *Durham* long to be remembered by the many in New Zealand who served aboard her.



Left to Right: Captain H. Hill, P. W. Bowden, Rev. Lawley-Brown, D. Burdett, K. Hamilton, Captain J. R. M. Ramsay, D. Handley, B. Gulson, R. Donald, W. A. Simmons, A. J. K. Ball, J. Hollier, R. Kilby, I. Mc Kinnon, M. J. Mann (Second Officer).

FAREWELL SALUTE

FLEET LIST AS AT 1st NOVEMBER 1965

	CORNWALL	CUMBERLAND	DERBY	DEVON	DORSET	ESSEX
Master	J. Cosker	C. P. Robinson	F. C. Taylor	G. W. McCathie, R.N.R.	C. A. Miller	A. B. Stalker
Chief Officer	R. C. Ford	C. M. Turner, R.N.R.	R. M. Barton	—	A. C. Anson	E. D. Jones
Second Officer	J. F. H. Taylor	A. J. Champion	G. D. Younger	—	T. Hughes	J. W. Gill
Third Officer	G. F. Everitt	J. R. Collins	K. St. C. Belfield	D. A. Davies	M. G. Bishop	A. I. MacKinnon
Junior Third Officer	M. T. Corner	D. W. Atkinson, R.N.R.	M. J. Dungey	R. P. Irving	J. Gibbard	P. W. Sawyer
	—	B. G. Eagle	—	—	—	—
Radio Officer	M. A. Thompson	K. R. Lamdin	W. Kay	D. A. Macauley	M. E. McEwen	P. Dickson
	J. P. Whiteley	—	—	—	—	M. G. Atkinson
Chief Steward	B. R. Parsons	J. W. J. Bosworth	G. W. G. Griffen	B. E. Diprose	R. H. Lowe	J. Kennedy
Chief Engineer	S. Williams	J. B. McLeish, M.I.Mar.E.	E. T. Brown	S. T. Anthony	K. F. Reeve, A.M.I.Mar.E.	L. Hendry
Second Engineer	C. R. Sadgrove	P. A. Burns	J. H. Tuthill	R. I. Stevenette	B. W. Jones	E. S. W Smith
Third Engineer	N. F. Black	D. M. Fuller	W. Ardus	—	P. Stannard	J. J. Stevenson
Fourth Engineer	R. A. Park	R. Jameson	W. B. Heron	P. G. A. Wilkes	J. N. A. More	J. H. Sinclair
Fifth Engineer	R. S. McIntyre	B. J. Murphy	A. D. Skelton	J. H. Plant	G. K. Hepworth	A. J. Willis
Sixth Engineer	M. A. Taylor	P. R. Townsend	D. J. Reid	M. Caulfield	T. C. Webster	J. F. Borrow
Seventh Engineer	D. P. H. Nisbet	B. W. Wagstaff	T. McClelland	D. Lindop	R. A. Howes	R. J. Addison
Eighth Engineer	—	A. Fleming	—	—	—	—
Ninth Engineer	—	E. Burnett	—	—	—	R. Welsman
Junior Engineer	J. McNaughton	G. Howard	A. T. Jones	—	J. R. Butler	B. Edwards
	—	—	—	—	—	M. D. Clark
	—	—	—	—	—	M. B. Thurman
First Ref. Engineer	G. B. Kelly	G. G. Crick	—	—	I. G. Macgregor	J. Henderson
Second Ref. Engineer	—	M. T. Moores	—	—	B. D. Hemsley	W. M. McCreery
First Electrician	A. Ward	W. B. Cameron	D. King	G. Sloan	R. D. Jones	R. D. Cousens
Second Electrician	H. F. Corney	J. McCulloch	—	—	P. H. Bowden	B. J. Morris

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	GLOUCESTER	HAPARANGI	HAURAKI	HERTFORD	HINAKURA	HORORATA
Master	J. D. Hellings	W. J. T. Stevens	E. F. H. Allen	H. C. R. Dell	N. L. Warren	J. H. B. Weston
Chief Officer	T. Gibson	P. M. J. Ireland, R.N.R.	J. D. Thomson	J. H. Agnew, R.N.R.	A. H. Aston	E. Fawcett
Second Officer	R. K. Young	I. Thomson	T. Wright	P. Grimes	W. A. Killackey	P. Hornby
Third Officer	B. K. Peace	A. M. Doig	P. T. Clegg	A. J. Fulton	M. K. Handfield	A. Allen
Junior Third Officer	J. M. McWilliam	C. J. Francis	R. Pilcher	R. E. H. Hughes	B. O'Dea	R. A. Newnham
Radio Officer	P. J. Heald	A. T. Harris	R. G. Irwin	F. W. Fowler	W. F. Law	J. Bilton
	—	—	—	D. J. Cowling	—	—
Chief Steward	N. W. Battson	B. E. Manhood	J. McLeod	G T. Ford	R. J. Wood	J. P. Vowles
Chief Engineer	J. C. Alexander, A.M.I.Mar.E.	F. Lambert	L. H. Moore	J. D. A. Bright	W. Woolhouse	W. T. Mackay, A.M.I.Mar.E.
Second Engineer	P. B. Barrie	T. E. Carmichael	R. L. Lewis	G. A. Reay	J. B. King	G. J. Wiig
Third Engineer	J. C. Thomson	J. McCulloch	G. R. Finlay	A. Scott	A. J. Mathewson	I. C. Gread
	—	—	—	—	—	E. Redfern
Fourth Engineer	C. J. Kenrick	W. Sparrow	P. J. Goodwin	J. W. Berridge	J. M. Moore	—
Fifth Engineer	P. J. Brockington	J. Marshall	G. L. S. Bell	F. Shaw	M. J. R. Tracey	J. R. Boughey
Sixth Engineer	S. Henshaw	J. T. A. Tatler	S. W. Lawson	D. R. Patterson	D. A. Nicholls	E. Murdoch
Seventh Engineer	O. O'Raw	K. P. O'Connor	J. M. Watt	E. J. Ridley	V. Barrett	T. K. Milligan
Eighth Engineer	—	J. E. Broughton	L. J. Davey	P. H. Byron	R. W. S. Eadie	T. H. Morley
Ninth Engineer	—	G. N. Maxwell	W. Simpson	T. V. Gower	G. Clarke	—
Junior Engineer	R. C. B. Hollis	M. A. Evans	A. W. Joy	J. Charters	P. Lyons	D R. Guymer
	—	—	—	—	—	R. Barnacal
First Ref. Engineer	A. Garmey	M. J. Cardiff	J. During	J. R. Hill	T. J. Carter	R. A. Stewart
Second Ref. Engineer	J. Hurley	J. Gray	M. B. Callaghan	B. J. Carter	G. Vallack	H. McDonald
First Electrician	T. Nichols	W. Davies	E. T. Field	A. T. Granville	D. V. Taylor	E. D. Rolfe
Second Electrician	A. F. C. Stevens	B. L. Kennedy	J. K. H. Mason	J. A. Tooth	R. Moffatt	D. J. Walkden

	HUNTINGDON	HURUNUI	KENT	MIDDLESEX	NORTHUMBERLAND	NOTTINGHAM
Master	T. F. J. Alderman, R.D., R.N.R. (retd.)	S. W. Andrews	J. D. Bennett	D. E. Moran	K. W. Mayhew	J. M. Burn
			S. G. Robinson (Supy.)	—	—	—
Chief Officer	J. Reid	G. MacIver	I. W. Sterling, R.N.R.	J. Rutherford	M. W. Carrell	J. H. Hutson
	—	—	B. R. Baggott (Supy.)	—	—	—
Second Officer	P. H. Milburn	J. B. F. Hill	S. N. A. Wells	C. C. Hufflett, R.N.R.	C. Greenwood	R. H. Thompson
Third Officer	A. Duncan	D. R. Mountford	P. Storm	R. Longworth	M. W. Parrott	P. D. Middleton R.N.R.
Junior Third Officer	H. J. Vercoe	M. J. Sutherland	G. W. Chatfield	A. Leachman	P. C. Hornett	A. J. T. Gray
Radio Officer	B. H. Varrall	K. W. Dougall	R. A. Laycock	R. F. McManamon	A. J. Millatt	A. N. Gibson
	—	—		E. R. Lamb	I. R. Smith	R. R. Hughes
Chief Steward	P. Thompson	K. J. Bishop	L. J. Bruss	J. A. Cook	A. W. Anderson	A. J. Vanstone
Chief Engineer	H. W. J. Sheil, M.I.Mar.E.	H. S. Munro	R. J. Neate	E. Knott	J. R. Clarke, A.M.I. Mar.E	P. T. Dunne
Second Engineer	L. Hedley	A. J. Baker	J. H. Livingstone	A. W. Tolan	J. R. Leachman	A. H. Noble
Third Engineer	B. J. Hammond	R. S. Buckrell	E. T. Bourhill	R. Gair	F. Jessamine	B. G. Card
Fourth Engineer	G. B. Beaumont	D. G. Yates	G. A. Wallace	A. J. Mooney	A. W. McCann	N. MacLennan
Fifth Engineer	A. Pickup	P. Cook	B. L. Mercer	I. B. Williamson	N. Christison	A. R. Jarvie
Sixth Engineer	C. R. Bell	B. Stainton	J. L. Ford	F. F. Mackenzie	R. H. Spicer	D. N. C. Amey
Seventh Engineer	J. C. Radcliffe	W. Holt	—	J. H. Ackrill	J. T. Leatham	J. A. Woodland
Eighth Engineer	T. K. Hamilton	A. E. McGhee	—	M. S. Middleton	J. J. Stanley	—
Ninth Engineer	J. Birchenough	J. T. Williamson	—	—	B. J. Pendleton	—
Junior Engineer	R. J. L. Walker	P. N. Olson	A. Seddon	P. Hoy	I. J. G. W. Thomson	R. J. Lee
	—	—	A. Macdonald	—	P. F. Cuffley	—
First Ref. Engineer	W. J. Murdoch	J. J. Wolfe-Hogan	—	T. Lawton	J. R. Bayley	B. R. Cadman
Second Ref. Engineer	T. Hopwood	J. F. H. Clelland	—	K. T. Birkmyre	J. Gilmartin	S. Whitchurch
First Electrician	S. Boyle	R. Scott	D. Brownless	B. C. Anderson	C. G. Wilson	G. Paterson
Second Electrician	N. D. Robinson	K. R. Tait	—	K. L. Dickinson	G. F. Jones	A. Haycock

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	OTAIO	OTAKI	PAPAROA	PIAKO	PIPIRIKI	RAKAIA
Master	K. Barnett, R.D., R.N.R.	M. J. Heron	J. R. G. Hannah	I. C. Davison	P. Lay	F. S. Angus, R.N.R.
Chief Officer	L. E. Howell	N. H. Coupland	J. N. Jackson	R. A. Wilson	M. A. Hill	J. P. G. Crowder
Second Officer	E. B. Daubeny, R.N.R.	G. B. Johnson	A. D. Welsh	R. Bayliss, R.N.R.	P. R. Pignéguy	M. Eglon
Third Officer	M. F. Keat	K. M. Lingard	I. S. Roberts	P. M. Swan	M. G. C. Holt	W. J. N. Drummond R.N.R.
Junior Third Officer	P. G. Starkey	A. Galloway	E. F. Lowe	P. Scarrott	T. E. McLaren	J. R. Jackson
Radio Officer	A. Titley	R. G. Heath	J. W. J. Hollands	S. J. Braithwaite	W. R. Hocking	G. M. Summers
	S. J. Griffith	C. Hughes	—	B. T. Davis	—	D. G. Cridland
Surgeon	K. L. James, M.S., F.R.C.S.	—	—	—		R. A. M. Davidson, M.B., Ch.B.
Chief Steward	G. A. Beyer	J. McPherson	G. L. Sheen	N. J. Long	D. M. Humphreys	S. G. Clarke
Chief Engineer	J. Cowper	T. W. Graham	C. R. C. Clement	J. W. Dalrymple	J. C. D. Lock, A.M.I.Mar.E.	G. Ritchie
Second Engineer	I. M. Renton	S. D. Edmonstone	A. S. Botes	J. Anderson	W. A. Dunn	B. C. Lester
Third Engineer	C. Thompson	D. McLarty	G. K. Wilde	G. I. Ratcliffe	J. G. Unwin	J. T. North
Fourth Engineer	A. Gibson	R. E. Paget	R. A. Sharpe	A. Robinson	E. J. Townsend	P. J. Hazelton
Fifth Engineer	A. Hopkins	G. E. Batey	J. G. Stacey	G. J. Rodgers	B. J. V. Scott	J. C. Hunter
Sixth Engineer	L. G. Byford	N. Brownlie	W. Tennant	N. J. Hills	G. Jackson	E. F. G. Taylor
Seventh Engineer	R. D. Holloway	A. Jones	K. D. Wiig	T. L. Corbett	R. A. Carter	R. Finnie
Eighth Engineer	T. H. Haywood	E. Carroll	—	—	—	—
Ninth Engineer	C. R. Jacobs	E. J. Crockett	—	—	—	—
Junior Engineer	R. L. Jack	R. G. Collier	J. K. McIntosh	W. R. M. Hosie	R. Cape	R. McComon
	—	J. C. Morrison	—	—	—	
First Ref. Engineer	P. P. R. Wright	R. E. A. Oliver	J. P. Hughes	T. M. Lea	D. A. Slade	M. B. Mackechnie
Second Ref. Engineer	P. D. Austin	J. P. Ince	B. Gray	P. Munson	K. Roughsedge	D. G. Stevenson
First Electrician	J. Mulvaney	R. Rowley	A. M. Herderson	E. J. Wiles	E. Rycroft	M. J. McLeod
Second Electrician	D. R. Gardiner	R. M. Jones	R. J. Ashton	J. H. Duncan	A. R. Miller	H. Macfarlane

	RANGITANE	RANGITOTO	RUAHINE	SOMERSET	SUFFOLK	SURREY
Master	D. H. Chadwick	L. W. Fulcher	R. G. Hollingdale	I. Y. Batley	H. J. D. Sladen	J. F. Milner
Chief Officer	E. G. Dixon	R. M. Michael	R. C. Anderson	A. Dorkins	D. W. Watt	R. G. J. Davis
Second Officer	A. J. Ward	M. J. R. Jackson	R. A. Laycock	W. Marshall	G. H. Webber	A. R. Taylor
Third Officers	P. N. J. Cowdell (Snr.)	B. C. Davis (Snr.)	J. F. Pollard (Snr.)	W. B. Anderson	P. G. Wright	R. A. Cooke
	C. R. H. Vicary	M. W. Williams	M. H. Lawrence	—	—	—
Junior Third Officer	A. J. Davies	D. S. McDonald	L. Ellis	M. G. Smith	B. J. Prince	A. J. H. Milne-Home, R.N.R.
Radio Officer	L. C. Whittington	G. A. Parker	W. F. Shepherd	S. L. Adams	M. Moore	K. D. Wilson
	B. Percy	R. B. Redhead	J. R. Birkinshaw	—	—	—
	T. H. Webb	M. J. Morrall	G. R. Tallett	—	—	—
	M. V. O'Sullivan	S. Taylor	K. E. Grace	—	—	—
Surgeon	T. J. D. Cochrane, M.A., B.M., B.Ch.	M. G. Wright, M.B., B.S., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.	A. J. Kenyon M.B., Ch.B.	—	—	—
Nursing Sister	Miss A. E. Hallybone, S.R.N., S.C.M.	Miss P. A. Burslem, S.R.N., S.C.M.	Miss J. S. Trill, S.R.N.	—	—	—
Purser	P. G. Allen	R. P. Muckleston	L. F. H. Gillingham	—	—	—
Chief Steward	A. G. C. Smith	G. A. Brigenshaw	A. B. Baldwin	D. Tindale	F. Mallett	W. G. Rooke
Assistant Purser	K. E. Wilkinson	R. Calvert	W. Fisher	—	—	—
Chief Engineer	F. Kent, M.I.Mar.E. Commodore	R. S. Cumming	G. A. Davies, A.M.I.Mar.E.	N. McClurg	H. Clark	J. E. Cresswell
Second Engineer	E. M. Davis	B. O. Field	C. Daws	J. R. Leggate	H. C. I. Walters	J. J. Waugh
Third Engineer	J. D. Sladen	J. S. Giles	R. B. Crellin	V. R. Bryant	L. J. Ham	D. Fletcher
Fourth Engineer	W. D. A. Forsyth	K. Winter	R. B. Lewis	C. L. Herbertson	P. C. Thompson	J. Rumley
Fifth Engineer	C. J. Schroeder	J. A. B. Murray	M. G. T. Sweeney	—	D. J. Goodwin	J. Walters
Sixth Engineer	R. F. Morrin	D. J. Watson	R. P. Randall	—	C. E. D. Rowley	J. P. Boman
Seventh Engineer	F. M. Allen	P. D. Dobson	A. G. Gilchrist	A. A. Russell	A. W. Heron	P. Finn
Eighth Engineer	M. W. Goodwin	J. M. Bunby	M. Brewer	—	T. Buchan	—
Ninth Engineer	N. W. Hamilton	I. G. Jones	J. Youngson	—	A. N. Wylie	—
Tenth Engineer	T. A. Gould	A. Worrall	J. R. Park	—	—	—
Junior Engineer	H. Brooksbank	D. Boyd	J. D. Bainbridge	J. C. Merren	A. R. Gunning	J. A. Banyard
First Ref. Engineer	G. J. M. May	D. M. C. Simmons	D. MacCuish	H. R. Dunkley	D. G. Westaway	J. A. Wright
Second Ref. Engineer	T. Jones	P. Siesage	D. J. Webb	C. C. Pugh	—	—
First Electrician	A. W. Lindsay	N. A. P. Davies	J. E. Wedderburn	A. D. C. Whitehouse	R. B. Todd	G. D. Watters
Second Electrician	D. M. Williams	R. McClements	C. J. Rosser	J. P. Holland	W. McDonald	J. A. Hayden
Third Electrician	G. M. Mills	A. I. Stanford	K. C. Cain	—	—	—
Fourth Electrician	E. D. Daniels	J. K. Wilkinson	C. G. Buchanan	—	—	—

	SUSSEX	TURAKINA	WHARANUI
Master	J. S. Laidlaw	R. B. Hood	A. C. Rollinson
Chief Officer	N. M. Parry	D. I. Jamison	C. J. M. Bosworth
Second Officer	P. H. King, R.N.R.	M. Perfect	C. J. Roberts
	R. M. Mair (Supy.)	—	—
Third Officer	C. H. J. Brownings	G. D. Goldsborough	J. D. Hook
Junior Third Officer	—	R. J. G. Vincent	J. N. Young
Radio Officer	R. W. Miller	D. J. Lendrum	P. H. Broome
	—	J. E. Hocking	R. Comrie
Chief Steward	B. R. Warner	H. T. West	R. G. Wilman
Chief Engineer	H. Dowle, M.I.Mar.E., R.D., R.N.R. (rtd.)	H. N. Mawdsley A.M.I.Mar.E.	O. M. Cox
Second Engineer	R. G. Herkess	P. A. Taylor	A. McKechnie
Third Engineer	M. B. Knighton	W. Carrigan	J. C. Hollins
Fourth Engineer	B. Cooper	P. Black	I. G. Harrington
Fifth Engineer	R. W. A. Leibnitz	A. H. Morgan	D. A. W. Nichols
Sixth Engineer	R. Hogg	J. A. Dykes	J. B. Macintyre
Seventh Engineer	I. G. Gifford	P. E. James	A. J. Y. Smyth
Eighth Engineer	J. J. McKeown	—	—
Ninth Engineer	D. J. Herbert	—	—
Junior Engineer	W. Winton	T. A. Barry	J. W. Wallace
First Ref. Engineer	C. M. McManus	P. R. Salmon	K. C. Attfield
Second Ref. Engineer	G. Strathdee	J. Webster	—
First Electrician	F. W. Buckland	J. E. Clews	B. A. Kinnison
Second Electrician	R. W. Clumpus	A. T. McAllister	J. A. Jones

NAVIGATING CADETS

RAKAIA, Captain F. S. Angus, R.N.R., Instructional Officer A. I. McNeill

Barnett, M. A., R.N.R.
Barry, R. A.
Beeby, J. D.
Briggs, R. W.
Carter, J. B.
Chamberlain, S. J.
De Barr, D.
Dowse, R., R.N.R.
Forster, D. A.
Fyfe, A. G.
Fyson, D. A.
Hartnell, T. E.
Herd, C. J.
Holehouse, A.
Jaggers, A. P.
Jenkins, R. A.
Kilpatrick, R. A.
Land, W. F.
Latter, D. W.
Morrison, J.
Murt, J. W.
Nixon, R. A.
Parrott, I. H.
Penney, A. R.
Phillips, P. L.
Richardson, B. R., R.N.R.
Spencer, G. E.
Storey, K.
Strange, D. J,
Upton, S. R., R.N.R.
Walker, D. J.
Williams, N. S.

OTAIO, Captain K. Barnett, R.D., R.N.R., Instructional Officer R. A. Date

Armstrong, C. J.
Baldwin, R. W. W.
Beckett, D. G.
Bell, A. D. G.
Bishop, E. C. M.
Blake, R. K.
Carnduff, T. W.
Chalkley, W. J. S.
Close, H. M.
Coates, A. M., R.N.R.
Davies, A.
Donaldson, P. J.
Eldon, J. B.
Embery, D. R.
Epps, N. P.
Esdale-Pearson, C. J.
Fraser, R. J.
Hotchkiss, A.
McEwan, J. M.
McKillop, W. I. C., R.N.R.
Oakshott, T. J.
Patterson, A. C.
Phillips, R. D.
Rainford, P. H., R.N.R.
Rayfield, R. W.
Rolfe, P. J. A.
Russell, J. D.
Sibley, J. C.
Sprought, F. S.
Stretch, J.
Walker, S. T., R.N.R.
West, C. F.
Wood, C. C., R.N.R.
Wyatt, D. A., R.N.R.

CORNWALL, Corner, M. T. (Uncert. 4th)
CUMBERLAND, Eagle, B. G. (Uncert. 4th)
DERBY, Kain, D. J. G., Massey, P. S.
HINAKURA, O'Dea, B. (Uncert. 4th)
HORORATA, Newnham, R. A. (Uncert. 4th)
HURUNUI, Sutherland, M. J. (Uncert. 4th)
KENT, Martin, M. L., Mieszkowski, S.A., Payne, R. J.
PAPAROA, Lambert, D. J., Murray, I. M.
SUSSEX, Read, J. H.

CERTIFICATE LEAVE

Anderson, A. R.
Chisholm, A.
Grant, D. S.
Hawkes, G. K.
Hanwell, C. I. P.
Hutchinson, J. R.
Layte, J. A.
Lewis, D. R.
MacKean, R. G.
MacMahon, D. A.
Millar, N. A.
Pacey, M. H.
Spain, D. G.
Trevorrow, B.
Turner, M. B.
Viner, D. W.
Wightman, R.H.

ENGINEER CADETS

PHASE I

OTAIO Captain K. Barnett, R D., R.N.R., Ist Year O.N.D., Course No. 8 Lecturers K. J. Elson, J. Giles, J. T. Mitchell (at Poplar Technical College until early December)

Bartimote, K. L.
Davies, D. T.
Edwards, P.
Gough, P. R.
Hagen, K. L.
Hepworth, J. M.
Hillmansen, M.
Hillsley, N. R.
Jack, R.
Jones, G. T.
Leslie, J. D.
McDougall, J. C.
Martin, A. P.
Mather, A. E.
Miles, M. R.
Poulter, M. E.
Sheret, M. W.
Tremain, B. R.
Walker, M.

POPLAR TECHNICAL COLLEGE 2nd Year O.N.D., Course No. 7

Andrew, A. P.
Bal, B.
Cooper, R. N.
Cox, H. J.
Dunham, P. B.
Epsom, J. G. T.'
Palmer-Felgate, J. M.
Field, J. E. F.
Gardner, R. W.
Gray, P. L.
Greenshields, D.
Harris, P.
Herring, P.
Hogg, N. H.
Howell, R. M. G.
Morgan, M. C.
Paton, J. M.
Ross, K. C. L.
Stephenson, B. M.
Trigwell, A. V.
West, A. J.
Wright, R.

PHASE II, Course No. 6

CORNWALL, Bissland, D. J., Hughes, J. E., Stacey, J. E.
DERBY, Byer, J., Kirkman, D. G., Leslie, D. J., Purvis, K., Richardson, C. S., Thacker, D.F.
DORSET, Harker, T. R.
ESSEX, Steer, R. J.
HAPARANGI, Boxall, J. E., Thomas, H. G., Tully, A.R.
HINAKURA, Callon, J. B., Evans, D.S.
HUNTINGDON, Grant, P. S.
NOTTINGHAM, McIntyre, J. A., Morrison, A. C., Smith, I.H.
SURREY, Brown, D. A., Wale, R. R. J., Wilson, D. I.

PHASE III, Course No. 5

POPLAR TECHNICAL COLLEGE

Dangerfield, P. M.
Gristwood, R. D.
Harries, D. J.
Richards, B. J. G.
Savage, N. E.
Slack, A. J.
Sprinks, R.
Stevenson, I. L.
Wise, T. G.

SOUTH SHIELDS TECHNICAL COLLEGE

Carter, F. M.
Chapman, A. G.
Inkson, I. J.
Ormand, J. S.
Reeves, M. J.
Roberts, F. D.
Smart, D. G.

Course No. 4

Bartram & Son Ltd., Sunderland, Cullen, D. M., Green, J. E.
George Clark & N.E.M. Ltd., Sunderland, Bridges, E. S., Tether, J. W.

Completing balance of Phase II Sea-time

ESSEX, Clark, M. D., Thurman, M. D.
GLOUCESTER, Hollis, R. C. B.
HERTFORD, Charters, J.
HUNTINGDON, Walker, R. J. L.
OTAKI, Collier, R. G., Morrison, J. C.
PIPIRIKI, Cape, R.
RUAHINE, Bainbridge, J. D.
SOMERSET, Merrin, J. C.

L. C. WATKINS
Dunedin

The deer hunt

One August several years ago, I was enjoying a brief holiday in Levin, my old home town. The weather for the past week had been fine but cold, as the adjacent Tararua Range was still wearing its winter white cap.

On the Friday night we were sitting snugly before the fire—it was freezing hard outside—when my brother announced that he had made arrangements with three of his shooting companions to go deer shooting the following morning.

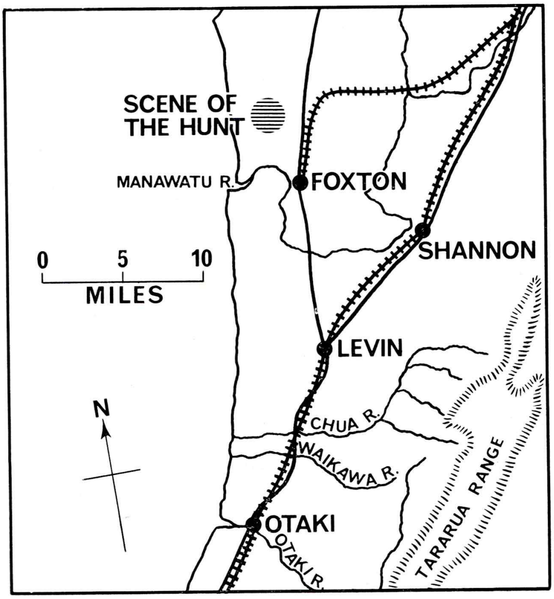
'There's a herd of Sambur over at Himatangi and the buck is supposed to have a very fine head', he said.

Well, crawling out of a warm bed at five o'clock on a frosty morning was one thing 40 years ago, but slightly different now, but I was trapped and I knew it. So at 0500 hours, the alarm—which I had hoped he had forgotten to wind—erupted and the hunt was on.

I had learned that the party would consist of George, Harry, Jim, my brother and I, and after a short drive we tip-toed into George's kitchen where he had brewed a strong cup of tea which woke the party up and stilled the chattering teeth.

Outside again into the frosty dark morning and we set off for the 15-mile drive to the site of the proposed hunt. My brother and I with old Bob, the dog, were in one car and the three others in a light truck with three other dogs. One dog which belonged to George had the unusual name of 'Help' but I never did learn the names of the other two.

The main highway turns left just north of Levin and moves closer to the coast until it reaches Foxton, when for approximately the next 10 miles it runs parallel to the coast about 4 to 5 miles inland. The strip of country between the highway and the coast is mostly grazing land for sheep and bullocks, with odd patches of second growth Native bush, areas of manuka scrub and several lakes and patches of swampy ground. The herd of Sambur was said to consist of the hart and perhaps six hinds and they had been seen most frequently around and about an area of bush of approximately 100 acres with a nice boggy swamp in the middle.



As we approached the Manawatu river we ran into several patches of ground fog, fortunately where the road was straight, as otherwise the expedition could well have ended there and then. On through Foxton, once a busy port and now being kept alive by the Flax Woolpack Industry, until it was time to pull into the side of the road and park the vehicles.

Dawn was breaking as we set out for the mile tramp to the herd's home where we split up. Jim and my brother were to work through the bush round the swamp, while Harry and I were to take the ridge on the south side and George with his dog 'Help' the north side.

Assuming that the Sambur were in the bush, the plan was that the bush party was to start them up, and perhaps get a lucky shot and when they emerged from the west edge of the bush the rest of us would have an opportunity. By now the light had increased considerably and the countryside was white with frost so in went the bush party and the hunt was on.

Harry and I worked our way along the ridge for perhaps half a mile until we reached the end of the bush and there we waited, as the frost slowly crept up our legs. George and 'Help' had arrived on the other side, but George was lucky—he had a large pine tree to shelter under which was just catching the first rays of the rising sun.

Nothing happened for perhaps 15 minutes and except for the distant bawling of a bullock there was no sound until a magnificent cock pheasant came out from the scrub just below us and flew slowly up the valley. From his leisurely flight it was apparent that he knew he was out of season and also that we had rifles and not shotguns!

The three of us out in the open now perked up, for as the bush party couldn't have worked sufficiently close to have disturbed the bird the inference was that the herd was there.

Another wait, until 'crack' from George's side and an anguished voice shouting 'Help'! 'Help'! Harry and I looked at each other, George had disappeared and we were just beginning to fear the worst when he reappeared running hard along the ridge and we realised that the 'Help'! 'Help'! was a call to the dog and not a call for assistance. Still no sign of any deer from our position but then the bush party emerged and we gathered for the post-mortem.

Then the sad tale emerged. The hart and one hind had broken from the bush just in front of George who had got off the one shot we had heard. He had pulled the trigger twice more but both had been misfires. Why? Apparently George had bought some Army disposal Mk VI ammunition and that was that. It was now getting on for 9 a.m. and as by now the two Sambur were well away it was time to go.

By the time we got back to Foxton the sun had dispelled the frost and it was a very pleasant morning. In fact, as Jim suggested, a very fine morning for 'shopping', as we had been afoot since 5 a.m. and the sun could now be considered to be 'over the yardarm'. After we got inside the 'Shop' it was amazing to find the number of people who were all 'shopping' and without the excuse of having been roused from a warm bed at 5 a.m.

That is the tale of the deer hunt and as each tale should have a moral it seems that in this case it is:—always pay a little more and get the best ammunition and save a red face when the cheaper line you have bought won't fire.

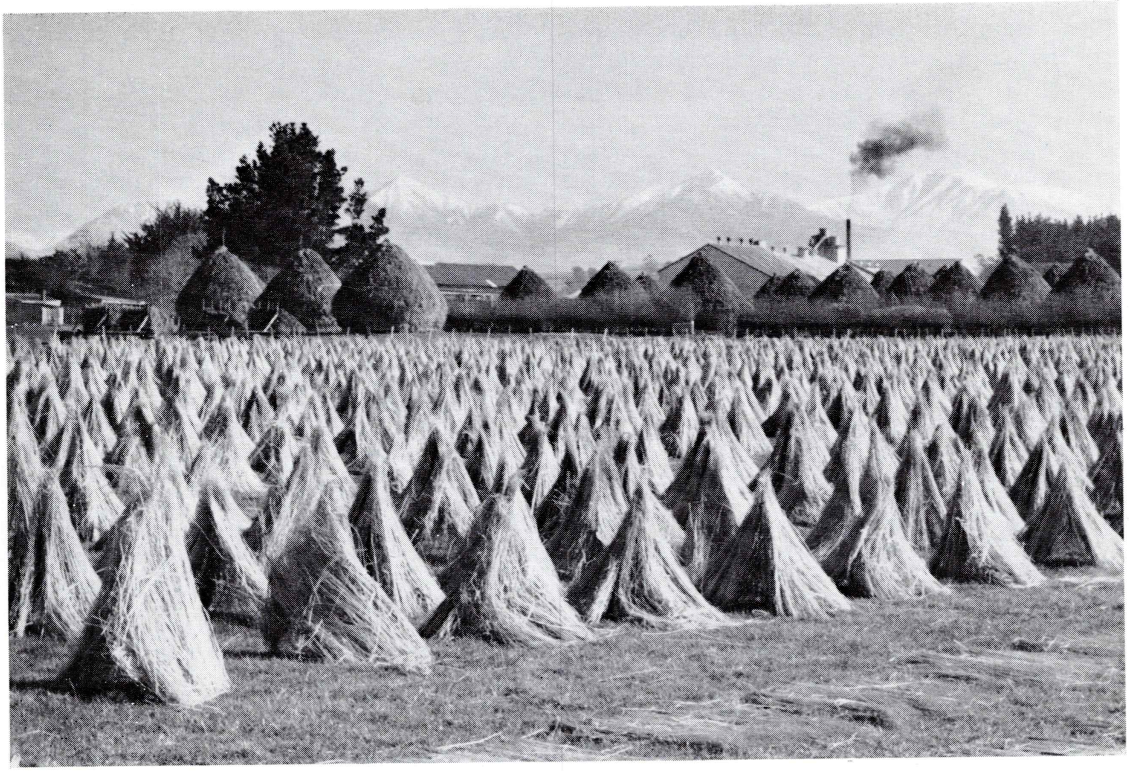
P. L. LE MARQUAND
Timaru

A war-time establishment

A few months ago, coinciding with the 25th Anniversary of the establishment of the linen flax industry in New Zealand, the Timaru Branch of the recently formed New Zealand Stevedoring & Wharfingering Co. Ltd., acquired on lease from our Company for use as a Gear Store, a building located in our Wool Store block, which had been specially built and fire-proofed for linen flax storage. The fire hazard from flax dust is very great as it is liable to self-ignite.

The establishment of the linen flax industry in New Zealand takes us back to 1940 when Britain's main source of supply of linen flax was cut off following Germany's invasion of the Netherlands. At this time, the British Ministry of Supply immediately requested the New Zealand Government to grow 15,000 acres of flax in the 1940/41 season, and with this request came a supply of seed—500 tons!

The time available to set up an organisation to



The factory at Geraldine.

carry through such a project was indeed very limited. First it had to be decided how a venture of this magnitude should be approached; whether, for example, it should be placed in the hands of commercial interests under State protection, or whether the Government itself should organise this new industry within Government Departmental control. However, the outcome was that under the direction of the then Minister of Industries and Commerce, a Linen Flax Management Committee was established, whose immediate response was to arrange for the sowing in September/October, 1940. Following this initial move, agreement was also reached whereby the country would grow flax on behalf of the British Ministry of Supply for the period of the war and one year after. In all, seven factories were quickly established in various suitable sowing areas and early in 1941 came a further request from the Ministry of Supply, asking for the sowing areas in 1941/42 to be extended to the utmost limit.

The recruiting of staff had commenced in 1940—personnel coming from all walks of life—engineers, publicans, shopkeepers, stock agents, also personnel from various Government Departments. By the end of 1942, 17 factories, all in full production, had been established.

As quickly as the linen flax could be processed by these factories it was moved into the Port Stores ready for the first available ship. The importance of the linen flax to the Ministry of Supply could be gauged by the fact that on two occasions on record, ships already fully loaded were ordered to discharge some cargo to make space for the much needed linen flax. The flax was used in the manufacture of certain requirements for the Services, such as fabric for the fuselage of some types of aircraft, for fire hoses used during the Blitz, and general canvas for Army and Navy purposes. Over 20,000 tons were shipped from New Zealand during the period of the war. This was quite an achievement for a new industry without prior experience or 'know-how'.

Of the 17 factories, only the one at Geraldine, some 22 miles from Timaru, is still operating today, the fibre processed now being utilised in New Zealand for underfelts and the carpet industry. The by-product of the seed is still also processed and used now as a stock-feeding product. Each season the surplus seed is shipped to Belgium and France for re-sowing, this being the only product from linseed flax now sold overseas.

The real importance of continuing to maintain the linen flax industry in New Zealand, which might be considered in some ways uneconomical now that Britain has access again to across-channel supplies, is its strategic value, not only to Britain, but ourselves, in the event of another emergency. It is essential that a nucleus of the industry should be maintained, which could be expanded rapidly and efficiently.

Only those associated with this interesting industry in its early years can appreciate the difficulties that were encountered in its establishment and the mistakes that were made in the absence of previous experience.

The Company, since the war, has had interesting associations with the industry, which is now controlled by the Linen Flax Corporation of New Zealand, and the one remaining factory at Geraldine is regarded as quite an intriguing place for visitors, where the many tall, thatched, linseed conical stacks and barts, give the surrounding open area the appearance of a Zulu kraal.

S. N.FYFE
Dunedin

Scouting on the 'Taieri'

The Scouts is a world-wide organisation and on the Taieri we have both officers and boys of two or three different nationalities.

Mosgiel, the main town on the Taieri Plains, is growing rapidly and as a result a new Group was formed last year to cope with the number of boys wanting to join the movement and there is a distinct possibility of another one being formed in the near future. Two Venturer Scout Units (boys between 15 and 18) have been formed in the past year and they are very active.

Each month the District Scouters Council meets and at this meeting the District Officers, of which I am one, try to give the Scoutmasters and Cubmasters of the various Groups new ideas regarding Scouting and generally try to help the officers with any problems they may have.

One of the Venturer Units had planned to do a double traverse of the Southern Alps this Christmas, led by a chap who has had a lot of experience in the Alps as he is an honorary ranger in the Mt. Cook National Park area, but this plan was cancelled, due to parental opposition, and the boys will have to be content with a fortnight in the Alps doing day climbs.

Since May of this year six boys have completed their 1st Class tests and several more have only to do their Journey to achieve their badge. The 1st Class Journey consists of a tramp of up to 20 miles accompanied by another boy over a course set by the examiner. The only knowledge the boy gets of where he is going is a set of compass directions and details of certain signposts on the route. He is required to camp out one night, cook his own food and when he returns he is expected to hand in a log of his journey stating any points of interest which he saw during the trip.

Most of the Troops hold regular camps under canvas at the Scout Farm and Campsite which is situated two miles from Mosgiel at Whare Flat. This property actually belongs to Otago Area of the N.Z. Boy Scouts Association and is ideal for camping and Scout training in general, as it borders both sides of a stream called Silverstream. The Silverstream has its headwaters in the Silver Peak Hills and flows south for about 20 miles then spills into the Taieri River.

This article is brief but will give you an indication that Scouting on the Taieri is moving forward and as the main aim of Scouting is to help produce better citizens of tomorrow we sincerely hope we achieve this aim.

J. R. MORRISON
Timaru

Champagne and Caviar 5 Miles High

'I will leave this earth for other places. If I can't, then the Wright Brothers will.' (With apologies to Leonardo da Vinci, circa. 1452-1519). Air New Zealand, in thanks to da Vinci for his foresight and in saluting Orville and Wilbur too, pay homage to all intrepid 'birdmen' who, through their work, courage and good old-fashioned know-how, have developed the heavier-than-air flying machines from a 'mechanical contraption' to the 10-mile-a minute new Douglas D.C. 8 Jetliner . . .

So read the elaborate invitation received from Air New Zealand, and Friday, 1st October, found a colleague and myself fortunate enough to be amongst the lucky ones invited to join a 75-minute courtesy flight prior to the inauguration of their pure jet Trans-Tasman service.

An intensive advertising campaign had preceded the inauguration of these aircraft into service and we left Timaru for the two-hour drive to Christchurch, looking forward to forming our own opinions. Little did we realise that 12 minutes after takeoff, we would be back over Timaru at 25,000 feet!

At 2.45 p.m., on the request of a husky-voiced receptionist, 120 guests of the airline walked across the tarmac (of what is probably New Zealand's finest airport), to board the glistening aircraft. Whether by accident or not, a diminutive D.C.3 was parked just in front of the D.C.8 and comparisons became most invidious.

On boarding the airliner, our first impressions were supplied by the hostess, who commanded our undivided attention as she guided us to our seats. (The airline's claim of personal service is certainly justified.)

Listening to the 'Welcome on board' ceremony allowed time for the eye to take in the superb decor of the cabin. Diffused lighting and the fresh, yet unobtrusive, colour scheme proved pleasantly satisfying and the seats were very comfortable, although leg room was limited.

With the official announcements over, take-off commenced and, as the airliner thrust forward, we experienced something of the 'G's' that spacemen talk about.

We became airborne after using a very short length of runway, lifting with a terrific surge of power but without any discomfort and then quickly settling to cruising speed. This was the signal for the cabin staff to set about looking after their guests and an enticing selection of canapes was produced, many featuring caviar. At the same time, we were treated to an excellent brand of champagne, and throughout the flight our glasses, it would seem, were never quite empty—a very pleasant way to spend an hour cruising five miles high.

In flight, wonderful views were obtained of Christchurch city, Banks Peninsular and Lake Ellesmere, before the course was set south along our familiar coastline, until Timaru was reached some 12 minutes later. Visibility was perfect with beautiful high cloud formations towards the Southern Alps, in which direction we were now heading, passing over the Aviemore and Benmore State Hydro projects, the lake of the latter providing a magnificent sight at 25,000 feet. After circling Lake Benmore and the Otematata settlement, we passed over the skiing grounds at Lakes Ohau, Pukaki and Tekapo and then towards the Alps, which suddenly appeared to be so close as to almost touch the portside wing. We were now on our return journey cruising over the MacKenzie High Country, with the MacKenzie and Burkes Passes below us, then down over the Canterbury plains, with its patchwork pattern of farming fields broken only by the Rangitata and Rakaia rivers and other streams, always a wonderful sight from the air.

Touch-down at Harewood Airport was a smoothly executed operation which left us with a very favourable and memorable impression of luxury air travel.

Before setting off on our return drive to Timaru we has the opportunity of looking over the 'White Heron Lodge', a new £500,000 hotel adjoining Christchurch Airport, which had been officially opened that day. This indeed was luxurious living at ground level, and even the fussiest of gourmets would be hard put to find fault with the menu. Our only complaint was the price!

During our drive back to Timaru we agreed that, notwithstanding the luxurious trend of air travel, modern passenger liners have much more to offer the traveller in the form of lasting impressions, providing of course that time is no object.

About People

NEW ZEALAND

Our congratulations to the following :—

ENGAGEMENTS

Mr. P. K. Jantke, Head Office, on his engagement to Miss Brenda Simpson of Wellington. Miss Simpson was at one time a typist in Head Office.

Miss Annette Patrick, Head Office, on her engagement to Mr. Kevin Bryant of Wellington.

Miss Lynda Thomson, Head Office, on her engagement to Mr. William McCarroll of Lower Hutt.

MARRIAGES

Mr. John Armstrong, Head Office, on his marriage to Miss Judy Hewitt on 24th April, 1965, at Palmerston North.

BIRTHS

Mr. Keith Harrison, Auckland, and his wife on the birth of a daughter on 25th April, 1965.

Captain D. C. Blackman, Head Office, and his wife on the birth of a son on 7th May, 1965.

Mr. J. G. H. Tait, New Plymouth, and his wife on the birth of a son on 4th June, 1965.

Mr. J. D. Williamson, Wellington, and his wife on the birth of a daughter on 10th June, 1965.

Mr. I. F. O. Hopson, Invercargill, and his wife on the birth of a son on 15th June, 1965.

Mr. G. How, Head Office, and his wife on the birth of a daughter on 16th June, 1965.

Mr. P. B. Cunningham, Head Office, and his wife on the birth of a son on 12th July, 1965.

Mr. M. M. Christie, Christchurch, and his wife on the birth of a son on 11th August, 1965.

Mr. C. Miller, Head Office, and his wife on the birth of a son on 12th September, 1965.

Mr. J. C. Baine, Head Office, and his wife on the birth of a daughter on 25th September, 1965.

EXAMINATIONS

Mr. R. H. White, Napier, having passed Part II of the Institute's Examination, is now eligible for Associate Membership of the Institute of Chartered Shipbrokers.

Mr. M. M. Christie, Christchurch, has also earned Associate Membership of the Institute of Chartered Shipbrokers and obtained his Graduateship Examination (Part I) of the Institute of Transport.

Mr. B. L. Winmill, New Plymouth, has passed the Intermediate Examination to the Institute of Chartered Shipbrokers.

RETIREMENTS

Mr. K. R. S. (Ken) Jones, Local Accountant, Wellington, retired on the 30th June, 1965. Mr. Jones joined the New Zealand & Africa Steam Ship Co. Ltd., Agents for the Federal-Houlder-Shire Lines, in 1920 and remained with them as the names changed to W. Wallis, Agents for F.S.N. Co., and then to the Federal Steam Navigation Co. transferring to the staff of The New Zealand Shipping Co. on the 1st March, 1948.

A function was held in the Local Office to say 'farewell' to Mr. Jones and a cheque, a gift from the staff, was presented him by Mr. J. J. Parker. We all wish Mr. Jones many long and happy years of retirement.

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following new members on joining our staff:—

Miss A. F. Alcock, Dunedin, 12.4.65.
Miss B. A. Di Mattina, Wellington Branch, 12.4.65.
Mr. W. C. Meager, Wool Store, Bluff, 7.6.65.
Miss P. Moore, Napier, 14.6.65.
Mr. M. King, Wool Store, Timaru, 1.7.65.
Mr. K. P. Glass, Wool Store, Bluff, 5.7.65.
Miss J. Carswell, Auckland, 12.7.65.
Miss B. E. Bacon, Christchurch, 19.7.65.
Mr. I. D. Court-Patience, Wool Store, Lyttelton, 19.7.65.
Mrs. M. M. Dearing, Wellington Branch, 2.8.65.
Miss J. C. McKenna, Christchurch, 16.8.65.
Miss D. R. Howden, Auckland, 23.8.65.
Miss C. M. Palmer, Dunedin, 30.8.65.
Miss J. Juriss, Wellington Branch, 1.9.65.
Miss J. Bainborough, Head Office, 20.9.65.

Just before going to press we received the news of the death in New Zealand of Mr. Sydney D. Waters, the Naval Historian. An appreciation will be given in our next issue—Editor.

JACK NICHOLLS
Birt Elder (Pty.) Ltd., Melbourne.

95 William Street, Melbourne

At the above address Birt Elder (Pty.) Limited commenced operations on 1st April, 1948.

95 William Street started much earlier, and its history is quite interesting.

The land on which it stands was appropriated by the then Superintendent (La Trobe) in the late 1830s to accommodate the Church of England in Victoria.

Whilst the first building on this land was St. James Cathedral, completed in 1848, the building which we at present occupy was not erected until 1875.

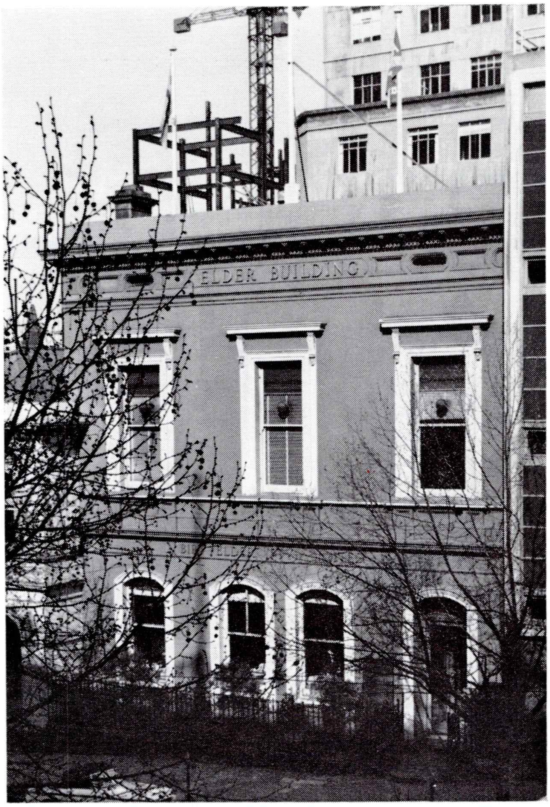
The object of its construction was to meet the needs of the Church as it provided Council Rooms and a Hall, the latter being used as an Art Gallery as well as a meeting place.

However, in view of the speedy development of the Church of England in Melbourne, the building, having quickly outlived its usefulness, was leased in 1881 for commercial purposes, and I can but quote from the Victorian Historical Society of the Church of England, dated 1892:—

> 'The ecclesiastical status of this building, so fraught with diocesan memories, is doomed, for commerce is in possession of its Chambers, whilst invoices and Bills of Lading now take the place of Marriage Licences and other documents bearing the episcopal seal.'

Might I say that whilst the atmosphere may have changed, the dignity is preserved.

The facade attracts attention and many favourable comments. It is well-known to visitors from overseas and, of course, to the sea-going personnel. It bears the name of 'Elder Building', which emanates from Elder, Smith & Co., Limited, from whom it was purchased late in 1961.



95 William St., Melbourne.

Today it is much better known as '95 William Street'. With the changing sky-line of Melbourne, skyscrapers going up overnight, 95 William Street could be called 'the old Lady of William Street'.

Not that she can compare with 'the old Lady of Threadneedle Street', except by Australian standards, because 90 years to us is a long time.

For the photograph we are indebted to the Melbourne Harbour Trust, and I hope that it will encourage our overseas friends to visit us again. Our doors are always open to the sea-going staff.

NEWS FROM AUSTRALIA
Correspondent: **J. F. WARD**

J. F. WARD
Birt & Co., (Pty.) Ltd.
Sydney.

Australia's new currency

After three years of planning, dollars and cents will become Australia's new currency on 14th February, 1966, replacing the traditional £ s. d. However, the change will not be altogether immediate, as there will be a 'dual currency period' of up to two years, during which about 500,000 machines will be converted to new currency operation. During this time the old currency will gradually disappear and dollars and cents will come into universal use.

All the banks will change over to dollars on 'C' Day—14th February, 1966—and from then on all banking transactions will be in the new currency. To effect the tremendous task of conversion, all banks will close for four days from 10th to 13th February. In this short time they will have to completely convert to dollars every facet of their business and open on 14th February handling dollars instead of pounds.

Other businesses may convert at any convenient time during the ensuing two years. In most cases the decision will rest on the conversion of office machines to decimal operation, although the fact that they must do all their banking in dollars and cents is a persuasive force. Many businesses have elected to replace old machines with new decimal machines and are thus equipped to convert to the new currency as from 'C' Day. Businesses without machine problems are almost certain to convert early and 'get it over and done with'.

Although 'C' Day is officially 'changeover' day, some cynics think it might be better labelled as 'chaos' day.

The new currency system is based on a major unit of 1 dollar equal to the present 10 shillings. The minor unit of the new currency, 1 cent, will be one-hundredth part of a dollar and equal in value to 1.2 pence in the present £ s. d. currency. And therein lies a major headache in the conversion programme.

Details of the new currency are as under:—

$1	note	equal to	10s. 0d.
50c.	coin	,,	5s. 0d.
20c.	coin	,,	2s. 0d.
10c.	coin	,,	1s. 0d.
5c.	coin	,,	6d.
2c.	coin	,,	2.4d.
1c.	coin	,,	1.2d.

The new coins are now being minted and will be distinctively Australian in design, bearing on the reverse sides characteristic local flora and fauna except the 50c. coin which carries the Australian Coat of Arms. The obverse side of each coin will bear a new effigy of the Queen approved in 1964.

Up to the present time, the designs and denominations of the new decimal currency bank notes have not been announced for security reasons.

During the dual currency period of up to two years after 'C' Day, notes and coins with exact equivalents will be freely interchangeable and, as such coins are also equal in size, they may be used together without difficulty (e.g. 20c. and 2s. 0d. are virtually the same thing).

However, the coins below 1s. 0d. will present many problems, because all amounts ending in pence (except 6d.) have no exact equivalent in cents (e.g. both 2d. and 3d. are convertible to 2c. and both 9d. and 10d. convert to 8c.). Naturally this will cause confusion in the prices of small articles, but several ways of overcoming the trouble are to be adopted.

Firstly, it is suggested that shops and other businesses adopt a dominant currency becoming either a 'dollar' shop or a 'pound' shop. A 'dollar' shop will price its goods in dollars and cents and ask customers with 'old' currency which is not the exact equivalent to the dollar price, to tender a higher amount which has an exact value. The exact change in cents can then be given. For example, an item priced at 34c. can be bought with 3s. 6d. (=35c.) and change of 1c. given.

Another solution suggested is to group articles so that the price becomes two for 6d. (5c.) or three for 1s. 0d. (10c.) and so on.

A further practice which is causing some little official concern, because it increases the cost of living, is for vendors to review their prices, etc. well in advance of 'C' Day and to 'round up' their charges to the next exact equivalent. This applies to higher priced articles as a rule and we are witnessing the disappearance of such familiar prices as 4s. 11d., 9s. 11d. and 19s. 11d. etc. Such articles will soon be on sale for 5s. 0d., 10s. 0d. and £1 etc.

It will be noticed that the good old 'halfpenny' will disappear after 'C' Day and that the smallest decimal coin will be 1c. (=1.2d.). This will undoubtedly lead to increased living costs especially for such fundamental items as bread, milk, etc. Whereas before, price rises in these commodities could be rather finely graded by halfpennies, future increases apparently can only be by cents which are roughly equal to three halfpennies. In other words, if the price of milk rises now by ½d. a pint, in future the smallest rise will be approximately 1½d. a pint.

Altogether, the question of converting unequal amounts, which is particularly evident in the retail trade and unfortunately bears heavily on the staple food and clothing items of the whole community, is probably the greatest single difficulty of the whole conversion programme. An aggravating factor is that the public, generally speaking, is apparently indifferent to a large extent about the new currency. Housewives are not scoring very well in 'decimal surveys' etc. conducted by various bodies up to the present time. However, it is expected that an intensive education campaign after Christmas next, will stimulate the necessary interest in the changeover.

There are no doubt many unsuspected problems lurking in the shadows and the next 12 months in Australia will not be particularly enjoyable in a monetary sense. Many people will find they have to think about matters which have always before been accepted automatically.

Naturally there are some amusing sidelights in this project. For instance, one of the main reasons given for adopting decimal currency was because 'it is easier', yet leading retail stores report unprecedented numbers of resignations and applications for long service leave from their older employees (especially female) because 'this decimal business is too hard'!

PETER HUNTER
Elder Smith Goldsbrough Mort Ltd., Adelaide

An old woman dreams

The heat was unbearable. Not a whisper of air stirred the film of dust that had settled like a light grey cloak over that Ceylonese street. Overhead, great dark storm clouds were flecked with crimson as the rays from the setting sun cast their queer half light on the brown earth.

She sat there, head drooped, propped up against her usual support, the old banyan tree. Her face the texture of worn parchment, old and wrinkled, seemingly about to crumble at the slightest touch. She was asleep, oblivious of the flies buzzing incessantly about her.

Strange! In her dreams too, she felt the intense red heat as pious voices echoed around her. Yet, she knew where she was. She was standing before her son's funeral pyre and the voices were whispering intolerable sympathies in her ear. The pyre burned, as slow greedy tongues of flame leaped and licked hungrily at the fallen darkness. Now the pyre was no more and only ashes remained to be scattered by the wind.

It was cooler now as she stood before a small marble tombstone. It had cost her much that tombstone. There were some old faded letters on it and she knelt and read them: they spelt the only name she had ever read. But wait! There was another name on it—the letters clearer and fresher than the rest. She read them slowly and carefully in the light of the rising moon; they spelt her name.

She dreamt that she knelt and leant her head and cheek on the tombstone, it was cold and wet with dew. She lay there, her mind suddenly blank to all but the clean cold radiance about her.

The morning dawned cool and clear, the air rain-washed and clean. The people who walked by stopped to stare at the lifeless body of an old woman who lay wet and motionless, her cheek on the cold damp roots of the old banyan tree.

J. B. CLUNIES-ROSS
Darling Island Stevedoring Co.

Sydney Opera House

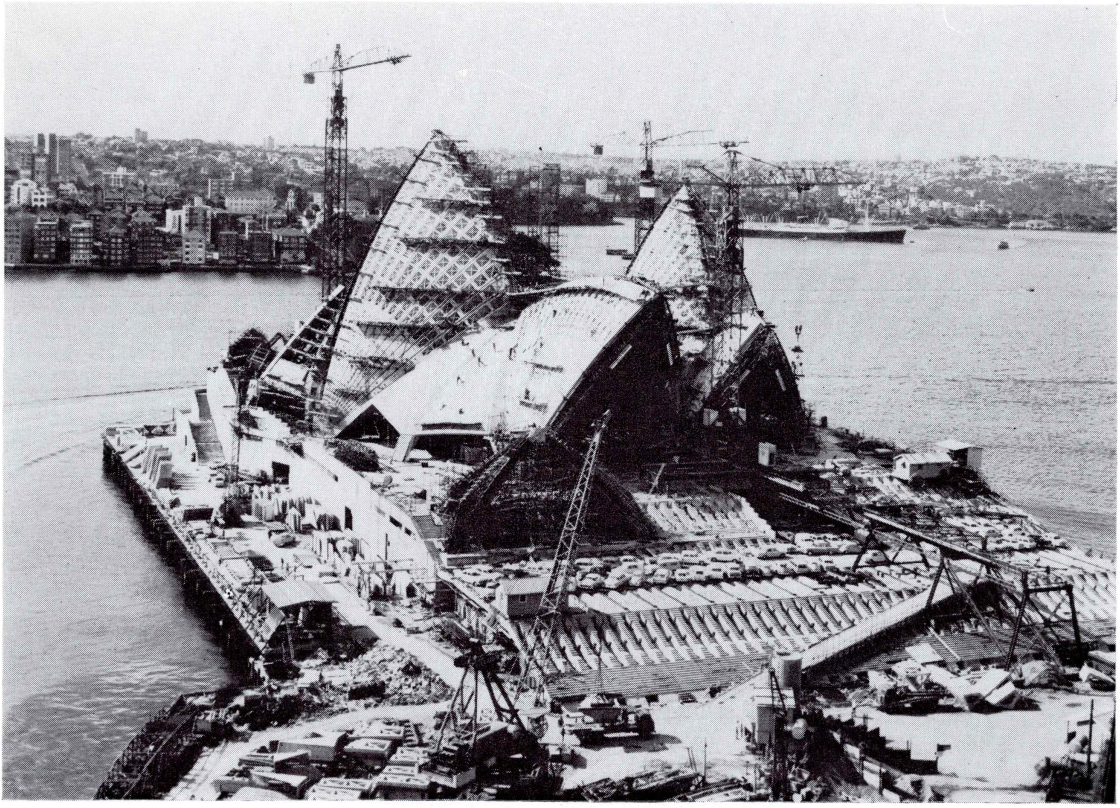
Bennalong Point, at the north eastern entrance to Sydney Cove, is well known to Sydney visitors especially the sea staff.

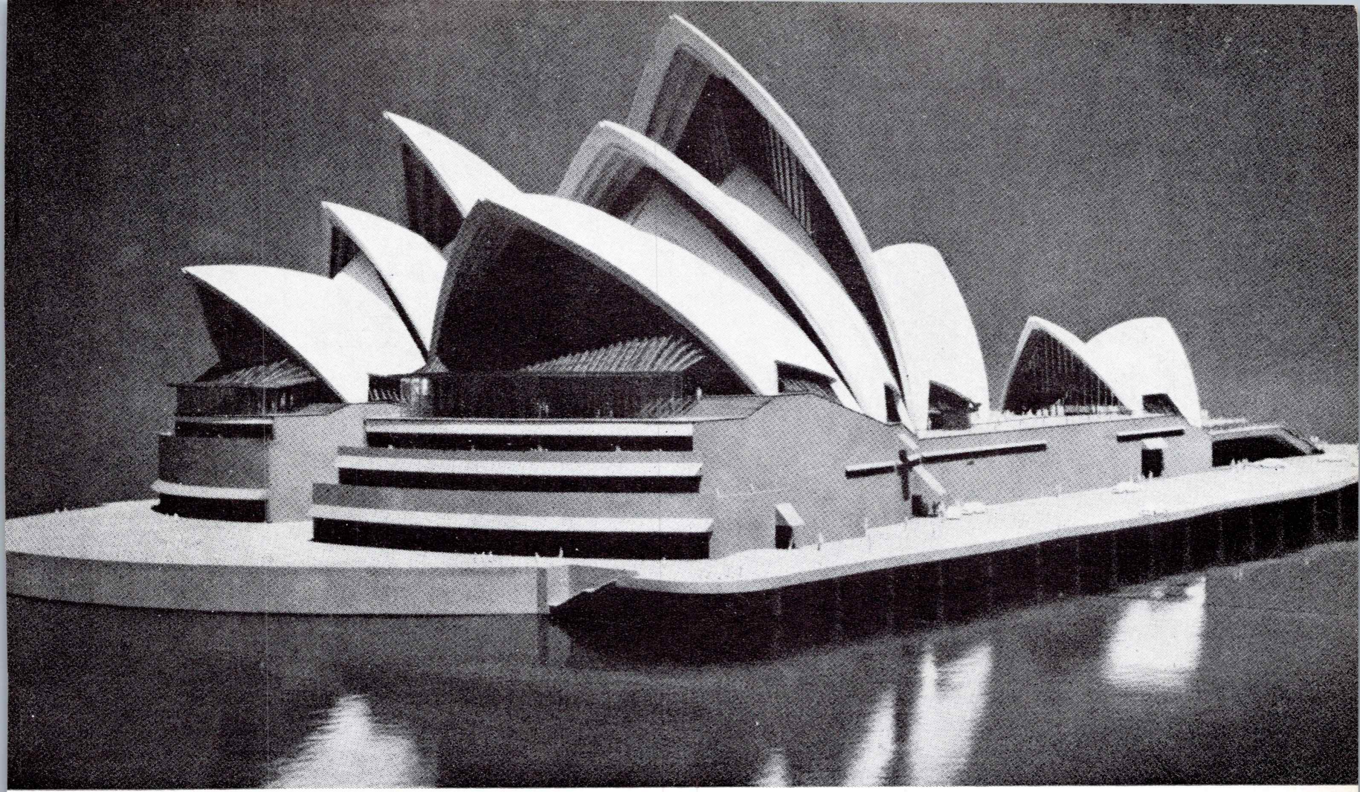
The two photographs show the stage of construction of the new Sydney Opera House as at 1st March, 1965, and the artist's impression of what it will look like when completed.

The Opera House will be a centre for all forms of entertainment which we call generally 'the performing arts'; for example, orchestral concerts, chamber music, choral music, solo recitals, opera, ballet, drama and so on. In addition, the various halls will be available for public assemblies, pageants, international and other conferences, and similar gatherings.

One of its most important purposes will be to serve as a permanent home for the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, thus realising the ideal which has been long cherished by many thousands of Sydney's music lovers. The Elizabethan Theatre Trust will also be able to stage its productions in an appropriate setting with the assistance of the

Sydney Opera House under construction.





A model of the building.

most efficient technical equipment which world experts have been able to devise, and the Musica Viva Society will have fine conditions for its chamber music recitals. Opera and ballet companies will be able to perform, for the first time in Sydney, without restrictions imposed by limitations in lighting, space and ancillary facilities.

It is believed that famous overseas artists will be attracted to the Sydney Opera House, where they will be able to perform under ideal conditions. Australian artists will find greater scope for their talents and there will be stronger inducement for them to appear, at least for longer periods, in their own country.

Some Interesting Figures in Relation to this Mighty Structure

There are four principal halls.

The main hall can seat 2,800 for concerts and 2,200 for opera.

The second hall has a 1,100 spectator capacity.

The experimental Theatre can accommodate 400 and the Chamber Music Hall an audience of 300.

Restaurant capacity—250.

There are 19 rehearsal rooms.

All halls are equipped with cinema projection rooms and rooms for radio and television broadcasts. The major hall will have facilities for the transmission of speeches in several languages simultaneously enabling international conferences and conventions to be held.

Maximum width of concourse is 312 feet and the maximum unsupported span is 164 feet.

Height of the major hall shell above mean water level is 221 feet and 179 feet from its base on the podium level. This is about 40 feet higher than the traffic deck of the Sydney Harbour Bridge.

65,000 cubic yards of concrete weighing about 120,000 tons will be used in the building.

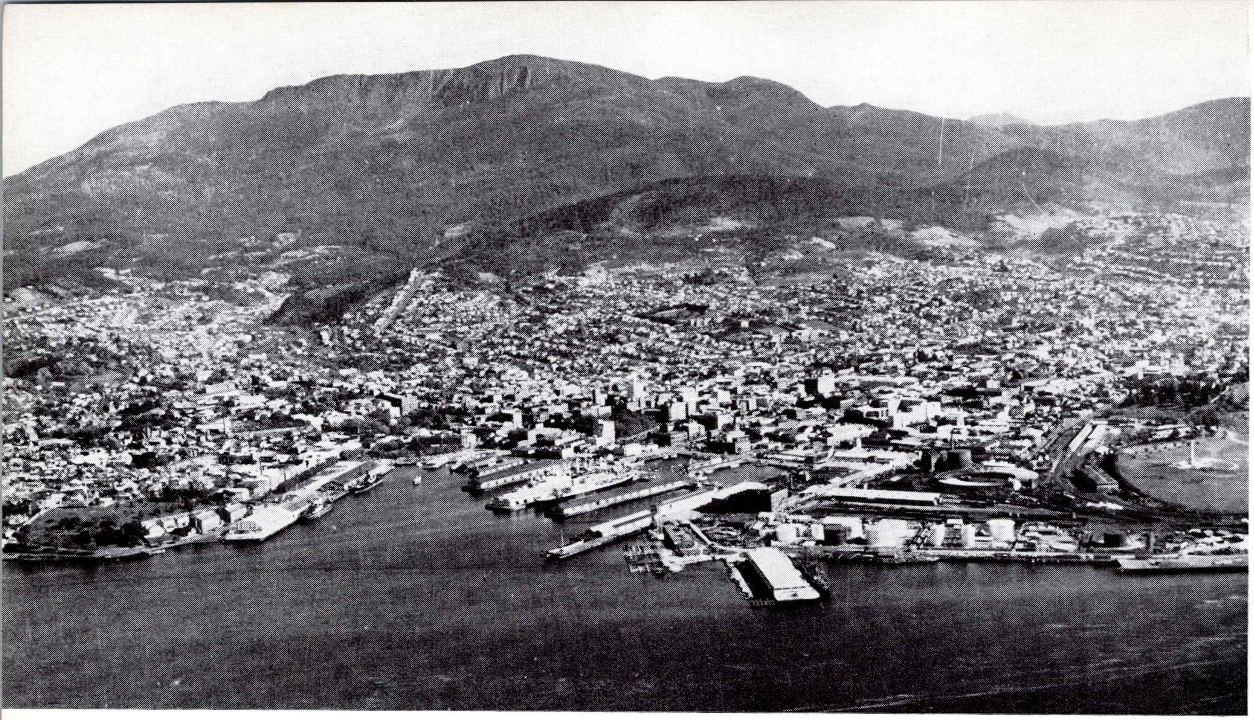
There are some $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles of 3 feet diameter pier to rock, some extending 70 feet deep.

The maximum length of the building is 186 yards and the maximum width 116 yards.

The weight of the shell roofs will be 22,000 tons.

The building occupies an area of $4\frac{1}{2}$ acres on a 7 acre site.

In area the Sydney Opera House is equal to the combined areas of the Houses of Parliament, Sydney Hospital and the Public Library or, the Sydney City Block bounded by King, George, Market and Pitt Streets.



Hobart, capital of Tasmania, on the Derwent River, nestles under Mount Wellington.

A. C. SMITH
H. Jones & Co. (Pty.) Ltd.

H. Jones & Co. (Pty.) Ltd.

This is one of the few companies originally formed in Tasmania which has achieved the status of a leader in Australian commercial life and has also established itself firmly in other countries of the world.

Over 100 years ago the firm of George Peacock & Sons pioneered the jam-making industry for which Tasmania has become so famous. In the year 1861 George Peacock, an English migrant of those days, manufactured at Hobart 30 tons of jam from Tasmanian grown fruits and thus encouraged settlers to clear and plant out more land for the growing of fruits suitable for jam-making. From that encouragement and from 1861 onwards without a break, jam has been made each season at the Old Wharf factory in Hobart from the luscious berry and stone fruit crops grown in the districts surrounding Hobart.

Henry Jones, born at Hobart on 19th July, 1862, soon became George Peacock's right hand man and on the latter's retirement from business formed a partnership with A. W. Palfreyman and E. A. Peacock to run the factory for themselves. These three worked together for some years prior to the registration of their partnership on the 8th November, 1898. The partnership prospered and in the year 1903 a company was formed under the name of H. Jones & Co. Ltd. with a subscribed capital of £72,000. Factories were established in Melbourne and Sydney and an office opened in London.

In May 1909 the business warranted its conversion to a public company which was registered in Melbourne with an issued capital of £500,000, under the name of Henry Jones Co-operative Ltd. in which the general public was invited to join. For over 50 years this public company has been a regular dividend payer to its shareholders. Today its 7,000 shareholders own assets worth well over £12 million spread throughout Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. A subsidiary company operates in the United Kingdom to handle the sale of the company's products in Britain under the world famous 'IXL' brand of jams and canned foods which are exported to most parts of the world.

And so, from its inconspicuous birth in Hobart Town, there has grown a great Australian business enterprise.

The original Tasmanian company still operates as a subsidiary of the public company it itself created. Jam factories and fruit canneries turn out their 'IXL' products at Hobart, Huonville, Geeveston, Dover, Cygnet, and Beauty Point with a modern canning and vegetable freezing plant at Smithton on the far North-west coast. Many other activities have been added throughout the years including the exportation of fresh apples and pears in which H. Jones & Co. was one of the pioneers, sawmilling, hop growing and drying, farming and fruit-growing, fruit drying, frozen fruit and vegetables, coal mining, cool stores, cold stores and quick frozen facilities. The Company maintains a comprehensive service to farmers and fruit growers for their supplies in the provision of packing sheds, cool stores and decentralised apple processing plants. It also acts as agents for many overseas shipping lines, the Alliance Assurance Co. Ltd. and as managing-agents for Australian Commonwealth Carbide Co. Ltd.

The principal jam-making plant at Hobart has an output capacity far in excess of the needs of the civilian markets but this reserve capacity has been of considerable importance in times of national emergency. During World War II the plant worked to full capacity with as much as 95 per cent of each week's production being destined for our own fighting services and those of our U.S. allies. At the same time a whole section of the premises at the Old Wharf, Hobart, was turned over for the production of parts for 25-lb. shells for the Army—this munitions annexe was run entirely by the Company without profit.

Steam is used for cooking jams and canned fruits, the principal ingredients being Tasmanian grown fruits and Queensland cane sugar. Cans are made on the premises from high-grade tinplate produced in Australia by the Broken Hill Pty. Co. Ltd.

H. Jones & Co. is staunch in its Tasmanian outlook and provides employment for thousands of Tasmanians in the cities, towns and in the fields.

J. R. RICKETTS
Darling Island Stevedoring Co.

HUMOUR ON BOARD SHIP SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES

The good ship *Aden* (ex *Somerset*, Federal) was lying alongside No. 19 Pyrmont after a long and dreary voyage from U.K., U.S.A., N.Z., Australia (Sydney, Fremantle, Sydney), the voyage being under various agencies, Federal, P & O-Orient Lines, A. & A., Manz, etc., flying their house flags from time to time.

The Irish donkey man looked up at the ship's foremast and saw the 'Manz Line' house flag flying there, and being a good Irishman, he thought that the tree in the middle of the Manz Line flag was a bunch of shamrocks, and he was heard to remark 'sure and be jasus the "little people" are looking after us at last'.

SPORTING NEWS FROM SYDNEY

BOWLS

Since 1957, Birt & Co. and Darling Island have played an Annual Bowls Match and in 1964, Mr. W. E. Lee, Chairman of Directors of both Companies, presented the very handsome W. E. Lee Cup for the annual contest.

At the Mosman Bowling Club on 8th June, 1965, Darling Island won the W. E. Lee Cup for 1965 by 72 to 42.

It was an easy win, Darling Island being the victors on all three rinks played.

GOLF

The Annual Match between Birt & Co. and Darling Island for the Common Bros. Cup, presented in 1953, was played at the Strathfield Golf Club on 22nd September, 1965.

Results: Aggregate Stableford Event:

Birt & Co. 204 points defeated Darling Is. 190 points.

Best Individual Scores:

For Darling Island	— R. Webber (8)	: 31 Pts.
For Birt & Co.	— J. Ward (16)	: 29 Pts. on c.b.

The New Engineer Commodore

Mr. Frank Kent, M.I.Mar.E., who is at present in *Rangitane*, was appointed Engineer Commodore of the combined fleets on 27th August, 1965, following the retirement of Engineer Commodore William J. Twist.

Our new Engineer Commodore, who was born in Redruth in 1910, joined the Company as a Second Refrigerating Engineer Officer in 1932 from Fitter, Holman Bros., Camborne, and was appointed Chief Engineer Officer in 1949.

He first went to sea in the *Tasmania* and has sailed in many of the Company's ships, notably *Rangitiki, Rangitata* and *Empire Merganser* (a refrigerated cargo ship operated by the Company for the Ministry of War Transport) during the Second World War.

It was whilst serving as Fourth Engineer Officer in November, 1940, that Mr. Kent and his shipmates had a narrow escape when their ship, *Rangitiki,* in an Eastbound Atlantic convoy, came under fire from the 11-inch guns of the German pocket-battleship *Admiral Scheer. Rangitiki* made good her escape under cover of her own smoke screen and though some minor damage was caused by shell splinters there were no casualties. As we know, the escape would not have been possible had it not been for the gallantry of Captain Fogerty Fegen, R.N., posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross, and his crew in the armed merchant cruiser H.M.S. *Jervis Bay*. (*See also 'I was there' by L. Gaskill, in this issue—Editor.*)

AROUND THE FLEET

DURHAM

A REFLECTION OVER THREE DECADES

by **J.R.M.R.**

The passing of the *Durham* marks the end of an era of revolutionary changes both in the lot of the seafarer and in technical advances. When *Durham* came out in 1934 Radar, Decca, Loran and a host of other aids to navigation had not yet been invented, gyros and seagraphs were rare, there were no airmails to Australasia and the B.B.C. had only just started short-wave broadcasts. All these things materialised during the ship's long commission and yet today the *Durham*—if one ignores the bow form—looks a modern ship.

The *Durham* was not my first experience of cadet-ships. I joined the *Devon* (Capt. P. B. Clarke) in 1932 where I learned how to trim coal, in 1933 I was transferred to the *Northumberland* (Capt. H. L. Upton) where I learned that the natives of New Zealand (female branch) were friendly and finally in the autumn of 1934 was transferred to the *Durham* with the rest of the cadets. We were all amazed at our palatial quarters, hot and cold running water (strictly buckets from amidships previously), the only similarity to the *Devon* and *Northumberland* was our rate of pay—nothing a year—paid quarterly—indeed out of the £50 bond our parents had to fork out, £6 was deducted for postage etc., so what ever can be said about the pre-war cadets they were no worshippers of Mammon—that came later.

One of the innovations in the *Durham* so far as I was concerned was a schoolmaster G. W. Wakeford (Whally) under whose able tutelage we learned the less seamy side of the requirements of a potential officer. You had to be a very dull boy not to benefit from Whally's teaching, he could teach a fencing post knowledge of principles. *Durham* and I parted in May 1936 and I was appointed Fourth Officer of the *Turakina* with Capt. J. B. Laird at 7s. 8d. a day.

What is not generally known is that the Company was the originator of the 'golden handshake'. This is how it worked. When an officer got his qualifying time in to enable him to sit for his First Mate's Certificate he reported himself to P. T. Bowen at '138' and was handed a letter captioned 'For B.O.T. Purposes Only' stating what a decent sober chap you were, then came 10 days' pay (1938, 10s. per day as 3rd) less 1s. 8d. per week N.H. & U. Insurance (I was doubly unfortunate in that I reported on a Friday and thus two Mondays were involved and I was charged two stamps. Furthermore there were insufficient stamps on my card to enable me to draw the 'dole'). All this may sound cavilling but it is not so, the Company were very 'avant garde' in their treatment of officers, most shipping firms in those days let their officers go with no security of tenure and no 'golden handshake'.

The next contact I had with the *Durham* was in Manila just after V.J. Day, while serving as Mate with Bob Rees in the *Tekoa*, both ships being chartered to the U.S. Army; the *Durham* was commanded by our present Marine Superintendent. Manila was a shambles with scarcely a building standing, the only way to move around was by ship's motor boat. The *Durham* was sailing the next day for Australia and it was necessary for Capt. Vincent to call at U.S. Naval Control for routeing instructions. Unfortunately his boat was 'U/S' so Capt. Rees offered the use of *Tekoa's*. We duly collected Capt. Vincent from his ship—resplendent in No. 10s—and delivered him ashore arranging to pick him up a couple of hours later. When the time came to set off to collect Capt. Vincent the engine wouldn't start and it took an hour in monsoon rain to get it going; at our rendezvous was a lone white figure, wetter than wet, there was no shelter for half a mile around. I was profuse with apologies and received a smile back and 'That's all right old boy', at least I *think* it was a smile. I got the teeth all right but it was raining too hard to tell whether I got the eyes as well. Years later I was still not certain—I spent seven years in the *Orari*.

The war came to an end and new expressions entered the seafarers' vocabulary such as Sundays at Sea, Consolidated Basic, Entitlement Leave etc. etc. The *Durham* became a cadet-ship again, then in 1964 she finished her career as a training ship (not a cadet-ship)—the sands of time were running out.

In May 1965, after 31 years, I found myself once more sailing in the old *Durham*—at a somewhat higher rate of pay—on her final voyage. She had become an economist's nightmare, but still remained—with reservations—a sailor's darling. Maybe the Greeks have a word for it.

GLOUCESTER

C. S. BAUGH
2nd Officer (formerly 3rd Officer Gloucester)

Fair winds and foul

The ship is the *Gloucester*, 8,532 gross tons; a refrigerated cargo vessel belonging to the fleet of the Federal Steam Navigation Company. It might well be any merchantman of similar tonnage on a normal deep sea passage.

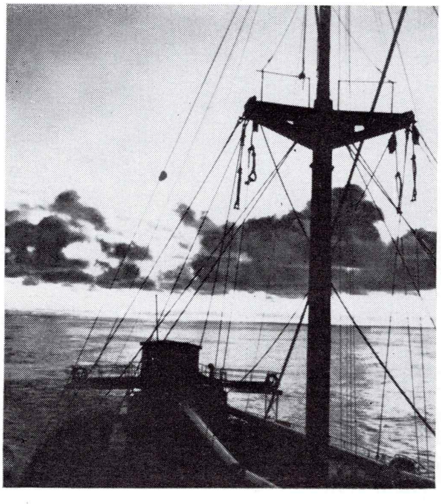
The ocean is the Pacific. Likewise, it might be any of the world's open waters; for the notion of habitually peaceful seas is purely fanciful. Calm waters can be whipped into a merciless, angry tumult in a very short time; often accompanied by an ever increasing swell, which, as the wind gains strength, builds into enormous proportions, 40 feet or more: Hanging there above the ship, you wonder; will she rise!'.

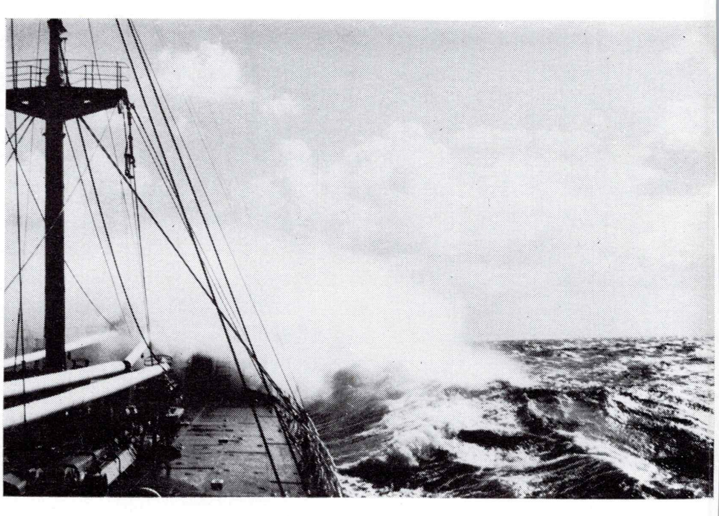
By now, speed has been reduced. The vessel shudders as the propeller comes clear. Seas are taken on deck and the ship is brought up short. Light water is blown from the top of the swell; and as the vessel plunges into a mass of foaming water—'spray o'all'. Time to 'heave-to': round she comes head to wind, rolling heavily as wind, sea and swell catch her on the beam. Reduce to 60 revs; and now with the weather ahead the motion is much easier.

No longer are the engine-room staff clutching at the stanchions as they slide uncontrollably across the plates: cutlery stays where it is put; the sound from breaking crockery ceases. It is much easier to climb to the bridge, and far more comfortable once you get there; the chartroom gear no longer follows you around, or the information manuals burst their cupboards, littering the deck with debris; nor do you find yourself in a corner with them. Perhaps more important, the strain is off the vessel. She is at peace, rising and falling; making just enough way to maintain steerage. Thus the best part of two days are spent, until the depression passes and a course can be resumed. Not until a week later is the storm fully blown out.

Then, there is sleep to catch up on; dohbie to be done; damage surveyed, made good and reports filed. Quickly the ship returns to normal with more regular meals and pleasant leisure hours. The passage proceeds.

When the storm is forgotten one thought remains, 'can this really be the easiest way of earning a living?'.





HERTFORD

Correspondent **J. H. AGNEW,** *R.N.R.*
Chief Officer writes

Flood 'Q' one hundred feet

Claustrophobia? Rubbish! which, incidentally, is a problem all of its own. Gash bags are provided and, when filled, are forced out through an air lock; the bags sink at once and no bubbles rise to the surface, which are necessary precautions, and of course there are the slop tanks. These are blown out, again by compressed air, once a day, usually about supper time, and the subsequent smell can be heard as it works its way fore and aft. The accompanying groans, gasps and blasphemies give away its position. Primitive you say? No doubt; but infinitely better than the old system of individual valves and controls which needed a Chief's ticket to operate, and where a blow-back could be distinctly distasteful!

By this time you must be almost as confused as my mental processes: but I'm trying to write about the gentle art of Submarining. The difficulty is to know where to start. Consider yourself to be aboard a Submarine for the first time. The chances are you will say, as you stand gazing around the Control Room, that you could never go down in one of these things; it would give you claustrophobia. Which brings me back to my opening remarks, and again I say 'rubbish'. For one thing you are already below water level, and for another the hatches could be quietly shut, the vents opened and the boat allowed to sink below the surface without you being in the least aware of it—unless you happened to be staring at the depth gauge.

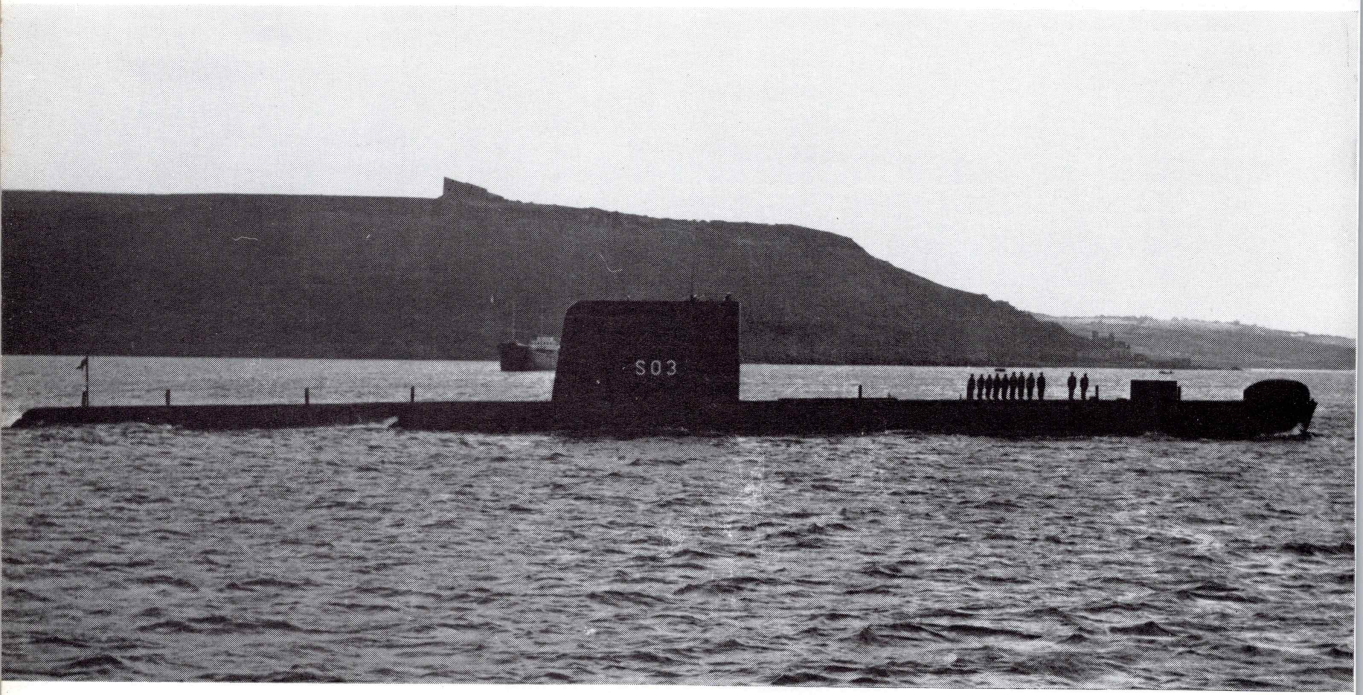
Submarines have a rather endearing smell all of their own. A sort of mixture of oil, sweat, fried potatoes and old socks. I mention this because it is almost certainly the first thing that will strike you as you duck your head down the fore-hatch and bark your shins on the ladder. Look around; you are in the Fore-ends; the place that has the torpedoes and packs the punch; the business end of the boat. Everything is bright and strange. Pipes and valves catch your eye. It looks clean and lethal.

Half-way down the Submarine is the Control Room; the centre; the place where things happen, from cocktail parties in port to attacks at sea. Every one has seen a Control Room—at the cinema. The sight of the captain peering through the periscope is familiar. A miniature chart table, radar display, plane and steering controls, the diving panel and the telegraphs; all these are in the Control Room.

Yes; cocktail parties and attacks. They both function in the Control Room, and they both produce the same bedlam of noise to the untrained ear. Apparent confusion at the party as guests are funnelled in through the small entrance and fight to get drinks. Bedlam! Apparent confusion when the Attack Team closes up, as reports come in, helter skelter, and have to be assimilated, sieved and used. Bedlam!

Beneath your feet are batteries. Huge batteries. Walk aft and you come to the Engine Room, with twin diesels that generate the power to charge the batteries that drive the motors that propel the boat when under the water. The engines are run only on the surface and when snorting. But take care; don't ever snort when you are sneezing! This may sound ludicrous but is really good advice. The Snort Mast, you see, delivers air to the engines when the boat is just below the surface. A valve at the top temporarily cuts off the supply of air whenever a heavy wave comes along, and this means that for moments at a time the engines have to drag at the air in the boat. This creates a vacuum. Your ears try to compensate for pressure but can't, because of your cold; so it hurts! Unless of course you have free-flood ears. This is initially painful, because it means burst eardrums, but you have the added advantage of being able to blow cigarette smoke out of your ears!

A hundred feet below is a most peaceful place. The hum of electric motors can hardly be heard. The noisy sea is left far above, and there is no fear of colliding with anything—except perhaps another Submarine. A sense of security prevails. But surfacing from deep is another matter. A Submarine is blind below periscope depth, so



H.M.S. Narwhal *(Crown Copyright Reserved).*

when she comes up she is, so to speak, all ears. Carefully listening for propeller noises she comes to periscope depth. It is unfortunate if a ship is stopped directly above her—a fisherman for instance—because the first she knows of it is—crunch. There is a story of one Submarine poking its periscope up into a hold full of fish—I leave you to imagine the rest . . . .

Breaking surface is the final evolution. As ballast tanks are blown the surfacing officer waits to go up the ladder, consumed by the profound hope that there is a slight pressure in the boat. I say slight, because if it is too great, then the lid blows open and he tends to fly out. The other extreme is just as bad. A vacuum means he has to force the lid up against atmospheric pressure, and any water that hasn't drained away will be sucked down over him.

While all this is going on the helmsman is sitting holding a bucket under the bridge voice-pipe, tense with uncertainty. You see if when the Submarine dived the cock on the Bridge was left open, then his bucket will not be large enough to contain one voice-pipe full of water!

And when you do surface after a long time dived, fresh air smells quite peculiar.

To me, the most harassing part of Submarine life is not the cramped quarters, the monotonous food or the peculiar smells; it is the lack of sleep:—

On the surface we make do with next to no kip,
And submerged even less when we snort.
But you very soon learn it is pointless to drip,
Cos we do without any in port!

Your bedroom—a 7 foot by 7 foot space which is shared by six others—is also used as dining-room, office, lounge and recreation room. So when breakfast is laid everyone has to get up (being careful not to put your foot in the marmalade) and up you remain until everyone wants to go to bed. At sea you get a certain amount of sleep snatched between watches and other activities. In port, if it is a social boat, you are apt to get none. I like my sleep, and become harassed without it.

So life in a Submarine is full of startling and novel situations. But you get used to it and, strangely, become fond of it. In fact many Submariners cannot understand the attraction of surface ships—can you?

Correspondent **P. H. Milburn**
2nd Officer writes

Australian show jumping team

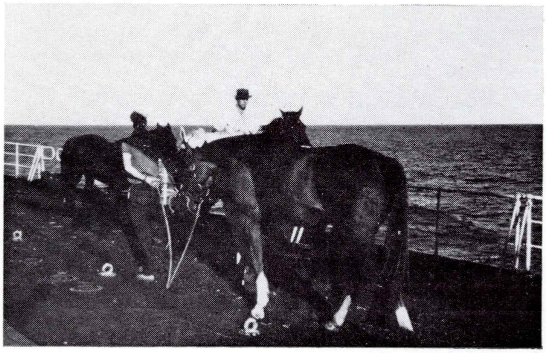
For a Company better attuned to carrying livestock in frozen form, the carriage of live horses, which also had to be exercised, caused general consternation for all concerned. What was an inconspicuous line at the end of a four page cargo list 'Nine Horses', would have been better placed at the top of the list as 'Australian Show Jumping Team—Nine Horses—V.I.P. Treatment'.

The marking out for the horse stalls, which are 10 feet square, and the exercise areas, was accomplished, after much discussion, by a team of Superintendents, Ship's Officers and crew wielding chalk, tape measures, 10 foot battens and paint, all trying to preserve life and limb from long iron, which was being loaded at the time. The exercise area was measured for a green carpet, after the removal of all unnecessary lugs. All was now considered ready, with three stalls on either side of No. 4 hatch, three on the starboard side of No. 5, No. 4 shelterdeck square for fodder and a length of hose for watering. The exercise area was between the stalls and the hatch coamings, then round the after end of the ship.

The day prior to the horses arrival, the stalls were placed onboard and lashed, a smooth

Captain T. J. F. Alderman, Eldorado & Mr. Bill Roycroft.

Horses at Sea.



operation apart from convincing the riggers that the horses were to be exercised, and they were not to leave trip or guillotine wires. The bedding straw and hay with other paraphernalia were loaded into No. 4 and it is gratifying to know that one gang of dockers is now conversant with the difference between straw and hay.

A wet London morning set the scene for the horses' arrival, and dampened any high spirits that may have been remaining after a night's travelling. The horses were hoisted aboard in a small horse box, then led to their particular stall, all went very peaceably, except fate placing the stall of the only horse in the team, which has a tendency to bite, nearest to the accommodation.

The horses remained in their stalls for the first couple of days, then when the weather improved, the green carpet was rolled out and exercising commenced. The first few times, the horses were led singly around the deck to get the feel of their new environment. Exercising is carried out twice a day, from 0900 to 1100 and 1500 to 1700, feeding is early morning and evening. Exercising is at present achieved by a member of the team riding one horse and leading another, by this method, six horses can be exercised at a time, one or two have been ridden at something approaching a trot down the port side straight.

The Australian team consists of Bill Roycroft (Team Captain), John Fahey, Peter Winton, and Barry Roycroft, the first three of whom are travelling with the horses. The horses in the team are Coronation, Brahmin, Ocean Foam, Avatar, Bonvale, Elderado, Mirrabuka, Stony Crossing and Genoe. The last two horses were sold in England before the team left, but two New Zealand horses, Tide and Saba Sam, are travelling with the team as far as Wellington.

In 1960 Bill Roycroft riding Our Solo won a gold medal at the Rome Olympics. The team came over to the United Kingdom after the Tokyo Olympics, where John Fahey on Bonvale jumped off for the Bronze medal, but came in fourth. During the team's nine month stay in Great Britain, some of their achievements were as follows:—

Bill Roycroft on Stony Crossing
  3rd in Gold Cup, Cheltenham.
Bill Roycroft on Elderado
  2nd in Badminton three-day event.
Barry Roycroft on Genoe
  Five 1st's at County Shows.
John Fahey on Bonvale
  Eight 1st's at County Shows.
John Fahey on Bonvale
  1st at the Dublin Royal Show.
Peter Winton on Brahmin
  Two 1st's at County Shows.
Team placings
  3rd in Nations Cup at the White City.
  3rd at the Dublin Royal Show.

The team stay with the ship until Wellington, where they will stay, taking the first suitable ship to Australia. The horses are then put in quarantine for two weeks before being taken over by their owners for shows in Australia.

The next long spell at sea being across the Pacific, and bearing in mind the improvements in the horses' exercising, jumps are now being contemplated for the afterdeck. Due to the carriage of deck cargo on the fore deck, it is regretted by all onboard that we are unable to form a full racecourse, and hope that this will be remedied in the future when other horses are shipped!

KENT

Through Suez

By **A. S. JACKSON**
2nd officer (formerly Kent*)*

'When are we getting there, Second?' is always the first indication—the Steward who brings the tea, the sailor on the wheel at night, knowing that it can't be far off now, want to know exactly when—but, come to that, so does the Old Man, so do the Agents and the Suez Canal Authorities.

'Oh, round about nine o'clock if the weather holds' (note—it's impossible to get an unqualified time out of the second mate—he's been wrong too often before).

'Which convoy does that mean, then?' (Never stop trying, these blokes.)

'With luck, we'll go straight in and tie up, and should get the midnight convoy.'

'Ah, that means . . .'

'Yes—home for Christmas, unless it's Japan.' (If you're not careful, though, the next bloke will say, 'Is it true that we're going to Japan for Christmas?' It never ends; we wish our lives away.) But meanwhile the Old Man has come up and said, 'See if you can get hold of Port Said on the V.H.F.'

Port Said.

The V.H.F., standing for Very High Frequency Radio Telephone, is a boon and one of the most amusing toys we have been given on the bridge. You ring up the radio room and they switch it on—there is a remote control unit on the bridge which, after a minute, you adjust until there is a satisfactory crackle.

'Port Said Pilot, Port Said Pilot, Port Said Pilot, this is the British Tanker *Kent, Kent, Kent* calling Port Said Pilot, how do you read me, over.'

Silence.

'Port Said Pilot, Port Said Pilot, Port Said Pilot, this is the British Tanker *Kent, Kent, Kent* calling Port Said Pilot, how do you read me, over.'

Pause. Click. 'Who iss culling Prt. Sd. Paelt.' Crackle.

'Port Said Pilot, this is the British Tanker *Kent*, calling Port Said Pilot, come in please, over.'

Click. 'Ah, Brtsh Tanker *Kent*. Gud Mrning, Gud. Mrning, Gud. Mrning, whenn are you arrive ferway by (i.e. fairway buoy)' crackle.

'Good morning, Port Said Pilot, we expect to be at the fairway buoy at 0915. What instructions have you for us, please?'

Click. 'Allo, Allo, Allo *Kent* are you gas-free?' Crackle.

'This is the *Kent*. Yes, we are gas-free.'

Pause. (They've started on the personal questions already. You expect the next one to be 'Do you suffer from B.O.?')

Pause.

Click. 'Come in *Kent*. Come in please. Do not anchr, do not anchr, Paelt is wetting, come in.' Crackle. (He is going to have a long wait, the pilot, for we are still 30 miles off.)

'The Pilot will be ready for us on arrival, sir.'

'Fine, thanks Second, I think I can see Damietta Light now. . . . '

We now get on with the job of stopping this monster. At 36 miles off we give the Engine Room one hour's notice and over this distance we gradually reduce our speed to about 2½ knots, when we can actually stop the ship within two minutes by going full astern. The pilot boat comes racing out, and the pilot, a beetle-browed type, but full of cheer and bounce, comes bounding up the ladder with a tidal wave of words and greetings. His first act is to hand half a dozen forms to the Old Man to sign, and then he goes to the V.H.F. where he proceeds, without any more fuss, to expectorate for about five minutes in

Egyptian, punctuating it with 'half ahead' or 'hard a port'. Gradually the *Kent* gathers way and enters the buoyed approach channel into Port Said.

At the end of the breakwater on the West side is the 'fort'—a rough concrete tower with a cannon, which must have done yeoman service at Omdurman. Shortly after this we see the stump of de Lessep's statue, the top half of which was 'removed' during the 1956 crisis. I had seen the statue once before 1956, and, to be fair, the stump has gained in notoriety what it may have lost in design.

Then we pass the first ships of our own convoy, tied up in Port Said harbour, and it is always a fascination to see what is going on in the way of new ships for old companies, and old ships still chugging across the oceans. On each side now are buildings. To port is Port Fouad, a rather grey industrial town, with the drydock, the machine shops and foundries required by the ship repair business, the warehouse where cargo is stored, and the dwellings of the canal employees. To starboard is the glittering, commercial centre of Port Said, very colourful, with wide tree-lined boulevards, large shops, ships' agencies and ancillary services. Sprinkled among this semi-eastern architecture are the definitely western advertisement hoardings and neon-signs. Brightest by far of these, by right of both size and colour and of seniority, is the advertisement for the product of one Johnny Walker, 'born 1820, still going strong', and the only piece of Western 'culture' that antedates the 1956 crisis. They shifted 'Coca Cola', they shifted 'Pan-Am' but they left Johnny Walker.

A most remarkable tribute, but one which, to the Scots, is not unique for, as we come back from our mooring stations, we encounter the 'commercial gentlemen', who are going to sell us—or try to—everything from a gold watch to a stuffed camel. These gentlemen do business under the inspiring names of Sandy McPherson, or Billy McGregor.

Draped around the after deck are the shops of these gentlemen; quite attractive displays actually, with the odd hookah adding a bit of fun to the display of camel saddles, carpets, slippers and other leatherware. Most of the stuff is of a poor quality, but musical boxes in ivory and mother of pearl are quite good value, and occasionally the odd antique will catch your eye. But you must never evince the slightest interest, for the one feature in common that all these traders have is a super-salesmanship. They are cheerful, lively and full of go. Their English is surprisingly good and the odd phrase they get wrong only adds to the fun of the proceedings. You can't hurt their feelings except by going away without having bought anything. And it is difficult, if only for the sake of peace, to refuse.

The other feature of Port Said is the Gully-Gully Man, a conjurer who has a most delightful repertoire of tricks and, above all, a most interesting vocabulary. His shows are always worth the 5/- we offer; and usually, we get a good laugh at his turn of phrase.

'No chicken, no rabbit, no snake' he proves, and we agree . . . only to find in our left pockets a chicken, inside our jackets a rabbit, and round our necks—the snake. 'It's all right, sir, no poison—bad for business.' The Gully-Gully Man is also honest and certainly he has never let me down. As he is so conspicuous it is probably wise, for one bad word on a ship would ruin his trade.

Then the Mate comes buzzing in and says 'Hey, chaps, the northbound convoy is coming through' and we all leap to our various positions, for this convoy, consisting of maybe 30 ships, is a positive hazard, the displacement of water caused by their passage is enough to make us surge violently up and down, in and out, at our mooring and put a tremendous strain on the ropes and wires we have out. Here it is that our efforts at tying the ship up earlier are either rewarded or punished.

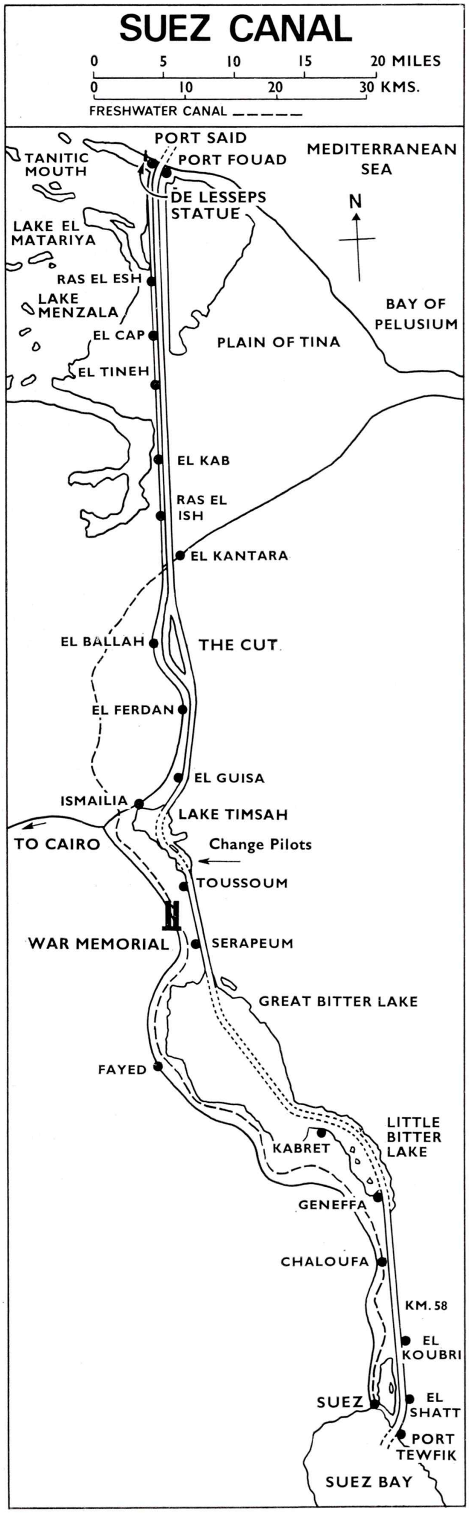
As the northbound passes, we start to prepare for our own transit. Our own searchlight is run forward on its rails to where the small door in the eyes of the bow is being opened, switched on through the four separate switches, and suddenly the foc'sle head is flooded with an eerie blue light and we cast shadows 10 feet high. 'O.K.—get it off, quick!', and we open the special searchlight door and lock the searchlight for passage.

Then it's up to the V.H.F. again—'Ismailia, Ismailia, Ismailia this is *Kent* calling Ismailia. How do you read me, over . . .'

'Allo, *Kent*.'

'When are we due to leave, and what number are we in the convoy?'

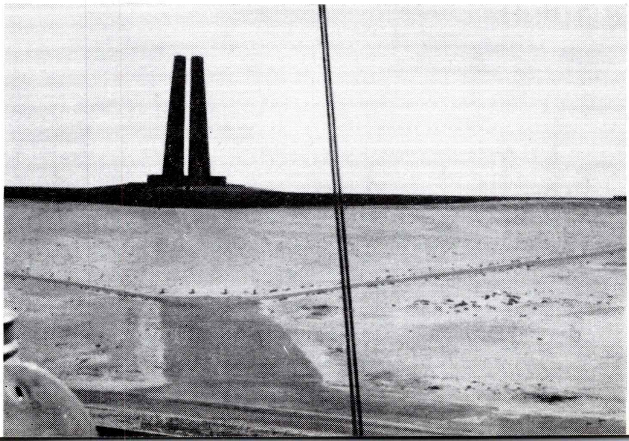
'You are number 23 (tail-end Charley again) and



De Lessep's Statute (before 1956).

Ships of the desert.

The War Memorial.



your departure time is not yet certain. Pilot will be boarding soon.'

The canal pilots are all extremely personable and usually have a fund of amusing and interesting stories to tell about ships, people and Suez. Their rate of pay is extremely high, and they all seem to take their holidays in the Levantine Hills, or in Greece. They are married to extremely attractive wives and all seem to have a hutch of scintillating daughters (more on this, later).

Meanwhile the mooring boats have arrived. Silent as the proverbial Arab, they have sneaked up on us, with only the splash of otherwise silent oars. They make fast to the line over the side, and sit patiently while we get the derricks ready to hoist them on board. If they are not noticed, they will wait for maybe an hour and then render the night hideous with their whistles and screams. So we lower a hook to them which they attach to their own lifting gear. Then we lift them out of the water and on to the deck where they proceed to go to sleep. On every transit we carry two boats. They are there in case we have to tie up during the transit, and on the 7 a.m. convoy we always do. On other convoys they usually get away with a free passage and doing nothing—except of course their own amateur attempts at selling you the odd camel saddle or two or a watch.

After the excitement of bringing the boats aboard, the ship settles down again to waiting in silence. By now the last of the northbound convoy, showing a green over a white light, is passing and we know that soon we will be getting under way. Then suddenly a burst of activity breaks out at the Canal Company's jetty opposite the big white office building. Lights switch on, and a fleet of small boats fan out in rapid sequence in all directions of the harbour, taking the pilots to their respective ships. We watch out for ours—and soon the smart, silent cutter draws alongside the gangway and he boards, immaculate in his uniform and white gloves, smart peaked cap with C.S. on the badge, an expression that states clearly he has no time for the small fry—his whole bearing is 'take me to your leader'.

So we do.

'Ah no, Captain—you are number 23; we will be going at 3 o'clock. Please be ready to let go at 02.30.' And so he grasps for the waiting cup of tea and proceeds to tell the assembled officers that there was fog in the Canal two nights ago, and that the disruption to transits had barely been made up yet. 'Then big gales in Port Said harbour, big big gales and no ship could berth. This is a big convoy.'

However, at 3 o'clock the passage does start. We go to stations, and when you have finished letting go your end it's up on the bridge again for we are still in the 12-4 watch. We glide silently, and slowly, through Port Said Harbour and take up our position astern of number 22. Gradually the bright city lights give way to a few desolate and deserted workshop windows; an isolated house, and ahead, the bright leading lights which guide us up the Canal. Then we nose round the corner (only about 15°) and the pilot says, 'O.K. Captain, may we have the searchlight now?' You go to the big tumbler switch on the bridge and throw it across: rather exciting for at night you can see the flash as contact is made. Suddenly, ahead, the darkness is shattered by an explosion of light and the split beam lights up the canal banks for half a mile ahead. The darkness that was the canal is now a double lane of twinkling reflector buoys, leading the way as clearly as day.

The beam is split in order to avoid dazzling the ship ahead: for to look directly into the beam of the light would ruin your night vision for at least 10 minutes: and sometimes the pilot has to look astern. Immediately after switching on there is five minutes of panic while the light is adjusted.

We look up to see both sides of the canal evenly lit and the ship gliding down the twinkling star path towards the sternlight and glow of the ship ahead. Now there's a sort of consolidation period. The next stretch of the canal is dead straight for 25 miles with only the signal stations to break the monotony. We settle down into canal routine, the pilot starts to take an interest in other things than purely the moving of the ship. The revolutions for transit are agreed upon with the engine room, and our position is gradually steadied in relation to the ship ahead. At first, when the convoy gets under way, the ships close up and drop back from each other like a goods train being shunted. As we pass each signal station we look for the time of passing of the previous ship—we aim to keep a gap of eight minutes—and soon the variation is down to less than a minute each way. The stations glide by—Ras el Ish, el Cap, el Tina, losing themselves in the darkness astern.

To starboard, now, a silhouetted row of palm trees loom in the first light, marching astern like a phantom army. Light has spread right round the horizon now—the colours fade; and suddenly it's all over. The details are clear, the magic has gone from the dawn; but it is still fresh and cool. The palm trees fringe the Sweetwater Canal, the dunes stretch endlessly, stone yellow, to the plains of Gaza and Israel.

Your eyes follow the banks of the canal, down towards the ship's side again. The searchlight has been switched off now, of course, and the waters of the canal are rippled by the morning breeze into a fish's skin; even, neat shiny scales.

We now continue the routine of hoisting flags and signals as the sun, a great orange ball, rolls up and over the dunes. Ahead you can see Qantara, a town which grew up in the days of the London-Khartoum express, when Qantara was the crossing-place. It still is a vast railway town, but, with the creation of Israel, no trains run beyond Gaza. The presence of a swing bridge further down the canal now also obviates the train-ferries. However, Qantara is still a large town, half living off the canal and half off the camel-ranks. For from here camel-trains still leave to cross the deserts on normal trade routes, as they did in the days of Moses.

It is a poor day indeed when you don't see a dozen camels at least, 'parked' you might say, and, just like a load of corn left overnight, they have covers over their humps to keep off rain, dew and keep out the cold of the desert night. The camel never turns his head to watch the ships go by, he just sits, silent, nose in the air, contemplating the origin of species, or the theory of relativity, or, more probably, nothing at all. A classic example of how 'he who says nothing is thought wise'.

We glide on into Qantara, waking up to the new day with a few fires smoking blue in the stillness.

Now the canal branches into two, and the pilot takes over the con. This is the Ballah Loop, cut to allow convoys to pass each other. The effect of the pressure of water on one side and canal bank on the other makes the ship start to slew towards the bank and corrective helm has to be applied. In fact the correction has already been made, of course, by the pilot, and it is little dodges like this that make you realise that not everyone could take a ship through the canal. It's not quite as simple as it seems; at a branch like this usually 20° of helm are required to keep the ship steering a steady course.

The convoy following us, the one that leaves at 7 a.m., will be tying up in the cut to allow the northbound convoy to pass in the other branch of the loop. This tying up is quite exciting for the mooring boats are lowered with much shouting and gesticulation, and they go, one fore and one aft, to take our lines ashore. Then, as the ship warps alongside, on the capstans, suddenly the pilot says, 'O.K., stop, make fast' and the ship is moored, apparently in the middle of the canal. The secret, of course, lies with the sand which makes up the sides and bottom of the canal. Its natural angle of repose is about 35° and even though the ship appears to have 150 feet between the bank and the ship's side, underneath the bilge is resting on the bottom.

We are not in the convoy which ties up in the cut so we go straight through and, passing Ballah signal station to starboard, re-enter the canal and head south for Ismailia noting our progress by the signposts which mark the distances in kilometres from Port Said Lighthouse. To make these more interesting, they are written in Arabic numerals.

The waters of Lake Timsah glitter ahead of you. On your starboard hand is a peninsula, lush with tropical palm trees and vegetation and dotted among it the bright colours of the parasols over the tables of a garden cafe, covering maybe three or four acres. The Captain, with a quiet grin, reaches for his binoculars. You, with a broad grin, reach for your binoculars, and the pilot, with a knowing grin, takes no notice. This 'Island' is the welfare ground for the families of the Canal Authority, and here, at the tables, strolling around, or in the swimming pool, you can see some of the most strikingly beautiful girls in the world, wives and daughters of the pilots and officers of the main office.

Not a word is spoken, but afterwards, with his quiet smile, the Captain nods at you and the pilot remarks on the fine weather and did we see Theopoulos' daughter, who has come out for the summer holiday, and the ship glides on, serenely unconcerned, into Lake Timsah.

Now we lower the gangway to the water's edge and prepare to change pilots under way. A powerful launch, cutting a sweeping arc, races out from the town jetties at Ismailia, and draws alongside. You go down to the bottom of the gangway, where the water is rushing along under your feet (at eight knots it feels like 60 m.p.h. in a car). The pilot launch, beautifully handled, draws alongside and you reach over to take the pilot's brief case. Then he leaps on to the bottom platform and you precede him to the top, where, after shaking hands and exchanging delighted greetings, you both dust yourselves down and proceed up to the bridge.

On then, through Lake Timsah, back into the canal, and past the huge twin-spired war memorial to those who gave their lives in the 1914-18 war, defending the canal; a noble and striking monument, but whose fate is at present in doubt.

Trees line the banks of the canal now and the ship glides down a pleasant avenue, at the end of which can be seen Deversoir signal station, and the shining expanse of the Great Bitter Lake. As the ship enters the lake, we ring Full Ahead and the ship ploughs proudly across to where the other ships of the convoy are already at anchor. To port we see the first ships of the northbound convoy at anchor, waiting for our convoy to clear the canal. Half ahead—slow ahead—dead slow—stop—full astern—a vast turmoil at the stern and the wash starts to creep up the ship's side until it is level with the bridge. 'Let go!' and the cable rattles out through the hawse pipe, after an agonising delay of five seconds, while the carpenter is unscrewing the brake.

'Stop engines' and gradually the ship relaxes and rides up to her cable. 'O.K. Captain, about 4 o'clock I think,' and pilot and Captain leave the bridge for a sociable noggin before lunch. You are left inspecting the other ships, always a source of interest, and then, when you are fed up with that, the banks of the lake, where away to the south you can see the large airfield covered with shining jet fighters. The gloss wears off a little when, on inspection, they are revealed to be Migs.

We get under way ourselves at half-past four, and enter the Little Bitter Lake, where, as the depth is only about 3 feet except in the dredged part of the channel, we leave a spectacular wash of dirty yellow combers, which go on and on, over a mile away from the ship. Back again into the canal—now getting rather tired and dirty towards the end of the day. Both banks are sand, arid, hot and shimmering with a vibrant haze. This section of the canal has constantly to be dredged; and we pass the dredgers at slow speed. These are huge, ungainly ships, all pipes and derricks, with such names as *26th July* (the day of the nationalisation) or *El Nasr*. The largest of them all, a suction dredger, with a network of huge steel pipelines creeping over the desert from it, is Japanese built and just called *Suez*.

Suddenly, in a mad rush, it all ends. The ship rounds the last curve into the final stretch, the mooring boats are lowered; the agents' launch comes alongside, the police launch in attendance and the pilot launch. People rush up and down the gangway; the ship never hesitates in her progress out of the canal; the mooring boats cast off and row away, dropping astern with a remarkable speed. The agents' boat sheers off and the canal pilot, clutching his brief case, races down the gangway, waves and then he too is gone. Only the Suez Bay pilot remains for another couple of miles, until the *Kent,* heading due south, straightens up for the passage ahead. Then, with a roar of the motor boat's engine, our last contact with the shore has left.

Peace.

The muffled purring of the telegraphs asks for full ahead, and suddenly you realise how tired you are. The transit has been quite exhausting with a continuation of heat, glare, the incessant chatter of different people, a lot of it in English that took a bit of understanding, and the never-ending concentration. You relax slowly, leaning over the rail watching the ships at anchor in Suez Bay, waiting to make up the next northbound convoy. The sun sets behind the eroded sandy escarpment to the west, and twilight quietly creeps in from the east. You turn slowly to go into dinner, cutting out the memory of the bustle, while under you the ship, vibrating with power unleashed again, slowly builds up speed with the majesty and dignity of a queen. Astern, Newport Rock, the principal beacon in the bay, blinks a relentless farewell.

Next stop Mena. At dinner the radio bloke, who should know better, starts it off again. 'Second,' he beams, 'when are we getting there?' Can you wonder that second mates are the way they are?

OTAIO

Correspondent
M. F. KEAT, *3rd Officer*

The Irish in Tokyo

By **J. O'NEILL,** P.T.I.

While I was P.T.I. in *Durham* last year, I had a very pleasant surprise in the form of a cable from the Irish Amateur Boxing Association inviting me to train and accompany the national team to the Olympics in Tokyo. As it is every athlete's ambition to go to the Olympics I was delighted to accept.

The *Durham* was then making her last voyage as a cadet ship so I transferred to the *Otaio* and was granted leave of absence when she laid up in Falmouth during the summer.

When I arrived in Ireland, I found that the Army had loaned us their training camp at The Curragh, Co. Kildare, and this proved to be a most suitable site for training, especially as the nearest pub was five miles away! The finances of the Association only allowed us a period of six weeks' training before the Games so it was a very concentrated programme. The seven boxers trained hard from 5.30 a.m. every morning except Sunday, and had to be in bed by 9 p.m. every night. Towards the end of September the main training programme was interrupted while we went to Dublin to be outfitted and fixed up with passports and other official papers. At the same time we were interviewed by the Press and TV, and the team was presented at Government House.

It was a relief to finally set off for Tokyo on 1st October—flying by way of Rome, Cairo, Karachi, Singapore and Hong Kong. The journey to Tokyo was most enjoyable without any particularly exciting incidents. Refuelling stops were made at Rome and Cairo, and also an overnight stop at Karachi where we were the guests of the Pakistani A.B.A. Then on to Singapore and Hong Kong, finally touching down in Tokyo on the morning of 4th October. At that time of day the 'Land of the Rising Sun' looked most impressive from the air and clearly visible were the main Athletics Stadium, and the beautiful parklands surrounding the Imperial Palace.

The airport was thronged with athletes from many nations, but eventually we were introduced to the two Japanese students who were to be our guides during the Games. Customs cleared us without difficulty and soon we were whisked over the city at 80 m.p.h. on the Mono-rail to the Olympic Village. Our team was billeted next to the Americans, who were a little upset by our early-morning training periods, as they were allowed to lie in until 9 a.m.! However, officialdom smoothed things out and soon we were the best of friends.

There was a week for training before the Games started and we had to take our turn in the gymnasium. Everyone was in high spirits and looking very fit, so all that was needed was a bit of luck in the draw. America was expected to take most of the Gold Medals, but England, Poland and West Germany all appeared to have strong teams. The draw took place on the 8th October and we had mixed luck—three of our lightweights were drawn against Eurasians who were rather an unknown quantity.

The opening ceremony was a fantastic sight—5,500 athletes representing 94 nations passed in review before the Emperor in the National Stadium, packed to capacity with 75,000 people.

That afternoon the preliminary rounds of the boxing started in the Ice Rink Stadium before a panel of five judges, and a panel from the Japanese Olympic Committee to see fair play. The Irish team got through the preliminary and into the second series, but by this time things were getting tougher. Most of the English team were eliminated and our fly- and bantam-weights went down to the Russians who were beginning to show their superiority. There were the usual incidents of international sport involving disputed decisions and officials arguing in a dozen different languages, but in the main things ran very smoothly. When the semi-finals began, Ireland had two men left with a chance, England had been eliminated—the last to go being an old friend of mine, Dick McTaggart, on his 29th birthday! The Americans were down to their last four, and the surprise of the Games, the Russians, were well on their way to an overwhelming victory. Our middle-weight was knocked out by a Russian in the semi-final, and our last hope, the light-weight, also lost to a Russian in the second semi-final. This was a very close bout, but in the end we had to be satisfied with one Bronze Medal, while Russia went on to win seven Gold Medals and one Silver, and the Americans took the last three Gold.

The Russians were certainly in tip-top condition and knew their business—and perhaps with them it is more of a 'business', whereas we in the British Isles tend to take our sport a little casually, and have to make do with inadequate funds and training facilities.

For Ireland, that was the end of the 1964 Olympics as our athletes had been outclassed on the field. Our boxers had really done extremely well to hold their own in world class, and we shall be there again next year at the European Championships.

During my off-duty periods as trainer I was able to get around to do some sight-seeing and watch some of the other events of the Games. I was most impressed by the very young American swimming team, and was also very pleased to see England doing so well in the track events of the athletics. As the Games drew to a close at the end of the second week the team was able to get out together, seeing the sights and attending one or two parties. One party which I shall never forget was held at the Russian Embassy to celebrate their success in the boxing. It started off quietly enough but soon the potent mixture of Vodka, Guinness and Irish Whiskey began to take effect. When the band struck up the 'Twist' I found myself hauled onto the floor by a huge woman who turned out to be the Russian women's discus champion who had just set up a new world record! I think she was trying to demonstrate her record-breaking technique on me because after a few wild gyrations I seem to recollect leaving the Embassy feet-first that night! Anyway, it was an experience I shall try to avoid in future.

The next morning, wearing very dark glasses, we left Tokyo for Dublin after a most enjoyable three weeks in Japan at the Olympic Games. Not long afterwards I returned to the rather more peaceful deck sports in *Rakaia* on passage to New Zealand, and eventually rejoined *Otaio* in Napier just before Christmas.

Cadet B. O'DEA

Viet-Nam

As I sat and watched an albatross flap happily away into the distance with an irate look-out dangling from its beak, I asked myself 'What are you doing to ease the tension in Viet-Nam?'

I do not know if the reader has ever found himself in a similar situation; I sincerely hope not. Guilt weighed on my narrow shoulders as I reviewed the situation.

In my innocence I had identified the Viet-Cong as King Kong's horrific Hollywood off-spring, and I was very perplexed to learn that the Viet-Cong was a horde of little yellow men smelling of chop-suey and Beri-Beri. This was a startling revelation to one who had gone through life with the belief that the Yellow Peril was a particularly active form of tooth decay. I had always failed to understand the abject fear that grips the Australians and Patagonian-Welsh alike.

By this time the albatross had returned and was zooming down at the bridge where the Third Mate had donned a binnacle cover and was about to defend himself by whirling an extremely puzzled quartermaster round and round his head. I noticed with studied unconcern that the albatross had Chinese markings on its wings.

This observation brought me back to the pressing problem of Viet-Nam; I had to make one of three choices:

(1) I would become a Left Wing Pacifist and throw a brick at the American Embassy when on leave;

(2) I would become a Right Wing Pacifist and throw a brick at the Russian Embassy;

(3) I would become a Neutral Pacifist and throw the Icelandic Envoy at the Spanish Embassy.

After much rumination I decided to adopt all three courses of action, and thus would be certain of having Right on my side.

On the ship is a chap who is an American refugee resident in Russia, and whose grandmother is the mistress of a bank manager in Switzerland.

Thinking of this individual, I left my seat on the radar tower (a friend retrieved it for me later), waved goodbye to the dead albatross and sought after my cosmopolitan friend.

Eventually I found him sitting in a winchhouse reading 'Comrade Tom's Cabin'. I punched him on the nose and walked away feeling that I had just earned the Nobel Peace Prize.

PIAKO

Four of the seven ages of man

R. A. WILSON
Chief Officer

What is an Apprentice?

Closely following those carefree days known as childhood comes the blissful state of apprenticeship.

An Apprentice is a deck officer with spots on his face. He is Nelson with holes in his socks; Raleigh with a rip in his pants; Robert Taylor with a running nose; Professor Piccard with a lead line in his hands.

Apprentices come in an assortment of shapes and sizes. Big and burly, thin and wiry, fat and sleepy. All are hungry and all of them have a hidden ambition to eat more than the store room will hold.

No one else can get so much into such a small locker; three weeks' dirty dhobie, a broken gramophone, a loudspeaker, the hydrometer every one has been looking for, a dog-eared condensed edition of the Kinsey report, last night's cheese sandwiches, 15 lbs of cotton waste and a tin of pineapple chunks.

The Apprentice likes girls, cooks, dances, 'rock'n'roll', a beer when no one is looking, the last ship, 'time off', double helpings, pin-ups and a dirty face.

He hates dhobieing, the Mate, overtime, going ashore in uniform, reporting aboard, polishing brass, Chief Stewards, indentures, Nichol's Concise Guide, M.O.T. examiners, Sunday Divisions and washing his hands.

He can be found eating, dodging, sleeping, lying, in the galley, in the shower, in the soup, out of cigarettes, out of money and out of reach.

To his mother he is her brave little boy, to his girl, Prince Charming, and to the chief officer, the lowest form of animal life.

And when the gangway is smashed who is it that says: 'Sir! I thought you knew, the gangway is jammed'? None other than the under-paid, overworked little hero—THE APPRENTICE.

What is a Third Officer?

Shortly after an apprentice has finished his indentures he rushes to the M.O.T. examination rooms, gains for himself a Second Mate's Certificate (foreign-going) and becomes a Third Officer.

Third Officers come in four types: short, medium, long and just plain clumsy.

A Third Officer is Columbus with cough drops in his pocket, Drake with dandruff on his shoulders, Thor Heyerdhal with a lifeboat list in his hand.

He can be found spilling ink on the chart, oil on the decks, peas on the table and the 'beans'.

No one else can be saving so hard for so much from so little. A Jaguar, a Hi-Fi radiogram, a chicken farm, a wife, seven suits and a fortnight in Paris.

He likes motor-bikes, chorus girls, West-end shows, bed, receiving mail, gin and orange, whistling, Eartha Kitt and going ashore.

He hates lifeboats, flags, libraries, Fifth Engineers, being told what to do, girls' mothers, ex-meridians, 8 o'clock, coming back, Albert Dock and writing home.

Only he can trip up, fall down, crash into, fall out of, wear crepe shoes ashore, climbing boots on the bridge, talk politics, take the chartroom pencil, tell the Chief Officer his star sights were wrong, drop the Captain's binoculars and still live.

To his mother he is St. Christopher, to his girl, a mathematical genius, and to the engineers, a telegraph swinger.

And who is it that greets the Second Officer with a smile at midnight and says 'the log has carried away'? None other than that broad-shouldered scapegoat, that modern Marco Polo—THE THIRD OFFICER.

What is a Second Officer?

Sooner or later a Third Officer must leave behind him the easy life he has been leading and become a Second Officer.

Second Officers arrive in a taxi, a train, a tube, and a terrible hurry.

A Second Officer is to be found on the bridge, on the telephone, on the poop and on the carpet. Looking up, looking through, looking in, looking for, looking out and looking worried.

He collects smelly pipes, log lines, ash trays, engagement rings, bottle openers, chart pencils, and has a natural affection for stray dogs.

He likes patent medicines, chess, popular classics, clubs, fish and chips, 'Sparks', the *News of the World*, talcum powder, chest expanders and resigning.

He hates tidiness, chart corrections, boatman, his fiancée's brother, relieving the Third Officer, insurance policies, and closing time.

He is Vasco da Gama with Venus on the meridian, Magellan with folio No. 24 on the chart table and Lord Kelvin with a stopped chronometer.

He is to be seen at breakfast time dashing into the saloon with five minutes to go, with sleep in his eyes, a taste in his mouth and soap in his ears.

Who else can sleep with the alarm clock ringing in his ear, the steam whistle blowing, his wardrobe door banging, a tap dripping, a beer bottle rolling backwards and forwards across the room and stagger up on the bridge 10 minutes late, swearing he hadn't been called?

To his mother he is Louis Mountbatten, to his fiancée, a born leader of men, and to the Captain, an advertisement for Horlicks.

And when you have had a heavy day on deck who is it that says to you 'The clocks are being retarded 30 minutes in your watch tonight'? THE SECOND OFFICER, bless his heart.

What is a Chief Officer?

Before the Captain can have the Second Officer certified and put away the latter is promoted to Chief Officer.

Chief Officers are knowledgeable people. They know that there is not enough paint to do a rabbit hutch. They also know what they will do when they are master, what the 'Super' wants, which ship they would rather be in and that they are in the Company's Black Book. A recent survey shows that if all the Black Books were placed end to end they would go twice round Beaufort House.

A Chief Officer doesn't know what the Company is coming to, where they got this crew from, what is expected of him, where they got the shore figures from and what possessed him to go to sea in the first place.

He likes cheap second-hand cars, Bing Crosby, slide rules, a sleep in the afternoon, a 'flutter', Agatha Christie, the *Daily Telegraph* crossword puzzle, cups of tea and a quiet watch.

He hates inventories, being transferred, rust, his bald patch, saying goodbye to his wife, chamber music and arriving in port on a Saturday afternoon.

He collects paint brushes, unused dock passes, presents for his wife, broken locks, bottles of hair tonic, stomach ulcers, keys without doors and photographs of happier days.

No one else can chip it, scrape it, wirebrush it, prime it and paint it and be so thrilled with the result. And who else could have half a bulkhead painted when, from nowhere, there is a cloudburst?

To his wife he is a king, to his child he is 'dada', and to the Apprentice, a holy terror.

And when, screaming and frothing at the mouth, he leaps over the side, what do you say of him? He was a very good CHIEF OFFICER.

Just before going to press we heard of the rescue of 22 members of crew of s.s. Marlin *by* Piako *whilst on passage Newport News to Savannah. The operation took place on the 17th October and no one on* Piako *was injured.—Editor.*

RAKAIA

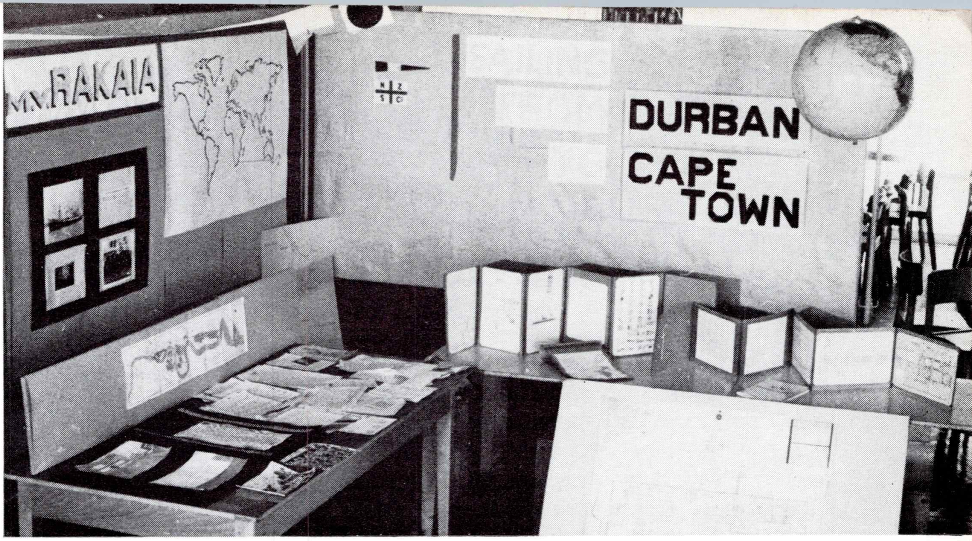
Correspondent, **A. I. McNEILL**
Instructional Officer

Ship to shore link

By **F. R. PETERS**, *Headmaster*
Cage Green Primary School, Tonbridge

Filming on location has its hazards. This we learned as we bobbed about in a small launch, thoughtfully provided by The New Zealand Shipping Company, on a blustery, rainswept afternoon off Gravesend.

Leaning over the launch side and clutching the camera for dear life the cameraman tries to follow the shouted instructions—'Long shot from the starboard quarter—zoom in onto the superstructure—cut! Medium shot of the bow—pan along the starboard side—hold it on that signal (what does it mean?). Take the launch close in under her bows—now, shoot! Keep it running as she looms above us—close in on the port side and hold it on that name—*Rakaia!*' We can imagine the Captain up there on the bridge, 'What are



Ship Corner.

those crazy fools trying to do, get themselves killed?'—no sir! just a couple of schoolmasters determined to get the first shots of THEIR ship as she makes her way up-river at the end of Voyage No. 40. We've been waiting for this moment for a long time.

It all started in the early summer when, thanks to the combined efforts of the Company and the British Ship Adoption Society and with the keen co-operation of Captain F. S. Angus, the link between *Rakaia* and Cage Green C.P. Junior School, Tonbridge, Kent, was finally forged. On the school's side it was obvious that such a link would have considerable educational value quite apart from its being a project with an immediate interest to children of 10 or 11 years. We just hoped that we should be able to produce something on our account which would be of similar interest to the ship's company. A few polite welcoming letters were exchanged in the early days, suggestions as to the forms our contact might take were explored and responsibility assumed by willing individuals on each side for guiding its course.

Knowing that in a few brief weeks the upper classes would be leaving to go on to secondary schools, the interest was directed towards the 10-year-olds who would be carrying the work forward during the next school year. A corner of the Assembly Hall was set aside as 'Ship Corner', two large display panels were erected one proudly bearing the ship's name in bold lettering at the top and the other a blank outline map of the world; then we sat back to await developments. We did not wait for long. Gradually news began to trickle through, by air letter from our new friends, by information passed on from N.Z.S. Co. '*Rakaia* sailed from Auckland, May; *Rakaia* left Wellington, 13th May; severe storms in the Indian Ocean; *Rakaia* expected to reach Durban on June . . . .' So the story unfolded and a thin red line began to creep across that blank map. Children were turning to their atlases with a new sense of purpose and many a reference book was studied to find out more about these far-away places which had suddenly become something more than names to us all. Then there were photographs; of the ship, of the officers, of a stormy sea, things were really coming to life!

By this time the rest of the school were beginning to ask questions about 'Ship Corner', so explanations were given in all the classes. Of course, they all wanted to join in! However the younger ones would have to wait a bit. This was something best handled by the children in their final year, and anyway they will all come to that stage eventually—so keep an eye on what is being done and then you'll be ready to take over when you are at the top of the school they were told.

Then suddenly the trickle of information became a flood. *Rakaia* had reached Durban, and a package had been air-mailed from there. When we opened it we were frankly amazed; this was more than we had dared to hope for! A personal letter from the Captain; 30 closely-typed pages on the history of the ship and a detailed account of its present voyage from the Chief Radio Officer; carefully prepared and profusely illustrated accounts of 'Signalling at sea by flags' 'How a weather chart is prepared' and 'Stowing the ship's cargo' by other kind friends on board, to say nothing of the flying-fish fins and the albatross feathers! What a stimulating wealth of material for eager young minds! But not so fast; before they are turned loose on it everything must be carefully mounted and plastic covered to preserve it for future use. Soon the exhibits were being handed round from class to class, read, commented upon, and followed up by visits to the library. Groups of children were soon finding topics which specially appealed to them and were busily preparing their own booklets to extend and amplify the information they had received from the ship. A group of keen mathematicians were particularly interested in the cargo information; they soon had a set of problems compiled based on the various tonnages, the unloadings at ports of call etc. The school's desk calculators were pressed into service for quick calculation of results before the problems were handed out to other groups for solution. Could anyone doubt the value of a ship to shore link such as this?

But of all the material we had received probably the chief interest centred around the account of the ship's history and the day by day events of the voyage. It was much too long for each class to read it in turn so there was only one solution—for a whole week we stayed in the hall after morning assembly and read it as a five-part serial! Imagine 650 children, sitting row upon row in that hall; sevens to elevens are not noted for their powers of concentration, and even headmasters are sometimes hard put to it to hold the attention of such a throng! But this was easy! They hung on every word, and if interruptions for questions had to be barred, they certainly flowed thick and fast in the classrooms afterwards. Many a class teacher was faced with some posers during that week!

Now the attention was turned in another direction, 'What can we send to OUR ship in return?' was the question which has to be faced. After all we had adopted the ship, and so far it looked as though the ship had adopted us. Discussion was rife in the upper classes; the first thing needed was a small committee of representatives from each class to co-ordinate the work; four volunteers from each class were easily found and the work began. We decided that we too must 'make a book'. It would be in three main sections, one to be an account of daily life in the school, another to tell something of the immediate environment, and the third in which we would try to show how the children were using the material sent from the ship, to widen their horizons and give point to some of their studies. It would have to be very specially bound in the school's colours and on the front we would mount the school badge—a blazer badge to be precise! Since our bookbinding only reaches a fairly elementary stage it was felt that this job might be entrusted to one of the staff! There was only one other task for which adult help had to be sought—photographs. The children's writing would be complemented by some scenes of everyday activities, and anyway if the headmaster is keen on photography why shouldn't he do some work—it was his idea to adopt this ship! So the final two or three weeks of term became a frenzy of activity before *Rakaia* reached London so anxious were the children to hand over this first token of their own intent. Alas, she was still on the high seas when term ended and the presentation would have to await the new term.

Soon after our return in September the news came through that a party of children could visit the ship as she lay in the Royal Albert Dock. This was a chance indeed; of the 160 boys and girls in the top year group there were only a handful who would not be available to go if selected! But 25 was the order and choosing was hard. Eventually the day arrived and an excited party boarded the coach, but not before the local press had taken photographs of a now much-enlarged 'Ship Corner' and promised an account of our activities. At last we were there, climbing the gangway to be greeted by the duty officer and escorted to the Captain's cabin. With this personal contact we really felt the link was forged to last. Meanwhile the children had broken into groups of four, and each under the care of a Cadet, they spent the next hour in a thorough tour of the ship.

Tea in the mess was the next item on the programme, but first there was a friendly chat from Capt. Angus to his young guests, and then the head girl and head boy formally handed over the book that had been prepared. Tea over, everyone went up to the boat deck where cameras clicked to store up memories of a wonderful afternoon, and more cine film was added to our records.

As we trooped down the gangway to our coach, tired but happy, we felt sure that in Capt. Angus and *Rakaia's* company our school had found real friends—and who knows, even that crazy launch right under the bows may be forgiven!

A. R. PENNEY *Navigating Cadet*

A London tour

While the *Rakaia* was in London preparing for Voyage 41, 13 Navigating Cadets and our Instructional Officer travelled up to the City one morning for a tour of establishments directly connected with Maritime business. Our first stop was Trinity House, where we were met by Captain D. A. G. Dickens an Elder Brother and a former Captain in the Company.

Trinity House

This beautifully decorated and well-sited building is the headquarters of nearly all the navigational services around the United Kingdom. From an impressive entrance hall with its priceless models we were taken on an extensive tour of the building stretching from the roof top which commands a view of the 'Pool', to the basement and its immaculate and well-arranged kitchen. In the intervening floors we were shown the Council Chamber with its brightly coloured ceiling mural, the impressive library, the 'Ladies' Room' and the comfortable, but practical, cabins of the Elder Brethren. A point worth noting is that on entering the library not a book is visible, but behind the wall panelling exists one of the greatest maritime libraries. On special occasions the library becomes the banqueting hall and from Captain Dickens' graphic description we could well imagine the impressive sight a banquet would present in such surroundings. On the completion of the tour we gathered in the Library, where Captain Dickens rounded off the visit by giving us a talk on the actual function of Trinity House.

There are 23 Elder Brethren, 13 honorary or retired and 10 active or professional. His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester is the Master of Trinity House and Captain G. E. Barnard, an active Elder Brother, is the Deputy Master and administrative head of the Corporation. The Corporation of Trinity House administers all the lighthouses and buoyage around the British coast apart from those which are controlled by local authorities. In charge of this section are five active Elder Brethren, the other five forming Trinity House Pilotage Committee. We said our farewells to Captain Dickens at the 'main entrance', which is quite an honour, and adjourned for lunch before proceeding to Lloyd's.

Lloyd's

After lunch we regrouped at the visitors' entrance to Lloyd's and after meeting Mr. J. F. Hutcheon of Lloyd's Information Department we proceeded to the gallery of the vast underwriting room. Here Mr. Hutcheon, who kindly acted as our guide, explained briefly what was going on in this, the largest air-conditioned room in the world. The room is over 100 yards long and 40 yards wide and situated around this vast area are numerous 'boxes' occupied by the Underwriting Members of Lloyd's and their staff. These underwriting members are elected by the Committee of Lloyd's after being nominated by five other members. The nominees have to be of the highest integrity as well as being financially sound. Moving around the floor could be seen the brokers, who seek the best possible insurance cover and terms for their clients.

All types of insurance are carried by the underwriters of Lloyd's although initially the insurance cover given by the underwriters in Edward Lloyd's coffee house before 1774 was purely Marine.

From the gallery we were taken to a side room where we saw documents, etc., covering the entire history of Lloyd's. In the adjoining room was the world's greatest collection of relics and documents relating to the life and naval career of Horatio Nelson, and among the principal exhibits in the collection is the log book of the frigate H.M.S. *Euryalus* in which is written Nelson's signal – 'England expects that every man will do his duty'. Time was running short, but before leaving Lloyd's we were shown the splendid Committee Room which had been adapted from the Adam Great Room of Bowood House, Wiltshire.

Five minutes' walk from Lloyd's brought us to the last visit of the afternoon **The Baltic Mercantile and Shipping Exchange.**

The Baltic, as it is known, has as its primary function the provision of facilities for the fixing of cargoes for tramp vessels. We were met at the door by Mr. J. A. Maccoy, a Director of Messrs. Birt, Potter & Hughes Ltd., who led us across a large hall occupied by a few people and two or three liveried 'waiters'. Mounting a staircase we were ushered into a small committee room overlooking the hall which we had recently crossed. This hall, we were told, was the famous Baltic 'floor'. Mr. Maccoy went on to describe the business which is carried on in these premises and how the 'floor' is informally divided into its various markets, where cargoes are fixed for ships, and ships for cargoes. These transactions are carried out by brokers acting for the shipowner and brokers acting for the charterers. I am sure that it is really unnecessary to say in a Shipping Company Journal that the bargaining between the brokers is hard and the finance high! Our party had arrived at the Baltic shortly after 15.30 hours, but it was not until half an hour later that the floor started to fill, then at 16.30 hours it was all over and once again we had the place very nearly to ourselves; apparently a lot of the work is done from the brokers' offices.

Our heads bulging with maritime business we left the Baltic and the City and returned to *Rakaia* after a most instructive and interesting day.

THE BEST THERE IS—*New Zealand produce being discharged by* Rakaia *at Tema, Ghana—July 1965. Mr. J. L. McGuire, the N. Z. Trade Commissioner in West Africa, is obviously praising his country's produce, watched by Mr. R. G. J. Davis, 2nd Officer.*

KATHLEEN LAWSON

Robert Louis Stevenson and Samoa

To the last generation the initials 'R.L.S.' stood for Stevenson, the Teller of Tales, the Samoan 'Tusitala'. But today's young people may no longer feel the impact of his personality, so vivid as to seem that he is still alive. I re-read his 'Kidnapped' and 'Catriona' and 'Treasure Island' with greater appreciation when I was older, sensed more strongly the magic of his verses, and better understood the thoughts in his essays. How pleasant, for instance, to read 'A ship captain is a good man to marry if it is a marriage of love, for absences are a good influence in love and keep it bright and delicate'!

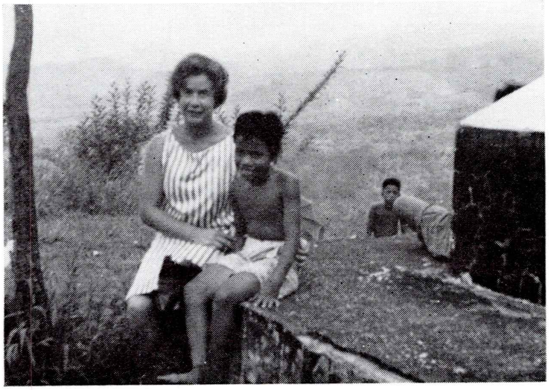
And now the incredible thing has happened. I too have gone into the South Seas, seen some of those wonderful islands he saw, and experienced 'Green days in forests and blue days at sea' about which he wrote. Of all the islands I saw, I think Tahiti and Western Samoa appealed to me most. Even now, 75 years after he visited them, the magic is still there, and not all the cruise ships and general corruption of the natives can really ruin it. Who that has seen a far-off island standing like a cloud upon the sea, all peaks and pinnacles, has not had his imagination stirred as if by a marvellous fairy-tale? Even the lonely atoll, visited only by birds, beckons like an enchantress as the ship goes by.

Stevenson spent his last days on Upolu, one of the group of islands known as Western Samoa. After many voyages in the South Pacific, in his fight against tuberculosis, he had a house built for himself and his family near Apia, the capital. I was to see not only the house, but also his grave, high on top of Mount Vaea, and that was not an easy thing to do, for purely physical reasons as I shall later tell—but first to tell a little of Samoa as I saw it.

I went there in January 1965 in the New Zealand steamer *Tofua* which pays monthly calls to several islands in that corner of the South Pacific.

So first, the island. Apia, like most of its kind, ranges along the waterfront in a long thin line. Once it was a German colony, and the German influence can still be seen in some of the architecture, and also in the orderliness of the beautiful plantations that stand between the mountains and the sea. We went for a drive through these estates where the coco-palms wheel by like regiments of soldiers. Under them there was not an inch wasted. Bananas or taro were grown, or good grass where superb Hereford cattle seemed to thrive in the shade. The cocoa and coffee plantations were equally well tended. Our driver picked a cocoa pod for us. It is long and large and turns from green to orange when it is ripe. Inside, each bean is coated with a sticky white slime, which looks repulsive, but tastes cool and sweet like acid-drops! We saw a nursery for the crops, where, in a courtyard shielded with a slatted roof against the sun, thousands of cuttings were being grown in pots.

Then we emerged from this green and shady world to visit the Pool of Fatoumea. Our road followed the windings of the coast, often drenched with spray, and passed many charming villages where the houses still consist mainly of posts supporting the deep thatch, with slatted blinds to let down in really bad weather. The floor is usually a raised dais of stones. No privacy is needed by the Samoans! For most of the furnishings the palm



The author with one of her guides.

and pandanus supply the materials, and there would be finely-woven mats on the floor, wooden tables and chairs, and a vast iron bed. This was a great feature, a mountain of mattresses, eiderdowns and pillows, often topped by a patchwork quilt. The sight raised interesting questions in one's mind. How many people slept in it? How many were suffocated or died of overheat? Was it perhaps a sort of status symbol? But we were whisked on, our curiosity unappeased.

The Pool of Fatoumea was as lovely as its name. A sweet-water pool, it stands right on a beach, well ringed round with stones to keep out the salt lagoon on the other side. A cave forms the upper end, into whose dark recesses one could swim pelted with diamond-bright drops from the roof.

I could not have enough of wandering the hot colourful streets of Apia, suitably shaded with a large black umbrella—people favoured black umbrellas. It is a busy little town full of life, and cars and bicycles, and there is Aggie Grey's, among other spots, with its swimming pool and its bar decorated in the island manner, and its deliciously cold Australian beer. Under the flame-trees and in the arcades of the Post Office squatted the sellers of baskets, fruit, vegetables, shells and beads. Here the wrinkled crones have their daily pitch, and younger, enormous women literally overflowing out of their dresses. All seem happy and carefree. Parting for a few hours in these islands is an anguish, but as soon as the loved-one is out of sight, sorrow is forgotten.

And then we did what I had set my heart on. We hired a car and went to Vailima, which was once Stevenson's home. With native help he and his family cleared the bush and built it. It stands two miles outside the town and is now the official residence of the New Zealand High Commissioner, and greatly enlarged. But it must still have something of the air which a biographer noted—'Scarcely in the world could there be found among the dwellings of men a deeper silence than in Stevenson's house in the forest.' All around it were spacious lawns and flowers; wide verandahs and a portico completed it, with climbing plants on the white walls. Alas, we could not go inside, for guests were being entertained, and so I had to imagine the library and 'his' chair, which are kept as they used to be.

We then went on to climb 1,300 ft. Mount Vaea. People had told me it was not worth the appalling struggle unless one could go very early in the morning. We went in the heat of the afternoon, but it was then or never. Immediately we got out of the car, two small children appeared out of nowhere and told us they would take us up—at least we imagined that was what they said. They attended us like faithful sherpas, one each, though money was of course their hidden motive. And so we started, up through the steaming, streaming heat of the tropical forest. It was a single track, very steep and slippery. Though the sun was hidden behind the leaves, sweat rolled off us in rivers, and

A South Sea Beach.

The Residence—once the home of Robert Louis Stevenson.

often we paused to shake it off like dogs, and laugh with our two brown imps, the girl in front, the boy behind. One could not talk—they had no English, and we had no breath! At the least stumble one or other was there with a helping hand. When you gasped for air, they would break off a wild banana leaf and fan you fore and aft, and then try to push you up. If your sandal came awry, your guide in a trice would be there to pull it straight, and if you slipped, a hand came out to hold you. So they beguiled us with their merry ways, as up and up we toiled. No car can ever give the feeling of really being in a country, only your own two feet.

It is said that about half-way up you hear the ghostly sound of laughter from above—it is R.L.S. who mocks you for your folly. So it was more than a little uncanny when at about this distance, a faint voice did come sounding down, more than suggestive of human mirth. 'Only a native pigeon', the cynics would say. Who knows?

At last, soaked through, we emerged on to a grassy platform, little bigger than a room, with the tree-tops all around us and the wide view far below. There stood the tomb, simple and unornamented. High above, hundreds of dragonflies darted in the sunshine. We sank on the grass to recover and our piccaninnies fanned us for dear life.

The seaward end of the tomb has his lines to his wife, as her memorial, and on one side is written in Samoan the words of Ruth, 'Thy people shall be my people . . .'. The other side has Stevenson's own epitaph, fitting for any sailor:

'Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.
This be the verse ye gave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be:
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.'

A biographer says: 'A body of powerful Samoans bore the coffin, hid beneath a tattered red ensign that had flown above his vessel in many a corner of the South Seas. A path so steep and rugged taxed their strength to the utmost.'

Going down was even worse then going up, and twice I sat down very suddenly in the mud. My Sherpa cut me a pole and this was a help. At the bottom they suddenly held out their hands and their English was unmistakably clear 'Ten shillings' they said. I knew this was brigandage but without them it would have been a less memorable trip, and I would not have missed it for worlds so they got it. We repaired to Aggie Grey's to wash the mud off our legs and the dust off our throats.

The next morning we sailed, and I was sorry to go. I felt I could live awhile in this luxuriant yet orderly island. Mount Vaea was visible for a long time, and I thought of the sleeper up there. There he sleeps till the end of time, and the whole of one's self rebels at the idea. That spirit so vibrant and alive must be somewhere, somehow, still unfettered and free. Said one who knew him 'Who shall bring back that charm? Who shall unfold its secret?—It defies my analysis, nor have I ever heard it explained.'

WHARANUI

Correspondent **Captain A. C. ROLLINSON**

Through the Sierra Madres to Mexico City

by **C. J. ROBERTS,** *Second Officer*

Given a week of unexpected freedom in Veracruz, two of us from *Wharanui* decided to escape from the confines of ship and port and see something of the country on the road from Veracruz to Mexico City.

Having come to a lightning decision and made our bookings with the aid of the local agent as interpreter we endeavoured, in the time remaining before our departure, to assimilate as much of the Spanish tongue as our memories could retain.

Armed with our pitifully small vocabulary of Spanish, covering a mere 'from-to' chit, we set off at dawn the following morning and without too much difficulty found our seats on the Mexico City-bound bus.

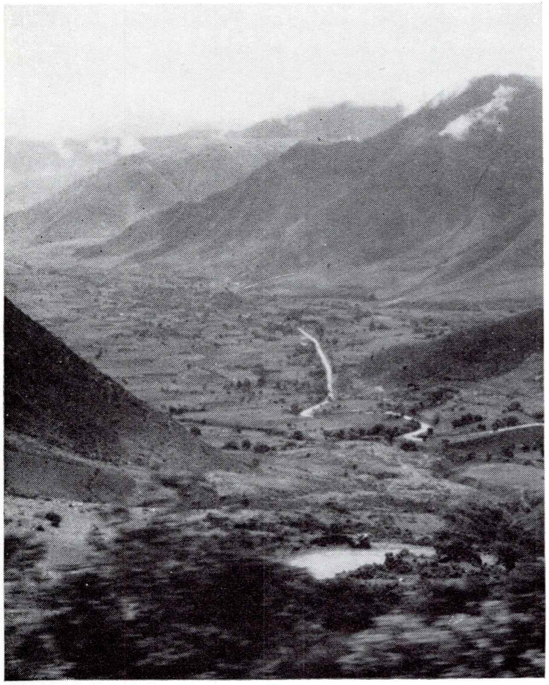
Of course there are buses and buses in Mexico. The most prevalent variety being the natural air-conditioned type, locally known as the Collectivos and sporting dents and scratches in profusion from its many traffic encounters. In these, entire Mexican families, dogs, goats and hens included, traverse the countryside and we had feared that maybe this would be our means of transport. But fortunately for us we had not been misled and our transport turned out to be a sleek aluminium-bodied, mechanically air-conditioned vehicle equal to any American Greyhound coach.

And so we set off on our near 300-mile journey, just as Mexico was facing up to the rigours of a new day.

The first part of the journey took us on a gradual ascent to an altitude of about 4,000 feet, passing through Cordoba and Orizaba. Scattered along the route were many small, once-white farmsteads and occasionally the squawking and fluttering of chickens announced our passage through a village, or more precisely a collection of mud-smeared dwellings. No picture of Mexico could be complete without a heavily laden mule being ridden by Speedy Gonzalez and in this we were not disappointed. Frequently we saw this poor diminutive creature, laden to its utmost capacity, carrying produce to the village and invariably his rump was graced by a sombreroed and ponchoed Mexican. The farming methods, too, were very primitive, it being quite common to see the farmer tilling his land with a long hoe or an ox- or mule-drawn plough, and often his wife was in attendance too, though we never saw signs of her dragging the plough!

Belying our conceptions of Mexico being a sleepy sort of siesta-land, everyone seemed to be on the move. All along the road were countless people travelling to and fro between town and village. Mother, father and a tribe of children plodding on to the next conspicuous tree which served as a stop for the local Collectivos which followed our route at a more leisurely pace.

Until we reached Orizaba we had been travelling along a gradually ascending road through lush and well-wooded countryside with the foothills of the Sierra Madres ever getting nearer. Then, leaving Orizaba astern, our climb became more noticeable as we skirted round the lower slopes of Pico de Orizaba (18,314 feet), a beautiful, almost perfect, volcanic cone and one of the highest peaks on the American continent, and made our way up to the head of a valley before attacking the final ascent to the pass onto the plateau.



The road to Mexico City near Orizaba.

Scenically this was the most beautiful part of the journey as the road took us through densely wooded country, gay with the blossoms of colourful shrubs such as the crimson bougainvillea and many others I am unable to name.

From the valley the road rises abruptly in a tortuous twist of countless hairpin bends to the central plateau of Mexico, some 6,000 feet above sea level.

The change in vegetation once on the plateau was very pronounced, the prolific greens of the mountain slopes having given way to the barren sparseness of scrub and cactus, though here organised cultivation was more prominent with acres of land under maize, replacing the smallholdings of the lowlands. Here also grows the maguey, a kind of cactus, from the leaves of which pulque, the alcoholic drink of the ancient Aztecs, is extracted, though nowadays the practice is frowned upon by the Mexican government, with seemingly little effect.

The road across the plateau took us through Tehuacan, a small town, and Puebla, the City of the Angels situated some 80 miles south-eastward of Mexico City. Spectacular again in a different way, the road threads its way past volcanic peaks and lesser hills and rises to 10,000 feet as it fringes the lower slopes of the twin volcanoes Ixtaccihuatl, the Sleeping Lady, and Popocatepetl, The Warrior (17,500 feet), before sweeping down into Mexico City situated at a cool and slightly rarified 7,300 feet.

The journey from Veracruz took eight hours with brief stops at Cordoba, Orizaba, Tehuacan and Puebla but at none of these did we venture very far, preferring to limit our experiments in Spanish to such simple phrases as 'Traiganos el cafe, por favor' and similar necessities. But once in Mexico City we became more daring and with the aid of a phrase book managed to find our way around surprisingly well, thanks to the indulgence of the Mexicans, who were ever ready to be of assistance.

Concluding the day with a sample of the city's night life, guitar playing and Mexican dancing we embarked on the midnight bus back, to awake after a six-hour journey as the coach entered the outskirts of Veracruz.

The Plaza, Veracruz.

About People

FROM THE FLEET

AWARDS

We were glad to hear that Mr. Harold C. E. Cummings, a Refrigerating Greaser, serving in *Otaki*, has been awarded the B.E.M. in the 1965 Queen's Birthday Honours. Mr. Cummings, who is 68 years of age, joined the Company in 1940 and has served continuously in *Otaki* since Voyage 1 in 1953.

Congratulations to Mr. Leonard Fergus, Bosun in *Haparangi*, on being awarded the Royal Humane Society's Testimonial on Vellum while serving in Ellerman's Wilson Line *Rialto*:

> 'On the night of 15th December, 1964, a man fell from the quayside into King George Dock, Hull, and Mr. Fergus, on hearing a voice coming from the dock waters, borrowed a torch, went to the quayside, climbed onto the timber support and located the victim. Mr. Fergus, in dense fog and freezing temperature, descended a rope ladder and swam a number of yards until he got a rope around the victim . . . who was successfully revived.'

The presentation was made on behalf of the Society by Captain W. J. T. Stevens on board *Haparangi* on 4th August, 1965.

Mr. A. S. Jackson, Second Officer, receives the Captain Murdoch McLeod prize, awarded annually to students of Dundee School of Navigation gaining the highest marks in the Board of Trade examinations for Masters' Certificate.

Our congratulations to the following:—

ENGAGEMENTS

Mr. Robert P. Randall, Sixth Engineer Officer, on his engagement to Miss Evelyn M. Francis Wilson of Hawick, Scotland. They plan to be married at Hawick on 22nd January, 1966.

Captain John M. Burn on his engagement to Miss G. R. Watling of Whitley Bay, Northumberland.

Mr. Brian R. Cadman, First Refrigerating Engineer, on his engagement to Miss C. Walker of Preston, Lancs.

Mr. George Paterson, First Electrician, on his engagement to Miss C. Youngs of Papatoetoe, Auckland, New Zealand.

Captain Stevens making the presentation to Mr. Fergus.

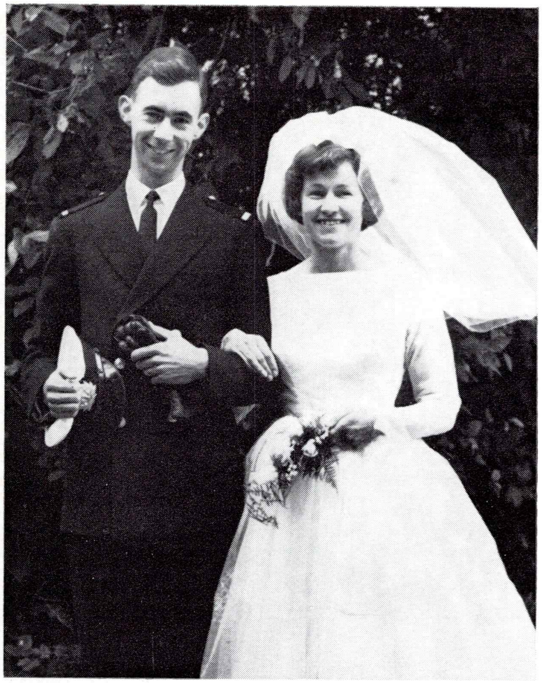
MARRIAGES

Mr. Ian S. Roberts, Third Officer, on his marriage to Miss Diana Hancock on 8th May, 1965, at St. John's Church, Merrow, Guildford.

Mr. Richard A. Date, Instructional Second Officer, on his marriage to Miss R. H. Gorton of Eastbourne, New Zealand, on 12th June, 1965, at St. George's Church, Ramsgate, Kent. The bride was given away by Captain K. Barnett, R.D., R.N.R., and the best man was Mr. E. B. Daubeny, R.N.R., Second Officer. Among the guests were Mr. K. Elsom, Senior Engineer Cadet Lecturer, and Mr. L. H. Sutton, First Radio Officer.

Mr. Robert H. Thompson, Third Officer, on his marriage to Miss R. D. Young of Cowes, Isle of Wight, on 16th June, 1965, at All Saints Church, Gurnard, I.O.W. Mr. E. B. Daubeny, R.N.R., and Mr. W. Marshall, Second Officers, were among the guests.

Mr. Alan M. Doig, Third Officer, on his marriage to Miss Norma M. Carrie on 19th June, 1965, at St. Thomas' Church, Balgay, Dundee. Mrs. Doig is a school teacher and the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Carrie of Dundee. Mr. Ian Thomson, Second Officer, was among the guests.



Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Thompson.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Doig.

BIRTHS

To Captain Ian Y. Batley and his wife on a son, Andrew William, by adoption.

Mr. Jeffrey P. Hughes, First Refrigerating Engineer Officer, and his wife, Maureen, on the birth of a daughter, Jill Nichola, on 28th March, 1965.

Mr. Edward B. Daubeny, R.N.R., Second Officer, and his wife, Rose, on the birth of a daughter, Nicola Jane, on 30th May, 1965.

Mr. Archibald P. Hillis, Third Engineer Officer, and his wife on the birth of a son, Russell James, on 16th August, 1965.

Captain George W. McCathie and his wife, Beverley, on the birth of a son, Thomas Rowan, on 3rd September, 1965.

RETIREMENTS

We are sorry to report that Captain P. P. O. Harrison retired at the age of 57 on 1st July, 1965, due to ill health.

Captain Harrison, who joined the Company as a Fourth Officer in 1939, and was appointed to Command in 1953, will be remembered for, amongst other things, his enthusiasm for ropework which is now on record in his book 'The Harrison Book of Knots'. The book was reviewed in the first edition of 'Crossed Flags'.

Mr. William J. Twist, formerly Engineer Commodore of the combined fleets, retired on 30th September, 1965, after 38 years' service with the Company.

Born in Birkenhead in 1904, Mr. Twist joined us as a Junior Engineer Officer in 1927 from A. & R. Brown Ltd., and was appointed Chief Engineer Officer in 1949, and Engineer Commodore in 1963. His last ship was *Rangitoto*.

The following have also retired—Mr. G. Mitchell, Chief Engineer Officer, Mr. E. H. B. Ball, First Refrigerating Engineer Officer, and Mr. W. F. Welland, Bedroom Steward.

Deck Officers have gained successes in their Certificate examinations as follows:—

Master's Certificate—A. G. Course, E. Fawcett, C. C. Hufflett, A. S. Jackson, J. N. Jackson, R. M. Mair and A. J. Ward.

First Mate's Certificate—P. T. Clegg, J. R. Collins, P. N. J. Cowdell, D. A. Davies, M. K. Handfield, R. Longworth, J. M. Luxton, I. S. Roberts, P. Storm and S. N. A. Wells.

Mr. W. J. Twist.

The following ex-Navigating Cadets have obtained Second Mate's Certificate and have been appointed Deck Officers in the Company—A. J. Davies, A. Leachman, J. Nelson, R. Pilcher, P. W. Sawyer, P. Scarrott and P. G. Starkey.

Three Radio Officers have obtained their Radar Maintenance Certificates—A. N. Gibson, A. J. Millatt and M. J. Morrall.

The following Chief Engineer Officers have been appointed—S. T. Anthony, O. M. Cox, J. W. Dalrymple, E. Knott and L. H. Moore.

Engineer Officers have gained successes in their Certificate examinations as follows—

Steam Endorsement to First Class Motor Certificate—A. Brownlees.

Second Class Steam Certificate—R. Charnley, M. Drake, W. A. Dunn, H. L. Higgins and W. E. Jones.

Second Class Motor Certificate—J. R. Leachman and G. A. Reay.

The following ex-Engineer Cadets, Course No. 3, have been appointed Engineer Officers in the Company—J. H. Ackrill, D. M. C. Amey, P. F. Cuffley, D. A. Limmer, D. P. H. Nisbet, R. P. Randall, C. J. Schroeder and E. F. G. Taylor.

The following Engineer Cadets, Course No. 4, have been successful in obtaining Endorsements (in Naval Architecture, Electrotechnology, and Power Plant Operation/Management) to the Ordinary National Diploma, which they were awarded in October, 1963—J. O. Bainbridge, E. S. Bridges, R. Cape, J. Charters, M. D. Clark, R. G. Collier, D. M. Cullen, J. E. Green, R. C. B. Hollis, J. C. Merren, R. P. Morrison, J. W. Tether, M. B. Thurman and R. J. L. Walker.

The following Engineer Cadets, Course No. 6, have obtained Ordinary National Diploma in Engineering—D. J. Bissland, J. E. Boxall, P. S. Grant, T. R. Harker, J. E. Hughes, D. G. Kirkman, D. G. Leslie, J. A. McIntyre, A. C. Morrison, K. Purvis, I. H. Smith, J. E. Stacey, R. J. Steer, D. F. Thacker, H. G. Thomas, A. R. Tully, R. R. J. Wale and D. I. Wilson.

CAPTAIN D. B. BRITTAIN

Captain Dean Barry Brittain died in Christchurch, New Zealand, on 28th July, 1965, aged 53.

Captain J. R. Vincent writes:

'Captain Brittain was 25 when he joined the Company, having served his time with Messrs. H. Hogarth & Sons. His first appointment with us was as 4th Officer in the old *Piako* and he was appointed to his first command in January, 1953, in the *Paparoa.* Just prior to his death, Captain Brittain was in command of the *Turakina.* During the war he was 3rd Officer in the old *Remuera* when she was attacked and sunk by a torpedo-carrying aircraft off Kinnaird Head on the morning of the 26th August, 1940.

'Oscar', as he was known to all his shipmates, will long be remembered by his many friends, afloat and ashore, for his many fine qualities, but above all for his kindness and cheerfulness. He was a lovable character and will be very much missed by all who knew him.'

He leaves a widow and young daughter, to whom we extend our deepest sympathy.

DURHAM ASSOCIATION

An informal 'Get Together' was held in the Wardroom of H.M.S. *President* in London on the 7th July. This was a great success and the following members were present: Captain J. J. Youngs, C.B.E., D.S.C., R.D., R.N.R., Captain R. J. B. Dunning, Captain K. Barnett, Captain C. J. Cordran, A. Harrington, J. Scott, P. Fletcher, A. Sewell, L. Bridges, A. Carver, K. Field, E. Edmondson, C. Single, J. Robbins, D. Matthews, Lt. Cdr. J. Williams, R.N. Rtd., M. Smith, M. Pennell, D. Boys, J. Needham, D. Riley, D. Fantham, J. Cordran and J. Metcalf. The Committee are hoping to be able to repeat this in the new year.

The Annual General Meeting and Dinner was held in The Abercorn Rooms Great Eastern Hotel on the 1st October. The principal guest was Captain J. R. Vincent, O.B.E. Forty members and their guests attended and many new faces were seen, including B. Newman, E. Beetham, J. Came, P. Egan, B. Blood, J. Pring and Captain E. White.

News of Members

We have news of the following members:

B. Anstey is an Assistant Harbour Master with Silley Cox, Falmouth.

J. Baxter has recently been appointed Advertising Manager to The Shipbuilding and Shipping Record Magazine.

I. Excell has bought a fruit farm outside Maidstone, Kent, and is busy picking this year's crop.

P. Egan and L. Bridges are both working for The International Paint Company. Leslie was recently appointed The Marine Sales Manager for the United Kingdom.

P. Bevan and J. Pearce, both of whom joined the *Durham* in 1935, are Pilots at Southampton.

B. Newman, who for a number of years was Master with the Bowater Company, has now become a Sea Pilot for the Thames.

J. Pring has joined the Port Line and is Second Officer aboard *Port Lincoln*.

C. P. Jones has for a number of years been the Glasgow Area Manager for the Decca Radar Company.

J. Evans is teaching Masters and Mates at the Cardiff Technical College.

A. Sewell has recently passed the Banking Examinations and is now an Assistant Bank Manager.

The London Division of the R.N.R. is well supported by ex New Zealand Shipping Co. officers. J. Baxter, A. Sewell, E. Read, J. Metcalf, I. Sandeberg, J. Gough and J. Mills-Baker are frequent attenders aboard the ship.

A Weekend Training Cruise under the Command of A. Sewell was officered entirely with ex N.Z.S. officers.

Membership of the Association is increasing steadily and all enquiries for membership should be addressed to either Captain R. J. B. Dunning, 76 Biddulph Mansions, Elgin Avenue, London, W.9, or to the Hon. Secretary, T. John Metcalf, 14, Bond Close, Knockholt, Kent.

The committee would like to see more serving officers in the company joining the association. Membership, as stated before, is open to any ex company cadet.

MR. E. BAKER,

formerly of Norton Lilly & Co., Panama

Commodore H. N. LAWSON writes:

We were all very sorry to learn of the death of Ernest Baker, for he was a friend indeed to all those connected with the Company who passed through Balboa during his long sojourn at the Pacific terminal of the Panama Canal.

I doubt if there is any member of the Sea Staff who did not know him personally or who at one time or another was not indebted to him for some act of kindness; this is particularly true of anyone who had the misfortune to be left ashore in hospital.

He rarely, if ever, failed to visit any ship however late she berthed in Balboa and he was always prepared and happy to carry out our various requests for shopping. We will remember him for his wonderful hospitality and the gracious manner with which he smoothed out our little troubles. We extend our sympathy to his widow who in no small way shared his activities.

MAORI CLUB NEWS

CRICKET SECTION

The 1st XI had another indifferent season, winning only nine of 38 matches played; of these, 12 were played on Sundays resulting in five victories. With the overall performances of the side making little news, the achievements of certain individuals may be worth some comment.

This year no blame for poor results could be attached to the bowlers, particularly the faster ones, and it is pleasing to record the personal success of P. D. Jeffery, who captured a total of 83 wickets. At last allowed to bowl at the pace which he has for so long been asked to suppress, he took five or more wickets in an innings on eight different occasions. The most notable achievement was his 9 for 15 against the Ruffians, who were dismissed by fine swing bowling before lunch in 78 minutes. He was also outstanding later in the year against Sydenham, taking 7 for 20. Both these games were won, and the same player was largely responsible for the defeats of West Wickham and Three Bridges, obtaining six victims cheaply against both sides. His total for the season has been exceeded only once since the formation of the Maori Club, by R. J. Rapps who claimed 90 in 1963. The latter also has bowled with accuracy and hostility, and, with Jeffery, formed an aggressive opening attack.

D. Grant scored two undefeated centuries, one against Marlborough (1870), the other against West Wickham, his aggregate for the summer exceeding 750; P. J. Long scored 112 not out against Hampshire Maniacs in making a total in excess of 800. The main supporting roles were played by J. Norman and R. B. Connor, who both came near to compiling 500 runs for the season.

The Saturday 2nd XI were rather more successful, winning six of their 17 matches. O. P. Langford again distinguished himself in taking 57 wickets in the season. Capable support was given by the Captain, J. B. Pope, who himself shared the opening attack with success.

By way of experiment a Sunday afternoon in August was devoted to a single-wicket competition. This proved to be the feature of the year and produced a standard of fielding which would have graced the 1st XI field at any time in 1965; many catches were held which assuredly would have gone to earth on any other occasion. Remarkable perhaps was the progress of R. Carpenter into the second round. Dismissed by B. D. Jeffery second ball for nought, the latter was immediately removed for a similar score in his first over. This necessitated a replay of one over each, Carpenter scoring three before being run out off the last ball. Batting again, Jeffery hit two off one ball before falling to a slip catch; thus these two scored five runs between them in four completed innings.

D. Grant was the highest scorer of the day, striking 28 in his allotted four overs in a first round match, while the best aggregate was achieved by P. J. Long who met O. N. Davis in the final. Batting first, Davis' score of 21 might well have been enough, but the attractive and forceful strokeplay of Long in the failing light brought about a fitting climax to the day.

GOLF

The annual meeting was held at Denham Golf Club on Thursday, 17th June. The weather was kind and everyone seemed to have a very enjoyable day. The scoring during the day was not high, this we must blame on the course for reducing the bogey by three strokes and not on the standard of play.

The morning round for the 'Mills Cup' and Spoon was won by John Hodson with 32 points with G. C. Stanton runner up. In the afternoon, John Hodson and Charles Davis won the foursomes 'Potter Cup' and Spoons in a close finish with Wally Davies and Harold Eldred.

SCORES

Morning Round—Singles—Stableford System

		Handicap	$\frac{7}{8}$ *H'cap*	*Score*
1st	J. M. Hodson .	9	8	32
2nd	G. C. Stanton .	24	21	28
3rd	R. A. Beattie .	7	6	26
4th	A. H. S. Moser .	24	21	25
5th	S. L. Forwood .	14	12	24
6th	R. G. Bustin. .	24	21	24
7th	N. Rice . . .	14	12	23
8th	J. V. Downing .	18	16	22
9th	D. L. Herman .	24	21	22
10th	F. Mills . . .	18	16	22

11th	J. M. Pakes . .	15	13	21
12th	R. T. Binding .	24	21	21
13th	W. H. Davies .	16	14	21
14th	P. J. Hammond .	14	12	20

1st Wins 'Mills' Challenge Cup and Spoon
2nd Wins 6 Golf Balls
3rd Wins 3 Golf Balls
4th Wins 2 Golf Balls
5th Wins 1 Golf Ball

Afternoon Round—Foursomes against bogey on handicap

1st	J. M. Hodson and C. F. Davis . .	3 down
2nd	W. H. Davies and H. E. Eldred. .	4 down
3rd	J. M. Pakes and R. G. Bustin . .	4 down
4th	R. A. Beattie and R. G. Rees . .	9 down
5th	F. Mills and R. T. Binding . . .	9 down

1st Wins 'Potter' Cup and Spoons
2nd Wins 3 Golf Balls each
3rd Wins 2 Golf Balls each
4th Wins 1 Golf Ball each

In the London Shipowners Spring Meeting at Walton Heath the Company team qualified for the knock-out section of the 'Harmer Cup' and went on to beat the Glen Line in the quarter final. In the semi-final we played Royal Mail; British & Commonwealth played Ellermans. These matches were played at Denham on the 29th September, and the results were as follows:—

N.Z.S.Co. beat Royal Mail by 6 holes
Ellermans beat B & C by 2 holes

The final—N.Z.S.Co. beat Ellermans by 10 holes. The Company were represented by R. A. Beattie and J. R. Birkenshaw, Second Radio Officer, J. M. Hodson and J. M. Pakes. The Company have now won the Cup eight times in the nine years that the Challenge Trophy has been in existence.

TABLE TENNIS SECTION

The 1964/65 Season has been one of the most successful enjoyed by the Section for many years. The 'A' team: (John Norman, Paul Norris and Don Percival) finished the season as champions of the Travel Trades Table Tennis League. The 'C' team, who missed promotion last year, finally gained access to the top division; winning the Second Division championship by the handsome margin of eight points, losing only one game throughout, and the 'D' team (chosen from Ron Ballard, Phil Gower, Mike Lesser and Brian Stock) all newcomers to the league, finished runners-up in Division V, thus gaining promotion in their first season.

The Annual Knockout Competition was well supported, and a new name goes on the Cup for the Men's singles championship, that of Peter Jeffery, who defeated the defending champion Paul Norris in the final. The Ladies singles was won, also for the first time, by Betty Cass of the Dock Office, who defeated Lynn Field in the final in straight sets. The rest of the results were as follows:—

	Winners	*Runners-up*
Men's Doubles		
	Paul Norris & Mike Pledger	Don Percival & John Norman
Handicap Singles		
	Paul Norris	Ken Harrison
Handicap Doubles		
	Peter Jeffery & Betty Young	Phil Gower & John Collard

We start the new season hoping to be able to do as well as last year, and asking any member who may be interested in Table Tennis to contact The Secretary (B.D. Jeffery—AVE 5220) or any member of the Committee.

SQUASH RACKETS

The 1964/65 Handicap Tournament for the W. L. Dawes Cup was won for the first time by the Club Captain, G. W. Dawes (off −4), who beat R. J. A. Harmer (off −2) 15/10, 15/11, 15/13 in the final. The Plate was won by D. Grant (off +3) who beat J. B. Pope (off +6) 15/14, 15/13, 9/15, 15/9.

At the Club's Annual General Meeting R. F. A. Hosking was elected Captain for the forthcoming season, A. J. Bott Vice-Captain and G. J. Martin Hon. Secretary. The coming year will see the start of a new Squash Rackets competition amongst London Shipowners which will be known as the 'Pandor Cup Competition'. The Maori Club has entered this with a team of three.

Forty-one matches have been arranged for the 1965/66 season, of which 28 will be first team matches, 5 'A' team and 8 'B' team. Two tournaments and 11 Club Nights will also be held at the Crystal Palace National Recreation Centre on the following Thursdays:—

7th and 21st October, 4th and 18th November, 2nd December, 1965; 6th and 20th January, 3rd and 17th February, 3rd, 17th and 31st March, 1966.

Any members of the Club who wish to attend will be most welcome.

TENNIS

The 1965 season has been fairly successful—we have played nine matches and won five of them. Our victories included matches against Shaw Savills, St. Thomas's Hospital and the High Commission for India. In addition to these team matches, six inter-office games were played besides an American Tournament. The finals of the main Club Tournament were played on Gala Day, at Worcester Park, when Mrs. C. A. W. Dawes presented prizes to the following winners:—

D. Grant — Men's Singles Open
B. Rogers (+15) — Men's Singles Handicap
Mrs. D. Holland — Ladies' Singles Open
Miss R. Boulton (– 15) — Ladies' Singles Handicap
D. Grant and J. B. Pope — Men's Doubles
Mrs. D. Holland and Miss M. Green — Ladies' Doubles
Mr. and Mrs. D. Grant — Mixed Doubles

David Grant, by winning the 'triple crown' was, of course, the outstanding performer of the day.

Mrs. Dawes presents Mr. D. Grant with one of his cups.

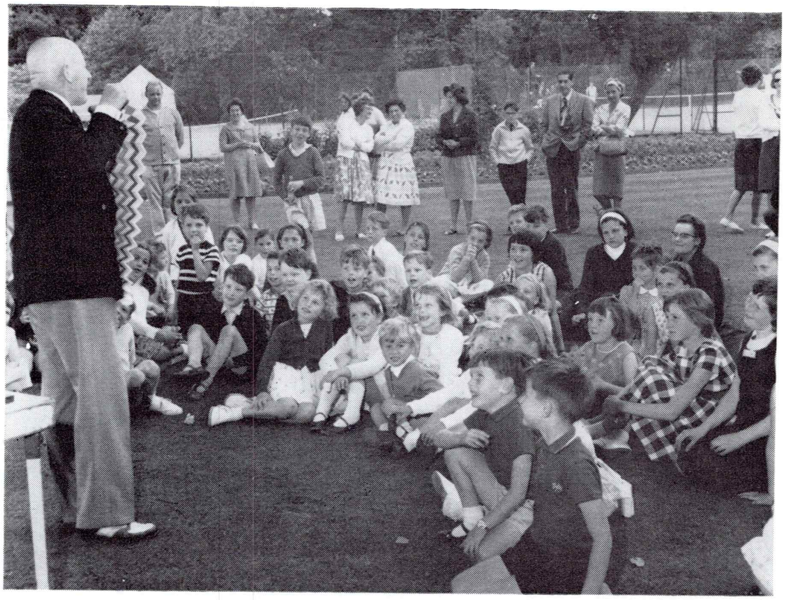
Below: The finalists with Mrs. C. A. W. Dawes.

GALA DAY

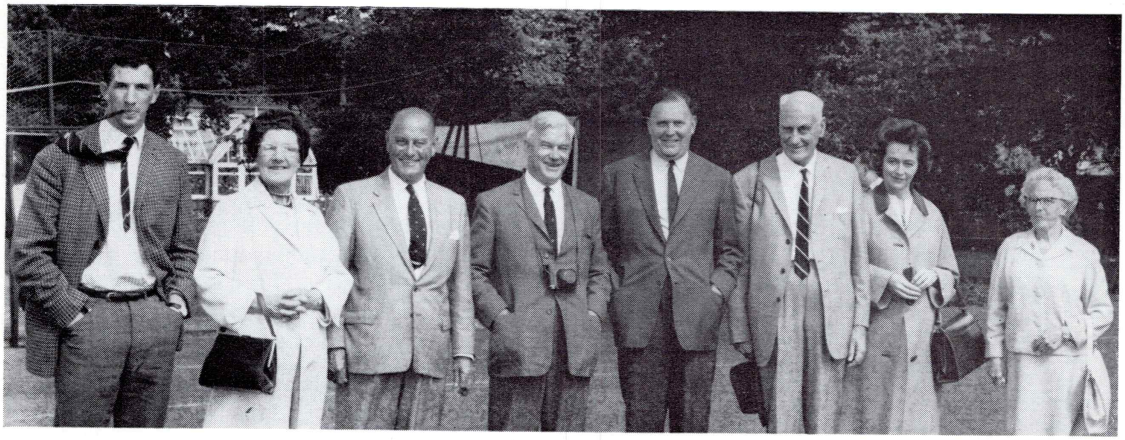
26th JUNE 1965

AT

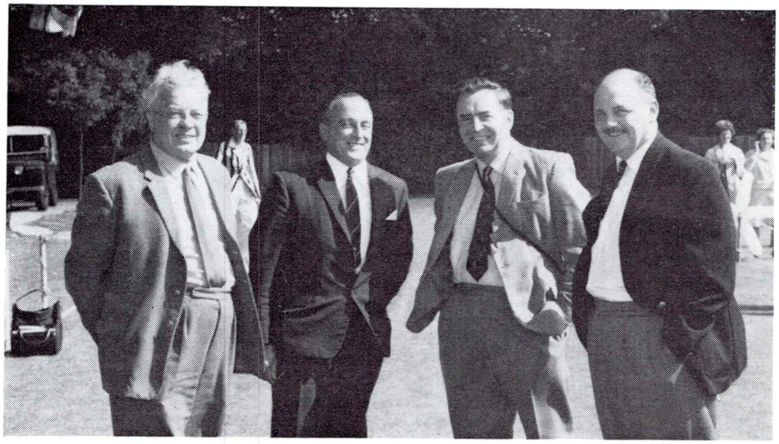
WORCESTER PARK



Some of our children.



Mr. T. J. Vincent, Mrs. Vincent, Captain N. Rice, Captain J. R. Vincent, Mr. C. A. W. Dawes, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Conde, and Mrs. Rice.



Captain J. D. Bennett
Captain E. H. White
Captain K. Barnett
Mr. D. R. Archer.

Letters to the Editor

34 Heath Road,
Hampstead,
Montreal,
P.Q. Canada
25th June, 1965

Dear Editor,

It gave me much pleasure to receive a copy of your first edition of 'Crossed Flags' and this is to thank you for your kind thought in sending it. I do hope you will keep my name on your mailing list for having spent so many years in the Company or closely associated with it under 'Crossed Flags' I am still keenly interested in its problems, its progress and its domestic happenings, also in its personalities past and present.

Some friends in my Club here always open their daily newspapers at the obituary notices, goodness knows why, and I am glad to see that you have a place for this news in your excellent publication just to let some of us see how the old boys are going. My vintage does not appear to have the prominence it did, getting a little thin on the ground possibly—or thick in it—much more likely.

In this current issue I read with very much regret that Captain Edward (Dutchy) Holland passed on early this year. I sailed with him as his Chief Officer on two voyages in *Westmoreland* in 1932, and in 1940 returned from New Zealand to London as a passenger with him in *Rangitata.* I have always considered Dutchy Holland one of the most able shipmasters I had the privilege to sail with in the Company. He set a fine example to young officers, always ready to stimulate loyalty to the Company and to the profession.

Like the rest of us he had his failings, but he had a heart of gold and was a fine sailorman of the old school. I shall always remember his kindness to me, particularly when I was his passenger in *Rangitata.* Italy came into the war and Dunkirk blew up on that passage and although he must have felt his great responsibility as Master of this valuable vessel and its full cargo of foodstuffs much needed in U.K., a fairly full passenger list, mixed as it happened, he at no time or in any way showed the anxieties he undoubtedly experienced. Included in the passenger list were 65 R.N.Z.A.F. officers, a sterling collection of young men from all walks of life in N.Z. many of whom lost their lives in the Battle of Britain.

After a passage of about two months from Auckland we reached home waters off Northern Ireland bound for Methil. The welcome we received was illustrated in the 'Daily Telegraph' of 25th July, 1940, a copy of the photograph hanging for some years in '138' showing *Rangitata* with a tanker (*San Duraldo?*) torpedoed, on fire and sinking astern—Hitler's first salute to many of us in the war.

The incident occurred just after noon. I happened to be on *Rangi's* Bridge assisting the Officers sighting the noon position, etc. Dutchy expressed his displeasure in a few very well chosen words and he was very capable in his selection, quite unprintable of course but to the effect that the Bosche commander of the submarine was not only illegitimate but also mentally and physically a very dirty dog.

Passage through the Minches and round the North of Scotland to Methil was marked by a series of submarine alarms and repeated air attacks but Dutchy landed all we passengers safely and sent us on our way with a cheery farewell.

Two or three days later he had to take *Rangitata* and her cargo back round the North of Scotland to Liverpool to discharge. A fine sailorman and a fine product of the age of the windjammer; we could do with more of the breed.

Referring to windjammers, I read Alan Bott's article on the Company's sailing vessels with considerable interest and look forward to his further articles promised to 'Crossed Flags' on the subject.

The Company had substituted steam for sail long before I first joined (licking stamps in Auckland Office in 1913—no claim to fame), but there was still at that time much interest in sail, for there were many windjammers to be seen in New Zealand ports including many of earlier fame and familiarity. Conversations on the various waterfronts showed great interest in these vessels and their performances.

In his article Alan Bott refers, amongst other vessels, to the *Mataura* and concludes with reference to her disposal by the Company to Norwegian owners and subsequent loss, much in the tones of the Company's official history*. I do not doubt that his facts have been well verified and are correct, however, it was always my understanding, very evidently in error, that *Mataura* was lost in the Company's service at Cape Pillar at the western entrance to the straits of Magellan on a return journey from N.Z. with refrigerated cargo. Her loss was said to be the reason why, thereafter, the Company would not permit its vessels to use the Strait, insisting on the longer journey round the Horn. Captain Maxwell, who will be remembered to many old timers as Lloyd's Surveyor at Nelson, had, I thought, confirmed this to me. He had been an officer in the Company in those early days and was Third Officer of *Mataura* at one time.

I was obviously mistaken, it all happened so long ago and if the Company did suffer a loss it may have been one of the many sailing vessels chartered to the Company's service in those days. However, I should be interested to learn if the Company did suffer such a loss and at Cape Pillar, also if any such incident resulted in a ban on Magellan Straits routing.

We have been living in sunshine and suffering one of the worst droughts in the history of Ontario and Quebec, which makes it the more distressing to read in the Press or hear on the radio day by day of the almost wintry weather you have been suffering so far this summer in England. We do hope you will be more fortunate for the remainder of the period.

Looking forward to a call on you good people in Beaufort House and in the meantime best regards and every good wish to all.

Yours sincerely,
Mervyn Glover.

**Alan Bott's account is correct, it was* Mataura II *which was lost in the Magellan Straits, in 1898, and in 'Clipper Ship to Motor Liner' p.46, it is stated that this resulted in the re-routing of our homeward ships round the Horn—Editor.*

The Editor,
Crossed Flags,
N.Z.S. Co.,
London

10th September, 1965.

Sir,

It is currently being circulated in Liverpool that a photograph was submitted to the Editor of *Crossed Flags* for inclusion in the previous issue. It was in connection with the article by Mr. G. J. Martin 'Attracting Cargo to the Fleet' and depicted the *Sussex* tied up alongside Gladstone West Wall with, painted along her side in 6-foot high letters, 'We Give Green Shield Stamps'.

It is further alleged that this photograph was suppressed at the Editor's desk, and, in the general interests of the sea-going staff, I find myself forced to ask two pertinent questions:—

(1) Is the allegation true?
(2) Do we?

I remain, etc.,
A.S.J.

This photograph has been offered to the Green Shield Stamp Company and the Editor is awaiting a selection of their finest gifts!

The following letter was received from David M. Cullen, Engineer Cadet, standing by Taupo.

Dear Sir,

I have enclosed some photos taken at the launching of the first of the new tonnage, m.v. *Taupo*, at the shipyard of Bartram & Son, Sunderland.

For the week prior to the launch the shipyard seemed to become alive to the idea that the ship was to slide down to its first meeting with the sea. The many holes through the hull of the ship were blocked or welded over, the gaping hole, where access to the engine room was achieved, suddenly no longer existed, the staging around the stern started to disappear and the shipwrights were busy fixing the numerous stages on the heavily greased ways.

Final checks and adjustments were made on the trigger which releases the ship. The painters were busy putting finishing touches to the hull, itself striking in the Company's new colours.

By 4.15 pm on August 27th, all but the brave few who remove the drag links were on the safety of the shore, and the small group of watchers increased as the tide slowly rose to the launching depth of 8 feet at the way ends. The sceptics remembered times when ships jump off the ways or sink on hitting the water, and a sense of superstition and apprehension prevailed as the minutes ticked by and the water rose.

Then as the waves lapped at the 8 foot level, the lever was pulled, the bottle broken, and No. 401 became m.v. *Taupo*, gathering speed as she slid down to the sea. For one awful moment it seemed as though the stern would imbed itself in the sea wall which seemed to be looming nearer with alarming rapidity; however just as this seemed inevitable, the huge drag links checked and pulled the ship around stopping her well clear, whilst tugs converged on her from all directions to make her fast for her first short journey up river to the engine works of George Clark & Sons to have her powerful engine fitted.

M.V. *Taupo* now undergoes the lengthy process of fitting out before being ready to join the Company's fleet in the New Year.

Yours faithfully,
David M. Cullen.

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